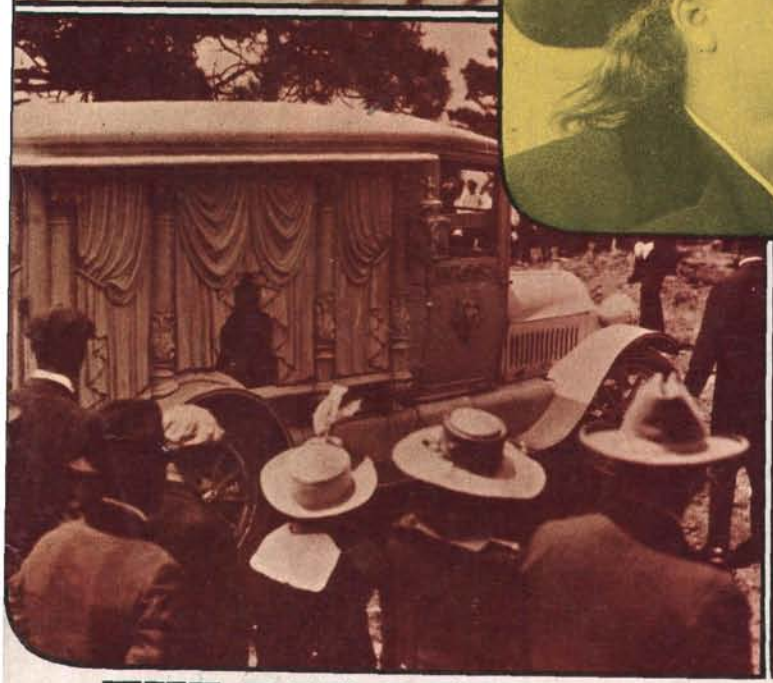
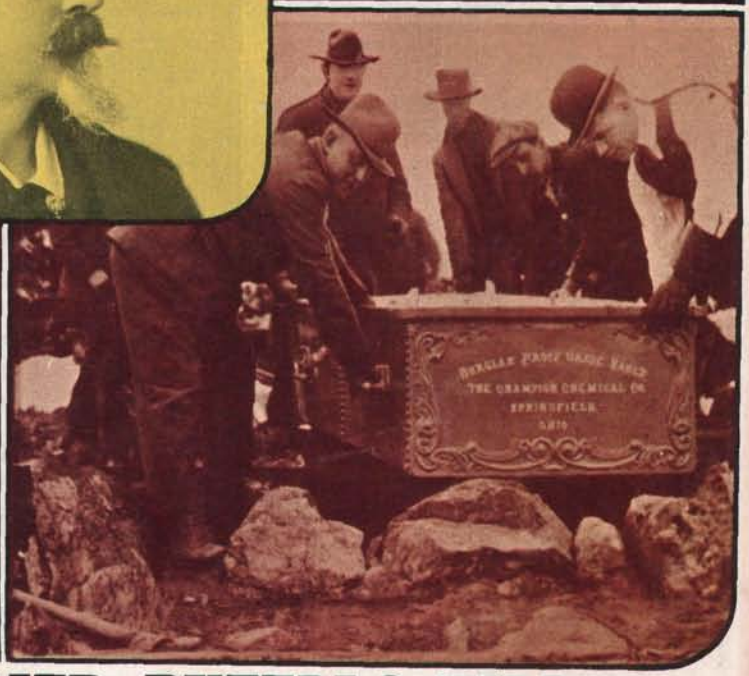
TRUE STORIES OF THE AMERICAN WEST

THE WEST

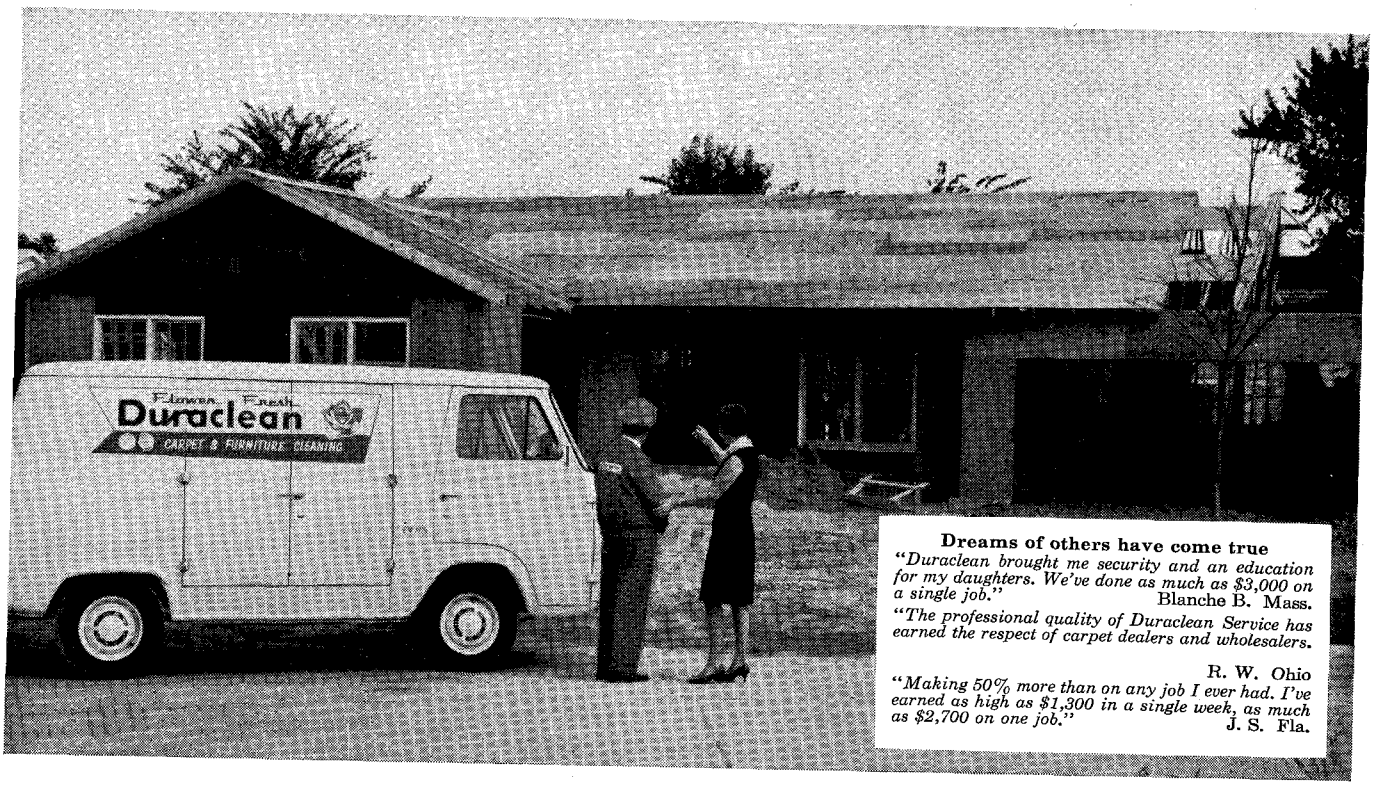
58878-1 APRIL 1973 PDC 50¢





THE DAY DENVER BURIED BUFFALO BILL... IT BURIED THE OLD WEST AS WELL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Dreams of others have come true

"Duraclean brought me security and an education for my daughters. We've done as much as $3,000 on a single job." Blanche B. Mass.

"The professional quality of Duraclean Service has earned the respect of carpet dealers and wholesalers. R. W. Ohio

"Making 50% more than on any job I ever had. I've earned as high as $1,300 in a single week, as much as $2,700 on one job." J. S. Fla.

Your Dreams *Can* Become a Reality with your own Duraclean Franchise

Hundreds of men—previously working for salaries or wages—now enjoy greatly increased incomes, personal independence, and secure futures as owners of their own businesses under the Duraclean Franchise

Unthinking men may tell you that the day is past when an individual can build a successful business of his own. The fact is that Franchising has opened a wonderful new world of opportunity for such men. The "mama and papa" grocery store, and the corner druggist have succumbed to the gigantic chains. But, in their place an exciting new kind of business abounds with big profit opportunities for the individual.

For twenty years the "service industry" has been growing with fantastic speed. Let the chains have the retail store business. Even a small business providing an unusual service can bring profits to the individual that were unheard of in the old days. And, unlike the chains, the service business today, is thriving under Franchising.

What is the difference? Just this: A chain is a large number of stores in a chain all operating under the same plan; under the same well-known name; *but* are owned by one corporation. In Franchising, the individual uses tested and proven plans for starting his business and building it; he operates under a Nationally Advertised and well-known name, he has step by step guidance *but he owns the business*. He enjoys the advantages of chain recognition, but he keeps all the net profits for himself.

The Duraclean Franchise is such a business. No store to rent. No fixtures to buy. No inventory or stock of goods to pay for. No office or work-room required. And, no special education or experience is needed for success. Men of almost every educational level have made glowing successes with the "know-how" furnished by our Company. They've worked from their homes as all Duraclean Service is given on the premises of the customer. In the beginning they've used the family car as all equipment can be carried in the trunk. Their only investment has been a cash outlay of a little more than $1000.

What is Duraclean Service. It is a modern method of cleaning *and reviving color and resilience* of carpets, rugs, upholstered furniture and auto interiors—a method that has almost unbelievable superiority over the old way of harsh scrubbing with water, strong detergents, and power driven brushes. Tests made by an independent laboratory show that the Duraclean "Absorption Method" removes twice as much dirt and soil removed by machine scrubbing. And, the carpets and upholstery are dry and ready to use a few hours after cleaning. In addition to cleaning and reviving, you have five other equally superior services to increase profits. The improved Duraclean process has proved so superior that Duraclean Services are now available through a world wide organization.

Who are the customers? The finest homes in your community, yes. But, of equal importance hotels, motels, schools, shops, stores, offices, theaters, hospitals, and institutions. The commercial business is big and because much of this work can be done evenings or Saturdays, many men have started in spare time without giving up their jobs or pay checks. When they have seen from actual experience that Duraclean could pay them many times their former salaries, they have resigned the old job and become independent businessmen—with all the added respect and standing that a businessman has in his community.

If you've ever had a really strong desire to "some day own your own business" the Duraclean Franchise is well worth investigating. We have no salesmen to try to influence you. The entire Duraclean Opportunity is explained in detail in a 24-page book. This book will be mailed free to any man sincerely interested in a future of security and independence. Just your name and address is all that's needed. Send it today. After reading all the facts, if you decide to take the next step, you can write again and let us know.

We'll help you with financing, with training, with equipment, and with all our years of experience in showing other men how to make their dreams become realities. To investigate costs nothing and does not place you under the slightest obligation. Is this something you should do for yourself? Today?

President

DURACLEAN INTERNATIONAL
3-2Y4 Duraclean Bldg. Deerfield, Ill. 60015

Ford Marsh, President, DURACLEAN INTERNATIONAL
3-2Y4 Duraclean Building, Deerfield, Illinois 60015

Please mail details of the Duraclean Franchise opportunity. I will read your 24 page book. Then if I am interested I'll let you know. It is understood that I am not under any obligation and that no salesman will call to influence my decision.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

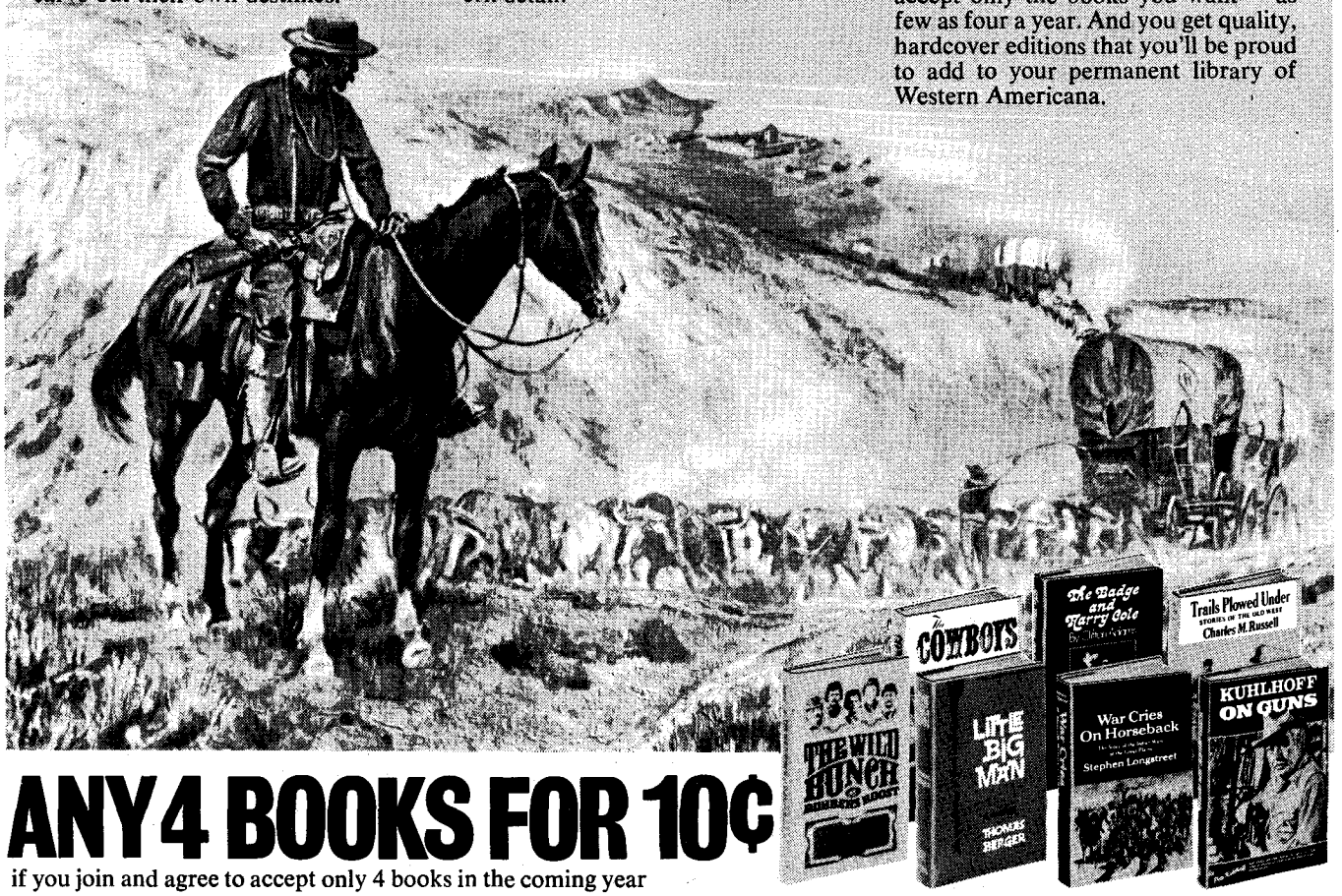
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Escape to a world where there's still room for man-size adventure.

Open any book described on this page, and return to a world of red-blooded action. A world of rawhide and gunsmoke. A world where Comanches don war paint to stop the never-ending trains of wagons crossing the plains. Where the lust for gold and silver are so strong that crude, lawless mining towns spring up overnight. And where brave men and women have room to carve out their own destinies.

You can ride into this world right now with The Western Writers of America — a book club whose members are guaranteed a bonanza of Western reading. Every book you choose is endorsed by the WWA, the association of the country's leading Western authors. Which means you can count on every book to deliver exciting action, vivid characters, and authentic Western detail.

Choose your exciting introductory selection of great Western reading right now, and mail the coupon today. About every 4 weeks thereafter you'll receive *Spurs*, the monthly WWA bulletin which describes the two new books selected for our members. Most selections are priced at just $1.69 plus shipping and handling. (Occasional extra-value selections are slightly more.) You accept only the books you want — as few as four a year. And you get quality, hardcover editions that you'll be proud to add to your permanent library of Western Americana.



ANY 4 BOOKS FOR 10¢

if you join and agree to accept only 4 books in the coming year

7930 **THE DAY THE COWBOYS QUIT** By Elmer Kelton. Based on actual cowboys' strike in 1883 Texas. 1972 Spur Award winner. (Pub. ed., $5.95)

7005 **WAR CRIES ON HORSEBACK** By Stephen Longstreet. Vivid history of the Indian Wars of the Great Plains. Illus. (Pub. ed., $7.95)

7047 **HARD TIMES AND ARNIE SMITH** By Clifton Adams. Cowpoke inherits a store—and lots of trouble. (Pub. ed., $4.95)

0893 **THE WHITE MAN'S ROAD** By Benjamin Capps. A Comanche horse-stealing raid. (Pub. ed., $6.95)

7682 **THE BADGE AND HARRY COLE** By Clifton Adams. Suspenseful man-hunt by a battle-scarred marshal. (Pub. ed., $4.95)

7385 **KUHLHOFF ON GUNS** By Pete Kuhlhoff. Veteran expert's how-to advice on shooting, fully illus. (Pub. ed., $5.95)

7302 **THE GUNFIGHTER:** Man or Myth? By Joseph G. Rosa. The truth about great legendary gunfighters. (Pub. ed., $5.95)

1644 **LITTLE BIG MAN** By Thomas Berger. Wild, sad, funny modern classic. Dustin Hoffman film. (Publisher's ed., $5.95)

7112 **EYE OF THE WOLF** By Theodore V. Olsen. Halfbreed witness vs. murderer with an edge—he's the sheriff. (Pub. ed., $4.95)

0992 **THE COWBOYS** By William Dale Jennings. John Wayne's film was based on this bestseller. (Publisher's ed., $5.95)

1461 **TRUE GRIT** By Charles Portis. All-time favorite and Oscar-winning film. (Pub. ed., $4.95)

0794 **TRAILS PLOWED UNDER** By Charles M. Russell. Stories, color paintings, drawings by famous cowboy-artist. Pub. ed., $9.95)

7799 **ARFIVE** By A. B. Guthrie, Jr. Newest novel by Pulitzer Prize winner. (Pub. ed. $5.95)

3251 **CHEYENNE GOLD** By Max Brand. Authentic, action-filled—one of his best. (Pub. ed., $4.95)

7773 **CHIRICAHUA** By Will Henry. "First-rate—nonstop narrative . . . Filled with details of savage and beautiful Apache lore." —Publishers Weekly (Pub. ed., $5.95)

1040 **THE WILD BUNCH AT ROBBERS ROOST** By Pearl Baker. True history and lore of Butch Cassidy's stamping ground. Illus. (Publisher's ed., $6.95)

0869 **GREAT STORIES OF THE WEST** Ed. by Ned Collier. (Pub. ed., $5.95)

7054 **PIONEER BREED** By Glenn Vernam. Two teenagers trapped in a paralyzing Oregon winter. (Pub. ed., $4.95)

THE WESTERN WRITERS OF AMERICA

5-WW-1

Dept. CL378, Garden City, New York 11530

Please accept my application for membership in The Western Writers of America Book Club and send me the 4 books whose numbers I have written in the boxes. Bill me 10¢ plus shipping and handling costs for all 4.

About every 4 weeks, send me the club's bulletin, *Spurs*, describing the forthcoming two Featured Selections and a variety of Alternate choices. If I wish to receive the Selections I need do nothing; they will be shipped to me automatically. Whenever I want an Alternate or no book at all, I will notify you by the date specified by returning the convenient form always provided.

I need take only 4 Selections or Alternates during the coming year, and may resign any time thereafter. Most Selections are only $1.69 plus a modest charge for shipping and handling. Occasional extra-value Selections are slightly higher.

NO-RISK GUARANTEE: If not delighted, I may return the entire introductory package within ten days. Membership will be cancelled. I will owe nothing.

MR.
MRS.
MISS (please print)

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE ZIP

Office use only:

The Western Writers of America offers its own complete, hardbound editions, sometimes altered in size to fit special presses and save members even more. Members accepted in U.S.A. and Canada only. Canadian members will be serviced from Toronto. Offer slightly different in Canada.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRUE STORIES OF THE GREAT AMERICAN WEST

THE WEST

APRIL 1973 VOLUME 16, NUMBER 9

IN THIS ISSUE

6 THE MAIL POUCH

8 THE OLD TIMER'S CORNER

10 JIM BECKWOURTH — SAINT OR SINNER?

14 RIVER FULL OF WHISKEY

16 THE CHIPPEWAS SAVED OUR LIVES

20 NOAH ROSE — A GREAT PHOTOGRAPHER

22 THE HEX OF HARRY STIMLER

26 THE BATTLE OF THE NO-KISSIN' KIN

28 SQUAWS — VERSATILE AND VALIANT

32 UNDER A MOST GALLING FIRE

COVER STORY

34 WHEN THEY BURIED BUFFALO BILL — THEY BURIED THE OLD WEST AS WELL

38 THE WEST'S GREATEST LIAR

40 DEATH OF A BRAVE MAN

STANLEY WESTON
Publisher and Executive Editor

STEVE ENDE
Editor

ROBERT J. THORNTON
Managing Editor

JEFFREY SUPER
BILL APTER
Associate Editors

CHARLES SARGENT
Chief, Production

HUBERT PATRICK
MICHAEL GRECO
JODY HOPE
Art Staff

THE WEST is published monthly by STAGECOACH PUBLISHING COMPANY, BOX 58, ROCKVILLE CENTRE, N.Y. 11571. The entire contents of this magazine is fully protected by international and U.S. copyrights and no part of the contents can be reproduced without written permission of the copyright owner. All material submitted for possible publication must be accompanied by a return, self-addressed, stamped envelope. Copyright by STAGECOACH PUBLISHING COMPANY, 1973

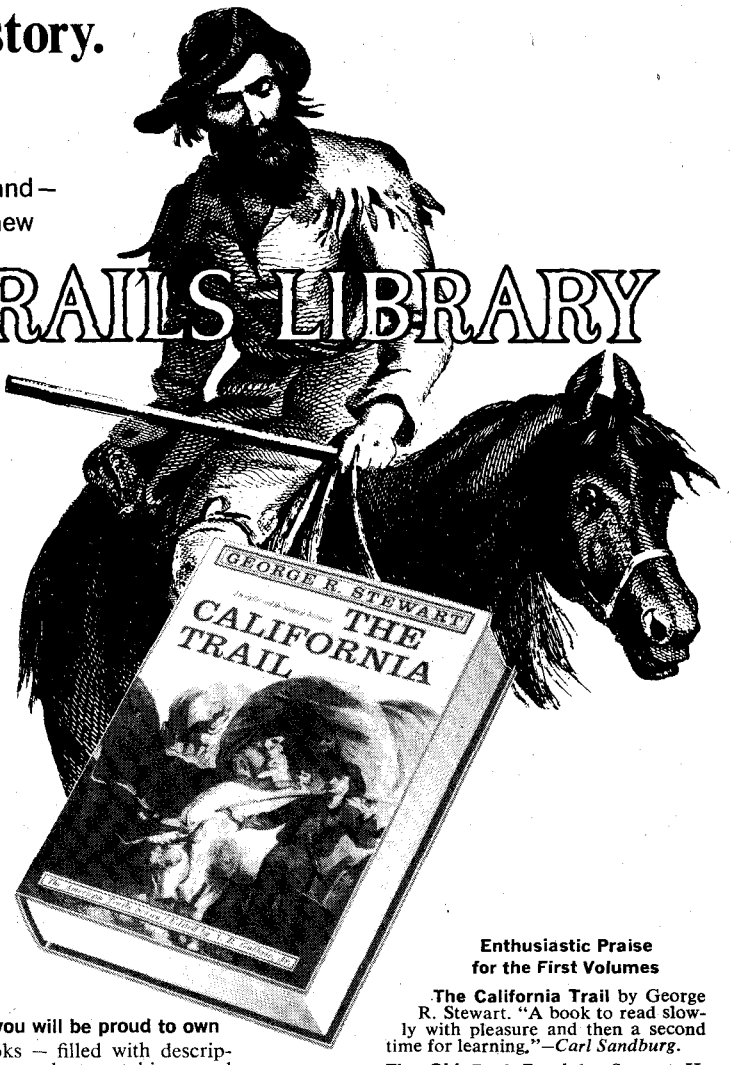
50¢ per copy. $6 for a one year subscription (12 issues) in the United States, Canada and Mexico. $8 for all other countries. Please advise us at least three weeks in advance for a subscription change of address.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You and your family are invited to relive the most adventurous journeys in our nation's history.

Witness the fascinating drama of
American pioneers who explored and built our land—
North, South, East, and West—in the thrilling new

AMERICAN TRAILS LIBRARY



Take your introductory volume

THE CALIFORNIA TRAIL

FOR ONLY $1 [$8.95 Value]

The year is 1841. Thirty-one men, with one woman and a baby, have left their Missouri homes on a fantastic journey westward, in crude covered wagons. They will have to cross unknown deserts and mountains, inhabited only by savage Indians. If an ox dies, or an axle-tree breaks, or illness breaks out — they face disaster!

From these perilous beginnings to the year 1849, when 22,500 people with 60,000 horses, mules, and oxen stampede across the continent in quest of gold and glory, there unfolds one of the most incredible adventure stories of all time. In the pages of this superb volume, you are there to see it happen! Ambush and death, lawlessness and strife, hope and courage mingle in the lives of the heroes, rogues, and fortune-hunters who took part in this tumultuous epoch.

THE CALIFORNIA TRAIL — by George R. Stewart, noted novelist and chronicler of the American scene — is a magnificently produced 354-page volume that sells for $8.95. It is offered to you for only $1 to introduce you to a unique new reading program for all Americans — *The American Trails Library*. This program brings to your home the exciting true stories of famous pioneers who blazed their way across hostile wilderness to build a new nation.

Every book in the program is an entirely new historical narrative written expressly for the Library by a distinguished American author, under the general editorship of A. B. Guthrie, Jr. With these books you probe the mysterious Northwest with the intrepid Lewis and Clark expedition . . . engage in the fun-loving camaraderie up and down the event-filled Old Post Road from Boston to New York . . . share the hardships of the disastrous Donner Party in the Sierra Nevada Mountains . . . witness the treacherous conspiracies along the Natchez Trace . . . join the historic Mormon migration to Salt Lake City . . . thrill to the heroic defense of the besieged Alamo.

Travel with the famous and the infamous

Your companions along these trails include Aaron Burr and Andrew Jackson . . . Micajah Harpe and his brother Wiley, the "terrible Harpes" of Tennessee . . . Jack Powers, the "Bandit Lord" of the Coast Highway . . . Deborah Sampson, the Amazon adventuress whose exploits produced one of the most extraordinary stories of the Revolutionary War . . . Davy Crockett, the rip-snorting patriot with his fiddle, rousing songs, and tall-tale-spinning . . . and hundreds of other colorful Americans who helped shape our country's destiny.

Handsome books you will be proud to own

These beautiful books — filled with descriptive maps, striking woodcuts, etchings and drawings, and over 3,000 pages of lively narrative — offer you a remarkably rich mine of Americana. The sweep and grandeur of their coverage, the thrilling first-hand accounts, and the skillful writing make these suspense-filled, true-adventure narratives read like the most exciting fiction. These handsome subscription volumes, in their distinctive matched bindings, will provide outstanding additions to your library and afford many hours of absorbing reading for everyone in your family.

Enjoy The California Trail for only $1

Send no money now. We will ship you the fascinating introductory volume, *The California Trail*, for 10 days free examination to acquaint you and your family with this unique new reading program. Only if you are completely satisfied need you remit the special introductory price of $1, plus shipping. Otherwise, simply return the book without cost or obligation of any kind.

If you decide to keep *The California Trail*, we will enroll you as a trial subscriber to *The American Trails Library*. Thereafter, every six weeks you will be offered a superb new volume (regularly priced from $6.95 to $8.95 per volume) at the special subscribers' discount of at least 15% off the retail price. You are free to accept or return each book on the same 10-day examination basis. There is no minimum number of books to buy, and you may cancel your subscription at any time. Take advantage today of this offer to start an exciting library of Americana. Mail the coupon now. McGraw-Hill Book Company, 1221 Ave. of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10020.

Enthusiastic Praise for the First Volumes

The California Trail by George R. Stewart. "A book to read slowly with pleasure and then a second time for learning."—*Carl Sandburg.*

The Old Post Road by Stewart H. Holbrook. "A veritable heritage of Americana . . . full of color and life."
—*Boston Herald.*

Westward Vision by David Lavender. "Quite possibly the best Western book of the year."—*The New York Times.* "Fresh and lively narrative."
—*Chicago Daily News.*

The American Trails Library
McGraw-Hill Book Company
1221 Ave. of the Americas, N.Y., N.Y. 10020

Please send me the exciting 354-page book *The California Trail* for 10 days free examination, and enroll me as a Trial Subscriber in the Library. If not completely delighted, I may return it within 10 days, cancel my membership, and owe nothing. Otherwise, I will pay the special introductory price of only $1 (regular retail price: $8.95) plus a few cents for shipping.

Thereafter, I will receive a new volume approximately every six weeks (for 10 days trial) at the subscribers' special savings of at least 15% from the retail price of $6.95 to $8.95 per volume. I am not obligated to take any minimum number of books, and may stop whenever I wish.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....Zip.....

This offer good in U.S.A. only.

AT-01

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE MAIL POUCH

MOCKING THE BIRD?

Sirs:

I enjoy reading GOLDEN WEST very much but in the "Round Up Time" column in the Feb. '73 issue, you made a mistake. I am referring to the Mockingbird. You say they are found as far west as Colorado. The Mockingbird is and has been a very common bird here in central and southern California.

My father remembers them as far back as 1900. He said they were more common than the English Sparrow.

We have four pair who nest every year in our backyard and my sister, who lives almost in downtown Hollywood, has Mockingbirds around her yard all the time.

R.G. Luke
N. Hollywood, California

SUNDANCE'S SON

Sirs:

Pursuant to reading the interesting article about the Sundance Kid in a recent issue of THE WEST, I noticed the enclosed clipping in our local newspaper. I thought it might be of interest to someone. I enjoy your magazines very much.

J.W. Fowler
Huntington Park, California

Editor's note: The clipping Mr. Fowler sent referred to the recent death of Robert Longbaugh, 72, better known as The Sundance Kid's son. He, along with another man, John Schon, perished in a hotel fire in Missoula, Montana.

FANCYS FRITZ

Gentlemen:

I enjoyed the story by Fritz Timmen about Jane Silcott in your February 1973 GOLDEN WEST. I regret that my late friend Ed Young isn't alive to read this story. He knew that part of Idaho and western Montana very well and helped survey the first road through the Bitter Root mountains between Lewiston, Idaho and Missoula, Montana. If he would have put his life history on paper, it would have made a very good book. I've met Fritz Timmen in person and his stories of early day steamboats and other frontier stories are well researched to get the true facts.

Jane Silcott trailblazed a path to Idaho's gold in the same general area in which one letter writer's close friend helped survey the first road through the rugged Bitterroot mountains, between Lewiston, Idaho and Missoula, Montana.

Walt Thayer
Wenatchee, Washington

FREIGHT FEELING

Sirs:

I started riding freight trains at the age of 16 in 1931. I served in the C.C.C. camps, worked on W.P.A. and did a hitch in the Army prior to W W II, attended high school two years in Mackay, Idaho and lived on a ranch with an old fort building. There were a lot of transient camps during the depression where one could get board and room and a dollar or two a week. I'd like to hear from anyone who stayed in transient camps and rode freight trains.

Sincerely,
Willard E. Crawford
Box 536
Biggs, California 95917

SPECIAL SERVICE

Dear Sirs:

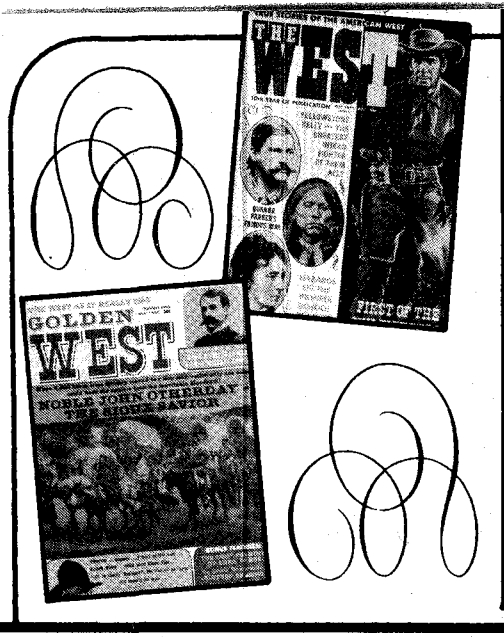
I enjoy your magazines very much. I think your readers would enjoy seeing my 97-year-old father's service record.

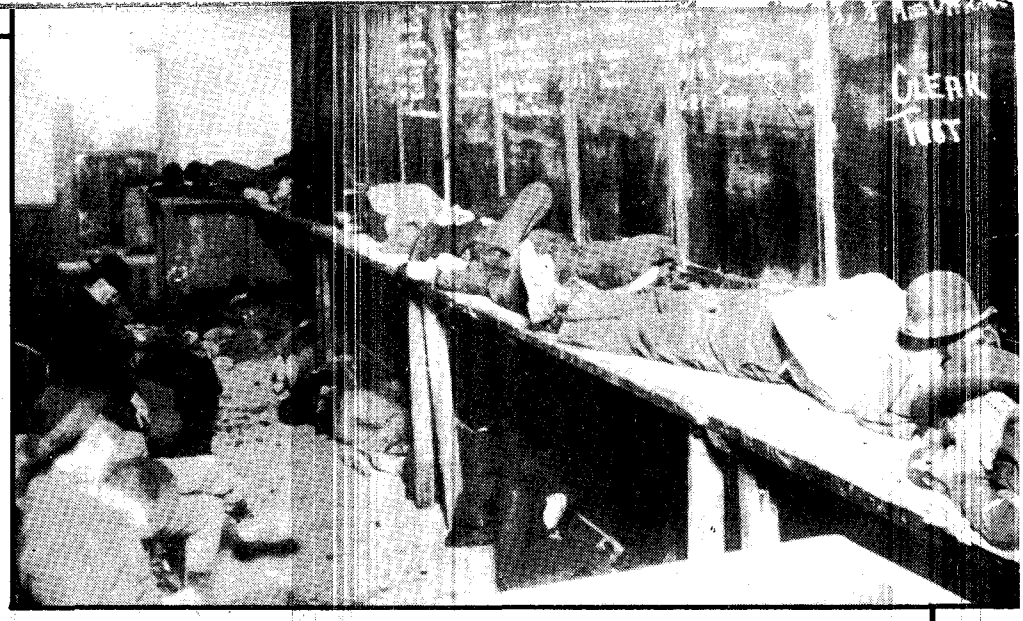
First of all, his name is William Henry Wall. He was 17 years old when he enlisted in the Civil War. His service records show his age as being 20 when he enlisted and also 20 when he was mustered out.

He enlisted at Bowers Mills, Missouri on April 7, 1862, mustered in at Fort Scott, Kansas, April 30, 1862. He enlisted for three years in Co. H, 6th Regiment, Kansas Cavalry Volunteers, as a private. He was on extra duty as a teamster in the quartermaster department. Later he fur-

(Continued on page 63)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





OUR EAGER STAFF
IS ANXIOUS TO SERVE YOU

DON'T WORRY ABOUT RAIN, SNOW, HAIL OR BLAZING SUN. THEY DON'T. THESE CHARACTERS WILL SOMEHOW MAKE SURE THAT ALL YOUR COPIES OF THE WEST AND GOLDEN WEST REACH YOUR MAILBOX ON TIME, MONTH AFTER MONTH. WE LIKE THE IDEA BECAUSE IT WILL AT LEAST GET THEM OUT OF THE OFFICE FOR A LITTLE WHILE. SO HELP US PUT THESE GOLDBRICKS TO WORK BY TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE BEST DARNED MAGAZINE SUBSCRIPTION YOU'VE EVER SEEN. AND YOU'LL BE SAVING MONEY, TOO! SO KEEP OUR EAGER STAFF ON ITS TOES BY FILLING OUT THE COUPON BELOW, ENCLOSE A CHECK OR MONEY ORDER FOR ONLY $10, AND MAIL TODAY. THEN GET OUT OF THE WAY AND LET OUR BOYS GET TO WORK!

Just think, not only will you be saving $2 over the regular newsstand price, you'll receive, and have delivered right to your mailbox—in a weatherproof, plastic bag, a total of 24 big, exciting issues packed with the best stories and exclusive pictures which will help you become a part of the Old West As It Really Was. Our dramatic, true-to-life story layouts will actually make you feel like you're riding alongside ol' Jesse James or Wyatt Earp, depending, of course, which side of the law you cotton to. Take your choice, pardner.

STAGECOACH PUBLISHING CO.
BOX 58
ROCKVILLE CENTRE, NEW YORK 11571

24 BIG, EXCITING ISSUES FOR ONLY $10!

Please enter my combination subscription to both THE WEST and GOLDEN WEST. I will receive a total of 24 issues (12 of each magazine), two different issues every month for the next 12 months. I am enclosing $10 as payment in full ☐ check ☐ money order ☐ other.

YOUR NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ **STATE** _____ **ZIP** _____
(Please Print or Type)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE OLD TIMERS CORNER

By Bill Salisbury

FOOLISH TEEN-AGERS

AS I WAS a teen-ager I naturally tried to associate with boys my own age. And being in a farm and ranch community I naturally spent the idle days among other boys on ranches.

I knew two such boys in northern Colorado and as I was a freelance ranch hand I spent some time at their house.

One night the two boys and I got into a discussion about the future. Their father was getting old and was in rather poor health. We were concerned about what the future held for the boys. So the discussion was about what they would do in case of the old man's demise, which seemed imminent.

We talked about how the land, the cattle, and other livestock would be divided between the two brothers and their sister. But unbeknownst to us the old man happened to be listening. And the next morning at breakfast he sprung the truth on us.

He said, "Boys, I happened to hear your discussion last night. After thinking it over I have decided to will all my wordly goods to your sister as you are too grasping and I do not appreciate your casting lots for my worldly goods."

The boys were badly hurt and sorry. But the old gent said "I am not going to leave you completely out in the cold, but will give you a chance to make your own. I am going to buy two sections of sagebrush land adjoining my property, said land selling for three dollars an acre. Also, I will buy you the equipment to work said land. You will henceforth prepare this land and make it produce, therefore insuring your future. You can earn your keep while preparing this land by doing chores such as milking the cows, feeding the pigs and other chores around the ranch. It will be a struggle, but I have faith that you are men enough to make a go of it. From now on it is up to you to make or break."

Things being as they were and the boys being rather embarrassed and wanting to prove themselves, they got hold of things immediately. First the land had to be fenced. We had heavy winter moisture in this area and the soil which was adobe became soft and boggy during the spring thaw, staying this way for some weeks. Then, when it dried, it became like normal ground.

Being pretty wise young men, they went to the woods and cut posts enough to fence the two sections of land. Then they took an ax and sharpened each post on one end like a pencil leaving the other flat. They took a cottonwood log and cut out a maul. On this maul they put the iron rings from a broken down wagon wheel and reinforced it so it would not split, and then they drilled a hole in the side and inserted a handle.

They stood by and waited for spring. Well, spring finally came. They located their corners and hauled the posts out and, standing in the rear of the wagon, drove the sharpened posts in the ground at a surprisingly fast pace.

And when the ground dried and became firm they braced the corners and gateways well, then stretched the wire. Thus a very neat fence.

Then the problem of the sagebush. They took a tractor and drug a heavy iron bar over it thus tearing out some. Then they winnowed it. They set fire to it. Later they dished it and with a hay rake they raked it into piles as best they could and burned again, leaving nothing but stobs and stems of sage which they gathered and piled by hand. It was a very tedious job, but remember, they could not give up as their pride would not let them. Also, they had to prove their worth to their father whom they really loved very much.

Finally the land was ready and they planted it in fall wheat. They made a bumper crop the first year and continued to do so year after year.

In the meantime, being a drifter I moved on to other areas. Several years later I happened back in this area and naturally I hunted up the family. It was winter when I happened along and I was able to spend a little time in the community.

I went out to the old home ranch and was greeted by the old man who was still among the living, in reasonably good health and still full of pep and wit, as were the mother and daughter.

So when I enquired about the boys the old gent grinned and said, "They are doing fine. In fact, they are doing better than us. You see we are still milking the cows, feeding the pigs, feeding the cattle, etc. In fact our noses are to the grindstone.

"The boys they are in Florida for the winter. They will come back next summer in time to harvest the wheat and as soon as this is done they will prepare the land and replant, mend the fences, and wait for the next crop. Yes son, they are much better off than they would have been if they had been allowed to divide my meager belongings.

"They have expanded. They now have several sections of land. And if you should happen by in harvest time you will see three combines and many trucks in their fields. Yes, they are doing much better then the old man, which is as it should be. For after all, young folks only need to be counseled a bit and be given a little boost to get started. And if they have the mettle they'll make it from there.

RIFT

THIS IS AN account of the rift between my father and myself.

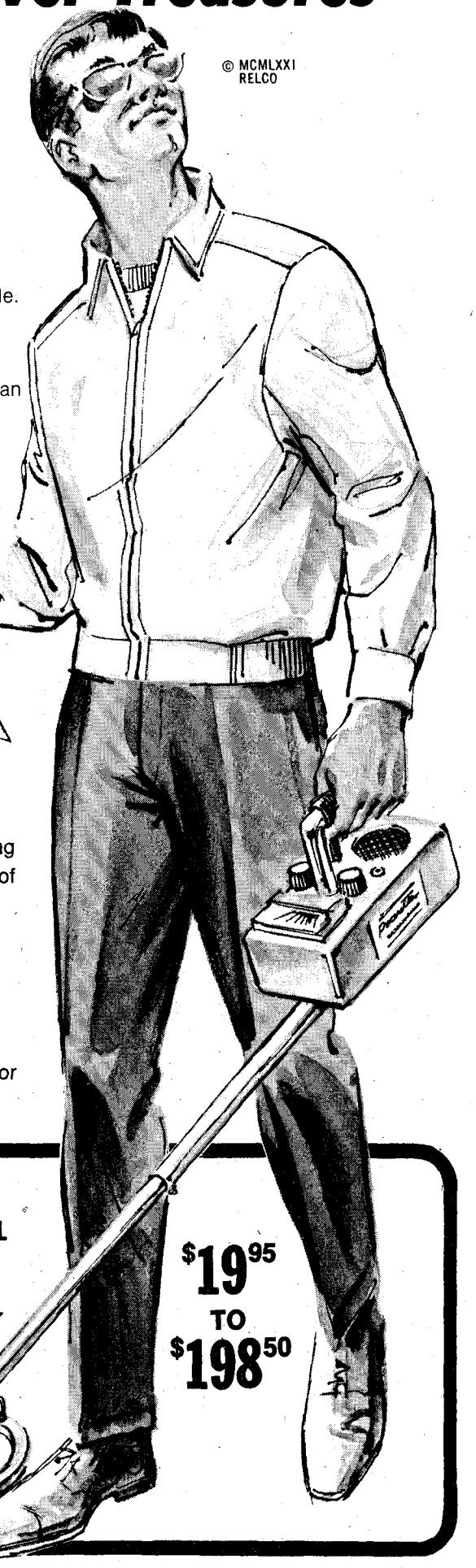
We were living on our homestead near Diamond Peak in Wyoming. Down the creek bellow us about three miles was the "H" Ranch.

(Continued on page 63)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Come with Relco . . . to Uncover Treasures Lost for Centuries . . . With a RELCO METAL-MINERAL DETECTOR

© MCMLXXI RELCO

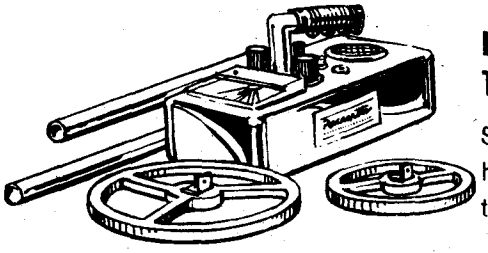


All Relco detectors will detect buried gold, silver, coins, ancient firearms, treasures, valuable minerals, etc. They are extremely sensitive and accurate.

Relco detectors are manufactured under carefully controlled conditions using the latest space-age equipment and technology. Kits and assembled models available. Our staff of over 100 highly skilled engineers, technicians and other personnel are trained to see that our customers receive the finest equipment and services available. In most cases you will receive same-day service when you order from Relco. You can charge your Relco detector to any approved credit card. Financing is also available.

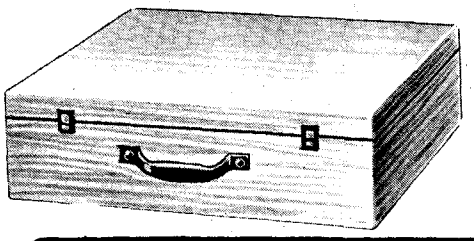
ALL MODELS HAVE THESE SUPERIOR PROFESSIONAL FEATURES

- Fully transistorized for maximum performance.
- Powered by low-cost batteries available wherever batteries are sold.
- Works through earth, water, mud, rocks, vegetation, etc. Excellent near salt water.
- Lightweight, easy to carry.
- Extremely easy to operate.
- Handsome styling for pride of ownership.



DISASSEMBLES FOR EASY TRANSPORTATION OR STORAGE

Sectional exploring stem and exploring head detaches in a jiffy for convenience of transportation or storage.



PROTECTIVE CARRYING CASE FOR YOUR DETECTOR

Sturdy carrying cases custom designed for each model are optional.

FREE Write for free catalog and unusual souvenir coin

RELCO, Dept. D-238
P. O. Box 10839
Houston, Texas 77018

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP_____

USES POWERFUL EXPLORING HEADS . . .

$19.95 TO $198.50

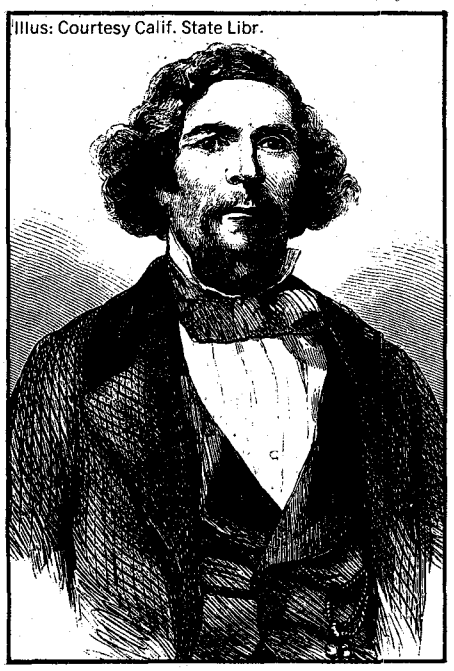
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JIM BECKWOURTH — SAINT OR SINNER?

Illus: Courtesy Harolds Club, Reno.

Beckwourth was found on trail sick and feverish; he was nursed back to health by Peg-leg Smith and a pioneer woman; from sketch by Nyland.

Illus: Courtesy Calif. State Libr.



Rare likeness of Beckwourth, this one done during brief period of domesticity.

Settlers loved him and called him a saint; the Indians named him Bloody Arm; but Jim Beckwourth—Mountain Man, trail blazer, man-killer—was especially noted for being the greatest horsethief of them all, and the biggest liar...

by Ed Earl Repp

LACING THE FROWNING scarps of the Rockies from the Cimarron to the Canuck Glaciers, the trails of the feuding fur brigades wove through the high country like a spider web from scattered outposts along the white-capped rivers.

Trails that were stained with the blood of the trappers and mountain men who served such beaver pelt legions as the Hudson's Bay Company, Wm. Henry Ashley's Missouri Fur Company, the American Fur Company of John Jacob Astor, and many others.

From the muddy Missouri to the crystal Sacramento they ranged, predaceous, robbing, killing each other for the furry riches inhabiting the numerous streams. They planted the Stars and Stripes wherever they went and maintained it with the hot barrels of their Hawken rifles.

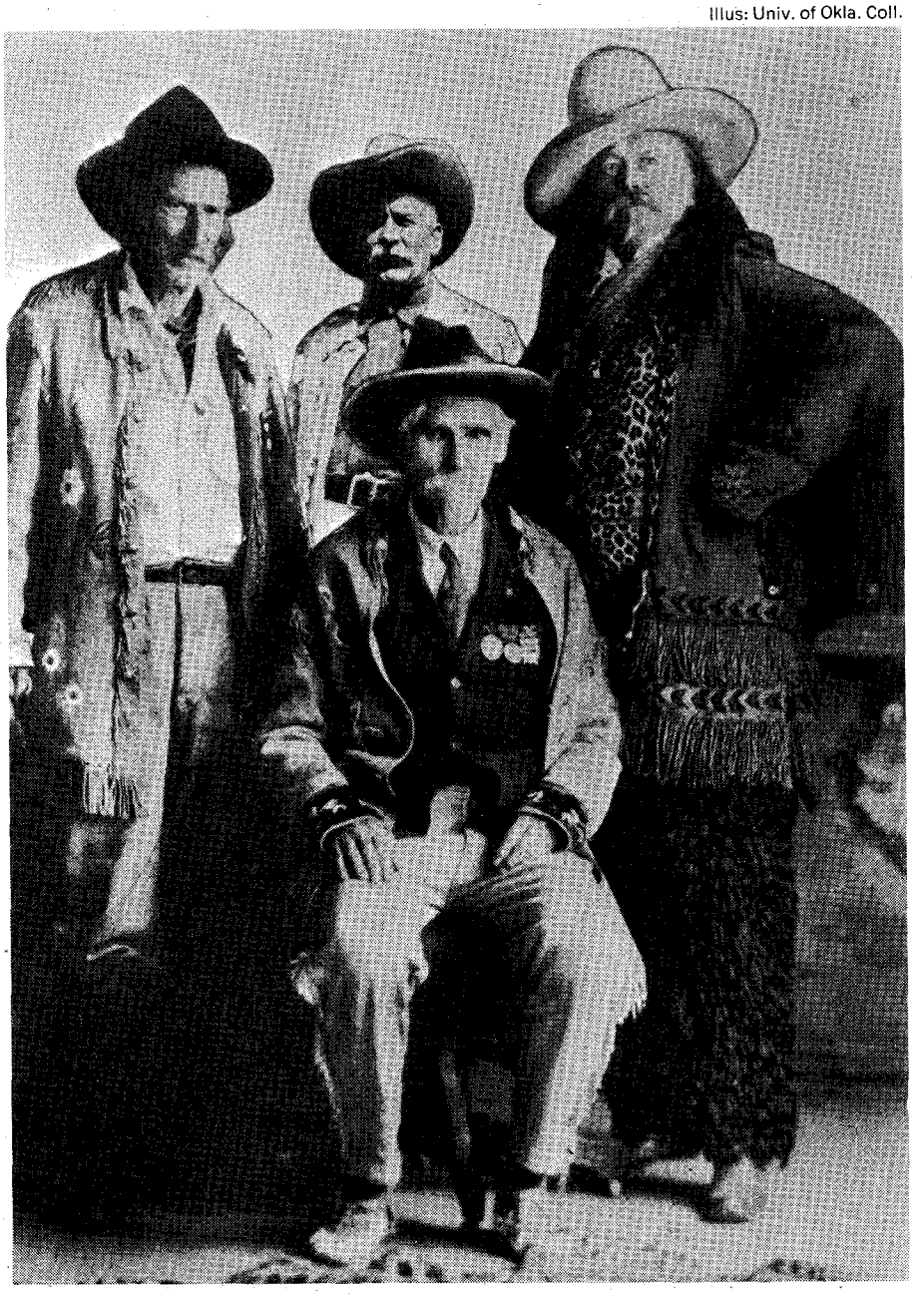
It was a hard existence along these wilderness roads and some men grew old and died in a single year working the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Illus: Univ. of Okla. Coll.

David Crockett was often called Father of the Buckskin Brotherhood.

Illus: Univ. of Okla. Coll.



Members of Buckskin Brotherhood, friends of Jim Beckwourth; (stg.) Deadwood Dick; Buckskin Bill and Idaho Bill; Buckskin Johnny is seated.

beaver colonies. Only link-steel and whang-leather veterans could survive the hardships of killing blizzards and freezes, almost unmanageable bullboats and flash floods.

They faced a constant threat of hostile Arapaho, Gros Ventre, Sioux, Cheyenne, Kiowa, Nez Perce and Apache. West of the Rockies they were confronted by the deadly Modocs, Shoshones, Paiutes, Colusas, Washoes and the Mojaves. Gold had not yet been discovered in California.

Beaver was King, the Fur Trade the lure of the day.

Among those who survived the Fur Trade was James P. Beckwourth.

Jim Beckwourth was a freebooter, a horse thief par excellence, a Squaw Man, a chief of the Crows and high in the councils of the Buckskin Brotherhood holding rendezvous at St. Vrain's, Bent's Fort, Taos, Forts Laramie and Leavenworth, Pit River and Old Shasta.

Spaniards called him a killer, settlers referred to him as a saint. He survived where the death rate among the trapper fraternity frequently exceeded 70 percent.

For half a century he lived throughout the raw, bloody frontiers embracing that tremendous territory beyond the Mississippi known as the great Unexplored West. Pathfinders like Colonel William Bent of Bent's Fort on the Jornado del Muerte, Jeb Smith, Kit Carson, Jim Bridger, lanky Bill Williams, Gaston Charboneaux, Ceran St. Vrain and John C. Fremont—all attested in voice and diary to Jim Beckwourth's loyalty, rough vitality, stamina and utter fearlessness, notwithstanding his capacity to empty a gallon jug of Busthead at a single sitting. And the (1844) Spanish Californios bore witness to his uncanny skill at rustling when he stole 3,000 head of fine horses, many belonging to Governor Micheltorena and Mexican Dictator-General Santa Ana, then preparing to protect California from the Americanos of John Sutter's Legion of Riflemen.

In 1846 he escaped again with 1,800 more horses and mules. *Sans* bill of sale he drove them to Colorado at a neat profit.

A former blacksmith, and wearing an upper set of cast iron dentures of his own forging, Beckwourth was known as "a man to conjure with." Six-feet-four in moccasined feet, built like a wedge, he was born in Fredericksburg, Virginia, in 1798.

He was the son of a plantation owner or overseer, and a Quadroon woman. In 1805 he was taken to Cape Girardeau, and when big enough he was apprenticed

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to a blacksmith named Casner in St. Louis. Learning the trade, Jim, at about 19, determinedly shook free of the apprenticeship. He signed on with William Henry Ashley in 1823 for trapline work, a raw recruit in a buckskin war between the Missouri Fur Company and the Hudson's Bay Company, for the rich beaver streams of the Rockies and beyond.

When Ashley sold out to Jackson, Smith and Sublette three years later, Jim Beckwourth was no longer a tenderfoot on the fur trails. He was equal if not the better of such seasoned veterans as Jim Bridger, Jedediah Smith, Hugh Glass, Old Greenwood, Bill Williams, Peg-Leg Smith and the others of the longhair legions. He was his own master, now, and his movements were dictated by the existing phrase "whichaway the wind blows."

His dark, glittering eyes looked toward the Sparrowhawk People of the Powder River country. Just what lured him there is not verified, but he packed his traps and *possibles* on a horse, threw his huge hulk onto his saddle, and "cut stick" for the Powder.

Beckwourth's white and mulatto blood and superb physique gave him the appearance of a perfect—even handsome—Indian. At times he passed himself off as one, on occasion infiltrating enemy bands to spread havoc within their ranks, creating confusion among them to rescue a friend or "count coup" with the scalps of some unfortunate braves.

One thing is sure, Jim Beckwourth could be as gentle and affectionate as a hearth-trained dog, or as mean, nasty and cruel as a blood-thirsty Apache.

Ample witness of his kindness and gentility is offered in an account by Ina Coolbrith, the famous poetess of the 1890's.

When a girl, she and her family were members of a lost wagon train—hungry, sick, discouraged and fearful of hostile Indians dogging them. The wagons had finally circled to fend off an expected attack. Ill with fever, Miss Coolbrith lay in her wagon listening to the men outside discussing the impending attack. Just when it was about to begin, Jim Beckwourth, known as Chief Bloody Arm of the Crows, rode calmly into the circle.

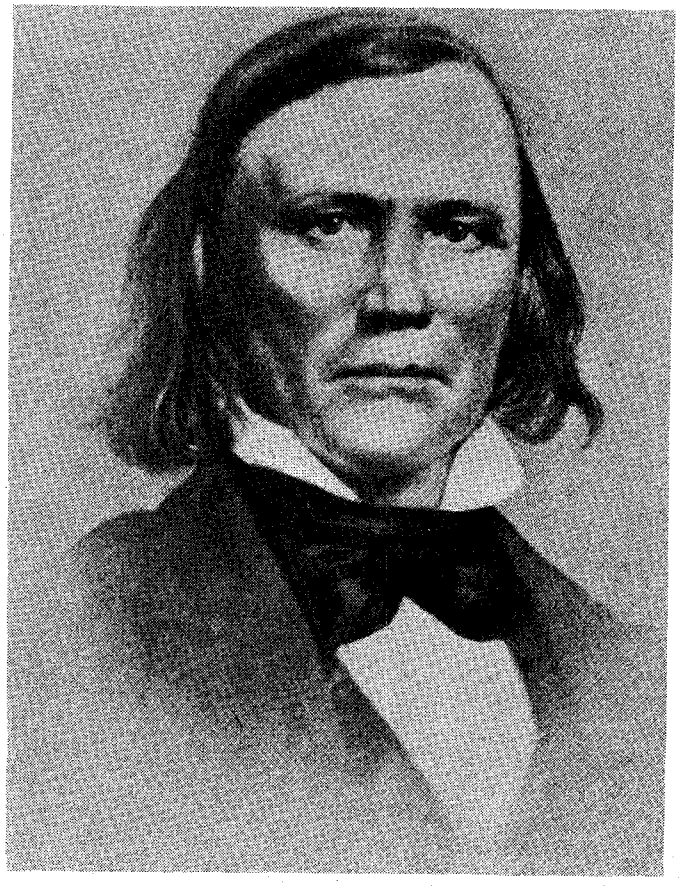
Miss Coolbrith reveals that the attackers simply melted away as mysteriously as was Beckwourth's sudden appearance. He slid from his mount and took quick note of the starving condition of the emigrants. Pity clouded his dark eyes. He shook his leonine head sympathetically. Grimly he cut some pack thongs and dumped the carcass of an antelope for the train women to prepare.

He was garbed in fringed buckskins, many beads, and had long black hair falling to shoulder length. A single eagle feather was braided into the locks hanging behind a beaverskin cap. From his saddle pouches he took a bag of candy and distributed it among the children. (Where he came by the candy in the wilderness is not recorded). When he reached Ina Coolbrith and her younger brother there were tears of pity in his clouded eyes. To them, and all the rest of the miserable train, he appeared as their Savior, a living saint who came boldly out of nowhere bearing gifts of sweets and food.

While Indian herbs were being administered to the sick, Jim Beckwourth, who was to shoot and slit the throats of a dozen white men, held council with the train elders. What developed gives considerable credibility to his frequently disputed claims of having been the first to cut a trail through the High Sierras, known today as Beckwourth Pass, now a high speed concrete ribbon (Highway 70) from the Sacramento Valley to Reno, Nevada.

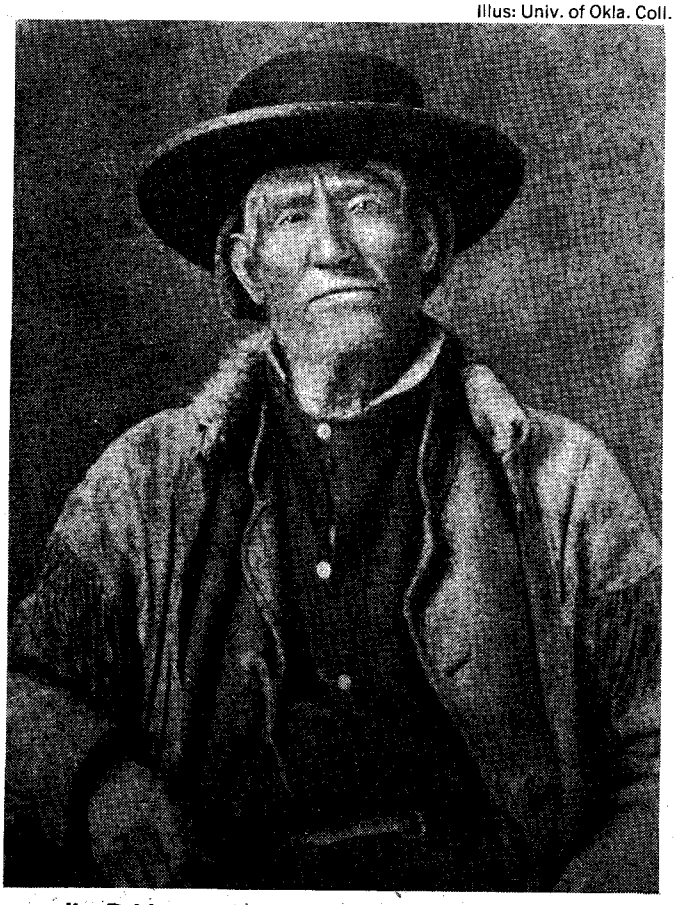
Beckwourth intimated he had pioneered a road into California on a scouting trip for the beaver which were so numerous in the Sacramento River, the Feather, American and Butte Sink just east of present day Chico. As a result of his discoveries he could—and did—lead the Coolbrith train out of its lost situation over the Sierras and through "his pass" to Spanish Valley, now Plumas County, California, emerging at Bidwell Bar on the Feather. He hinted he had helped take some fifty *pieces* of prime beaver plew from the Sacramento Valley for the Ashley Company between 1823

Illus: Author's Coll.



Kit Carson—the Taos Thunderhead, Buckskin King.

Illus: Univ. of Okla. Coll.



Jim Bridger, another member of the fraternity.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Illus: Courtesy Harolds Club, Reno.

Beckwourth was invited by Fremont to help guide expedition over Sierras; instead, independent mountain man went out on his own and discovered pass (now named Beckwourth) over Sierras, and into Sacramento Valley.

and 1826, long before gold was discovered at Coloma.

Although his tales frequently stretched the truth, the fact that he led the Coolbrith train safely to California lends credence to his claims. Informatively, however, a "piece" of fur represented a pack weighing fifty pounds. Beaver were still numerous in the region despite the heavy trapping of Hudson's Bay, Ogden, Sublette and others who were engaged in the fur trade.

Beckwourth went on to explain how he earned the sobriquet of Bloody Arm from the Crows. Jim Bridger, his equal at prevarication, who wandered into the Coolbrith camp one stormy night, listened as he told of killing the biggest, meanest he-grizzly ever encountered in the High Sierras or anywhere else, for that matter.

"I tells ye, Bridger," Beckwourth elucidated with an air of truth, "thet b'ar was the biggest, nastiest, killin'est critter I'd ever seed. Some Injun varmints druv 'im into a cave up yonder an' wuz sceered tuh go in arter 'im. Them varmints guv me a choice uh goin' in myse'f or losin' my ha'r. No b'ar ever sceered me more'n bein' sculped, so I wraps my blanket around my left arm an' pasears inta thet cave where the b'ar w'ar. Wagh!

"Walsuh, thet grizzly—he had a' arrer stickin' outta his jowls—came chargin' *may pronto*. My butcher knife jest bent double agin his brisket an' I was plum unarmed. Wagh! That was a fight I'd hanker tuh fergit—but lookit the scars!"

Beckwourth's torso glistened in the rain and firelight. Long, livid blue welts crisscrossed his chest and shoulders. A torn ligament in his left biceps made his arm stiff somewhat at the elbow. Jim Bridger, master at tall tales, was goggle-eyed. Beckwourth went on:

"Thet b'ar had fangs long as a plowshare an' his claws was like the spokes of a wagon wheel sharpened tuh arrer points. Wagh! I seed right off I was as close tuh the Happy Huntin' ground as a Injun ever gets 'thout goin' over the hump. Thet b'ar got me down. Wagh! He choused open his jawrs to crunch my haid like a black berry. It was then I drove my fist down his throat, him chawin' flesh all the while ontil my arm was a bloody hunk uh buffler liver. I coul'n't let go. He coul'n't either, so I jest druv down deeper ontil I ketched aholt uh his—his—ah 'er—his ton-siles.

"He got kinda sick then an' started retchin' an' convulsin' about like a catermount with one foot in a trap. Folks, thet b'ar plum kilt hisse'f with me a'holtin' on to his ah—er—his ton-siles fer dear life whilst he turned hisse'f plum inside out frum snoot tuh tail, all fourteen hunnert pounds uh him. Wagh! Thet's gospel."

He dangled a buckskin medicine pouch for all to see. Inside were the fangs of the grizzly—the largest even Jim Bridger had ever beheld. For once the dour mountain man was stumped for a wilder story of his own. He knew if Beckwourth was not lying outright, he was certainly stretching the truth to the limit.

That bit of Jim Beckwourth reminiscence occurred just west of today's town of Beckwourth on upper Highway 70. There he later built a log cabin that served as his trading post and hotel and from where he collected tolls for the use of his "trail." It still stands after more than a century.

When aroused, Jim Beckwourth was as vicious and venomous a fighter as he was at rare times warm-hearted and gentle. Raw evidence of his savagery is evidenced by his cold-blooded killing of some alleged renegades he tracked down

(Continued on page 47)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RIVER FULL OF WHISKEY

It probably hurt the general just as much as it did the rank and file, but Stand Watie kept his feelings under control, while quite a few of the men wept openly...

by E.H. Brewington

IT IS NOT PLEASANT to see strong men cry, but crying there was, there on the banks of the Verdigris River, in Indian Territory. Cries of anguish came from the throats of dozens of strong, battle-scarred and hardened men. These were men who had been tested by the fire, and found strong. These were men who had ridden, and walked, and crawled through hell together. Now, one of their own, the one they would gladly have followed to purgatory and back again, was destroying that which they loved. It was September in 1864.

Stolid and unsmiling, the big Indian sat astride the big bay and watched the robust half-breed swing the double-bitted axe which he held in calloused hands. There were even tears in the eyes of him who swung the axe as he glanced, from time to time, toward the mounted Indian. He was hoping for a word from the big Indian to stay his hand.

There was no sign of relenting on the horseman's face. Although none of the onlookers approved of the event taking place, there was none who had the audacity to question the Indian's authority.

Stand was the Indian's given name, and every man in that motley collection of humanity had seen Stand live up to his name. They had seen him stand in the open when bullets were ripping past him on all sides. They had heard him exhort them many times to "Come on," but never had they heard him admonish them to "Go on."

Dirty and unkempt though they might appear, there was a fierce pride in their mien that nothing could take away from those raggedy-ann soldiers. This same fierce pride encompassed Stand Watie, he whom they followed and respected. He was their leader in reality, as well as in name. Their respect, their loyalty, and perhaps a bit of fear, were the only things that kept them from open rebellion, as head after head was knocked from cask after cask of the best Kentucky whiskey, and the beautiful whiskey was poured into the Verdigris River.

It was "downright in-hoomin" as one man expressed it, to pour all of that good liquor into the river, when they had not had a drink of decent whiskey in three years.

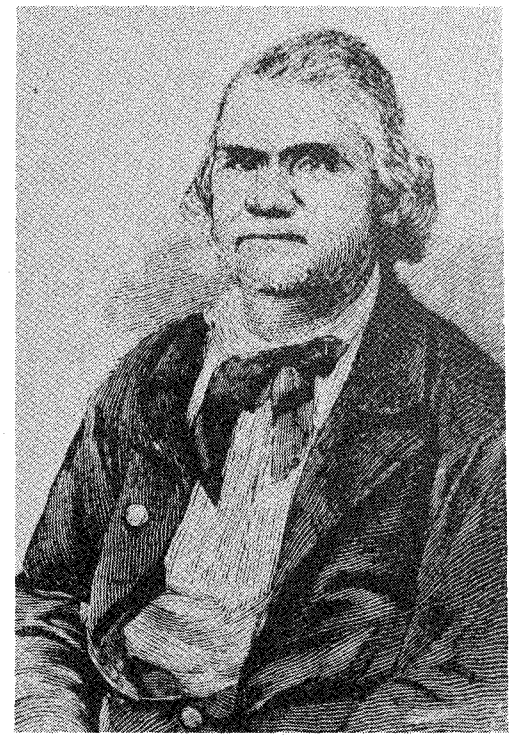
As the last cask was emptied into the river, one of the whiskered troopers who had previously been sampling the contents of the casks, solemnly asked, of no one in particular, "Do you reckin cat-fish kin giggle?"

No one bothered to answer.

It was enough to make strong men weep. They had just captured a Federal supply train containing over a million and a half dollars worth of supplies, had come out of the fracas with a whole skin, had the material for a roaring, hell-raising, old-fashioned celebration, and there it all went. Right down into the river.

It had all started out innocently enough, a few days before, as they left their camp on the morning of September 14th. General Stand Watie, the unsmiling Indian, with 800 of his men, was riding shotgun for General Richard M. Gano with 1200 Confederates under his command, and a battery of cannon under Howell. Their orders were to make a diversionary raid up the valley of the Grand (or Neosho) river, to relieve the pressure on General Sterling Price. The general had started northward from the Arkansas River, in Arkansas, on his memorable raid through Missouri toward Kansas City and Leavenworth.

Stand Watie, an astute general, was at his best when he was involved in "hit-and-run" tactics. Many of his friends called Watie the "Indian Swamp Fox" as his tactics many times emulated those of Francis Marion of South Carolina, in the War for American Independence. It was because of Watie's ability to hit hard and then to extricate himself that he was chosen for the diversionary raid up the rivers toward the State of Kansas.



Brigadier-General Stand Watie, Indian Brigade, Confederate Army.

Although Watie had attained the rank of brigadier general, he could not in the strictest sense be called a military man. His troops were always lacking in the elements of drill and discipline. His were never parade-ground soldiers.

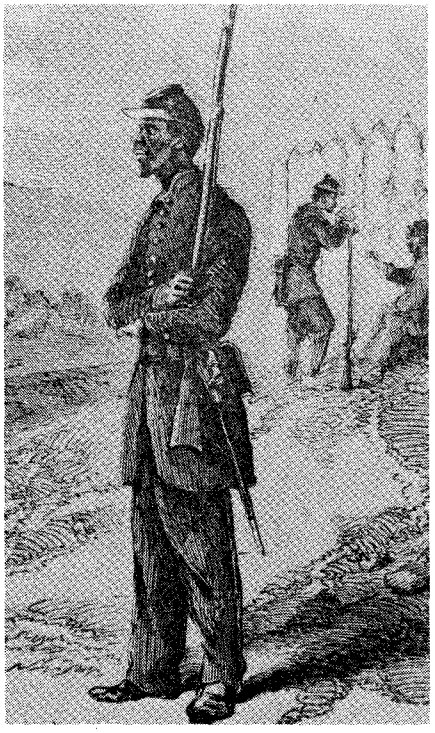
Whatever his shortcomings in the field of spit-and-polish, Watie had that rare ingredient that separates the leaders from the followers. He had a personal magnetism that made him a natural leader of men, and coupled with this ability was an unwavering devotion to the cause which he espoused.

Watie was born in 1806, near the present town of Rome, Georgia. His father was Oo-wa-tie, a Cherokee, and his mother was a half-blood. Neither of his parents could speak English. Watie's given name, in the Cherokee language, was "Degataga," which, rendered into English, means "standing together," which accounts for his English name of "Stand". He had a full brother who was known as Buck Watie, but who became much more widely known in the Indian Territory days as Elias Boudinot.

Watie did not learn to speak English until he was a grown man, and his speech was always slightly accented. After coming to the West, Watie lived on Honey Creek in the Cherokee Nation until the outbreak of the Civil War. At this time he promptly aligned himself on the side of the seceding states, and was an active participant until the end of the war.

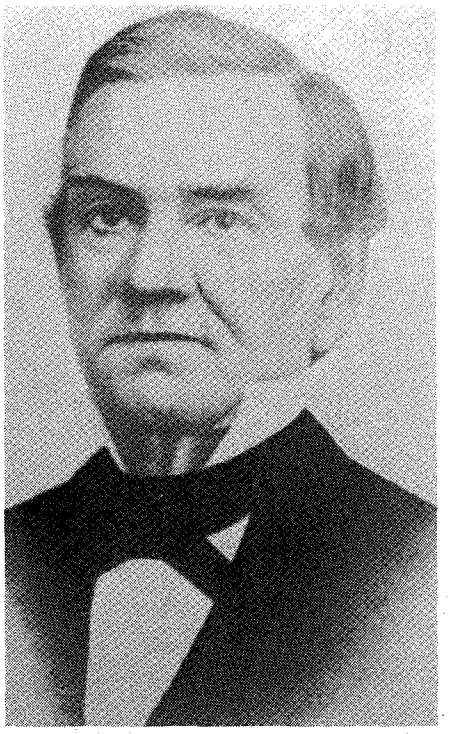
Recruiting the Cherokees into his group, Watie soon was the leader of a force that was a thorn in the side of the Federal troops operating in the area for

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Negro soldier on picket duty (Union Army, Civil War).

Lt. Col. John Jumper, leader of Seminole (Indian) Brigade (Confederate).



John Ross, principal chief, Cherokee Nation, headed anti-slavery Pins.

many months. It was because of his ability to harass the enemy that he was chosen to accompany General Gano on his foray up the rivers toward Kansas.

When General Watie's troops along with General Gano's had assembled themselves, they were dispatched northward with orders to "distract, harass and destroy" any Federal troops encountered. When the column on their northward march had reached the Arkansas River near the Creek Agency, they found it at flood stage, so it was with extreme difficulty that they effected a crossing.

After six hours of hard work, they succeeded in crossing at Redbank's Ford, after which they camped for the night. At this time they were two miles past the river and thirteen miles northwest of Fort Gibson.

They crossed the Verdigris River at Sand Town Ford, and hit the Federal Military Road from Fort Gibson at Fort Scott. They continued on this road about eight miles to Pryor creek.

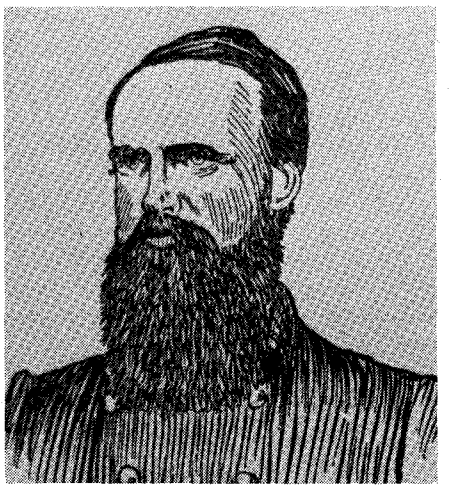
It was at this time that Watie's scouts notified Watie that there was a Federal hay-camp a short distance ahead. At this hay camp the Federal soldiers were busy preparing hay for the coming winter. The column marched to within one mile of the blue-clad soldiers, and were still undiscovered.

On Watie's orders the camp was attacked, the guard was dispersed with heavy loss, and according to the official reports, "over 5,000 tons of hay was destroyed." The mowers and the wagons, as well as the hay, were fired.

Watie along with his troops fought with an aggressive viciousness that brooked no defeat. Watie was still chafing from a defeat that he had suffered a few weeks before when what appeared to be a certain victory quickly turned to the ashes of defeat.

On June the fifteenth Watie, with a battery of artillery, had fired on and finally captured a Federal steamboat, the *J. R. Williams,* which was ascending the Arkansas River from Fort Smith to Fort Gibson. Near the mouth of the Canadian, Watie attacked the ship, which was loaded with flour, pork and sutler's supplies that were bound for the Federal garrison. Waitie's forces were so elated with the capture that they at once began to carry off supplies, in defiance of Watie's orders. When the Federals re-attacked the gray forces, Watie was so under-manned that he could not protect the supplies on the

(Continued on page 46)



R.M. Gano, Gen. Conf. Troops, Ind. Terr. Comm., 2nd Battle, Cabin Creek.

All Illus. Furn. by Author.

Joseph Absalom Scales, Sheriff Canadian Dist., Cherokee Nation (1856).

Joseph Franklin Thompson, Adj. Gen., Ind. Brigade; Watie's right hand man.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CHIPPEWAS SAVED OUR

Stiles tells how the Chippewas saved the lives of himself and Frank and Jesse after the Northfield Bank robbery, and of his own escape to Texas...

By Bill Stiles (As Told To Ed Earl Repp)

THE UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPT by the combined James-Younger gangs to pillage the Northfield Bank, in the town of the same name, on September 7, 1876 is well-known, but what exactly happened to the remnants of the James bunch immediately thereafter is not. It is a matter of record that the two bands split up after the raid. The James Gang, of which I was a member for five years, left three dead in the sizzling gun-fight between the outlaws and the citizens of Northfield—Bill Chadwell, Charley Pitts and Clel Miller.

The Youngers were tracked down at Medellia fourteen days later by Sheriff Jim Glispin and a posse of angry citizens.

It was hard to remember, what with the pain and the effort to stay in the saddle, just why it had gone wrong. We expected it would be the usual big clean-up...we'd ride into the town, show our guns and that would be it. Even in my dazed condition I remembered some doubts expressed by some of us which Jesse brushed aside, staring us down, daring us, almost, to disagree with him.

The movements of the James survivors were not publicized because they were unknown. Battle-scarred and literally running for our lives the three of us, Jesse, Frank and myself, ran the law's gauntlet all the way into the Big Woods of Wisconsin. There we holed up until the cry for our scalps died down and it was once again comparatively safe for us to venture into civilization.

Frank, Jesse and myself remained for more than a month among friendly Chippewa Indians at Clam Lake, Wisconsin. All of us bore wounds but of the three of us I was in the most serious condition. Jesse had an ugly bullet crease along his right shoulder. Frank carried a slug deep in his left leg. As for me, my back was peppered with buckshot and a nasty infection had settled in the many wounds. The buckshot bits were almost as large as peas. My back and shoulders were literally salted with lead pellets. We fled Northfield as fast as our horses could carry us. I could feel the warm blood coursing down my back and seeping under my belt. The cantle of my saddle was soggy, and as the blood dried the seat of my britches stuck to the leather.

I was in very bad shape when we reached the camp of the Chippewas deep in the Wisconsin woods. Luckily I had friends among those Indians.

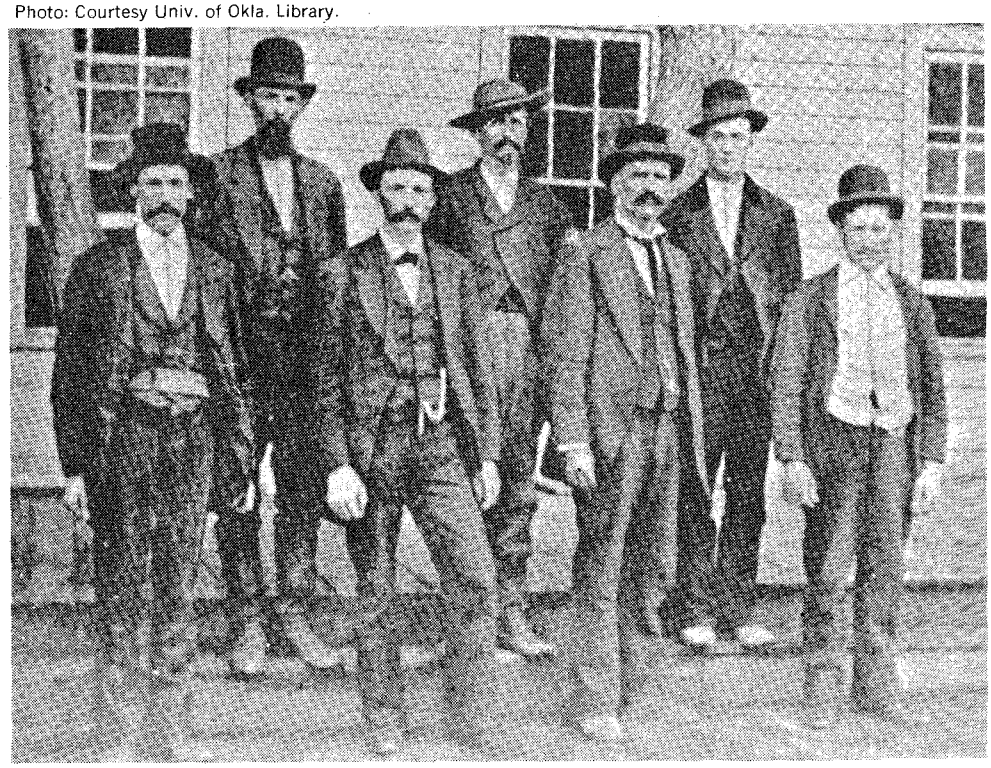
The Chippewas certainly knew how to doctor up a wounded man. And they were as gentle and skilled, in their way, as any white doctor or nurse. Squaws lucked the buckshot from my back with the heated, sharp points of their knives. The heat sealed the wounds and coagulated the blood. The infection was was treated with *kinnickinnic* (wild Tobacco) and it was very effective. The stuff was used for medicine as well as for the pipes of the bucks. The stuff was chewed and then it was made into poultices, which were rubbed into and placed directly on the wounds.

I can't say it did not hurt. In fact, it hurt like hell, stinging and burning like raw alcohol poured into an open wound. Jesse received the same treatment. The bullet was dug out of Frank's leg and a long, slender knife blade, heated to cherry red, was shoved deftly into the wound. Sweat stood out in beads on his forehead during the treatment, but he never uttered a sound.

I learned later that I had passed out and lay there unconscious for three days. The tribal medicine man or shaman used all his magic on me and I'm still not sure if his incantations or the *kinnickinnic* brought me around. But I finally awoke to find a pretty Chippewa maiden named White Fawn mopping the sweat from my face. I never saw anything more beautiful in my life!

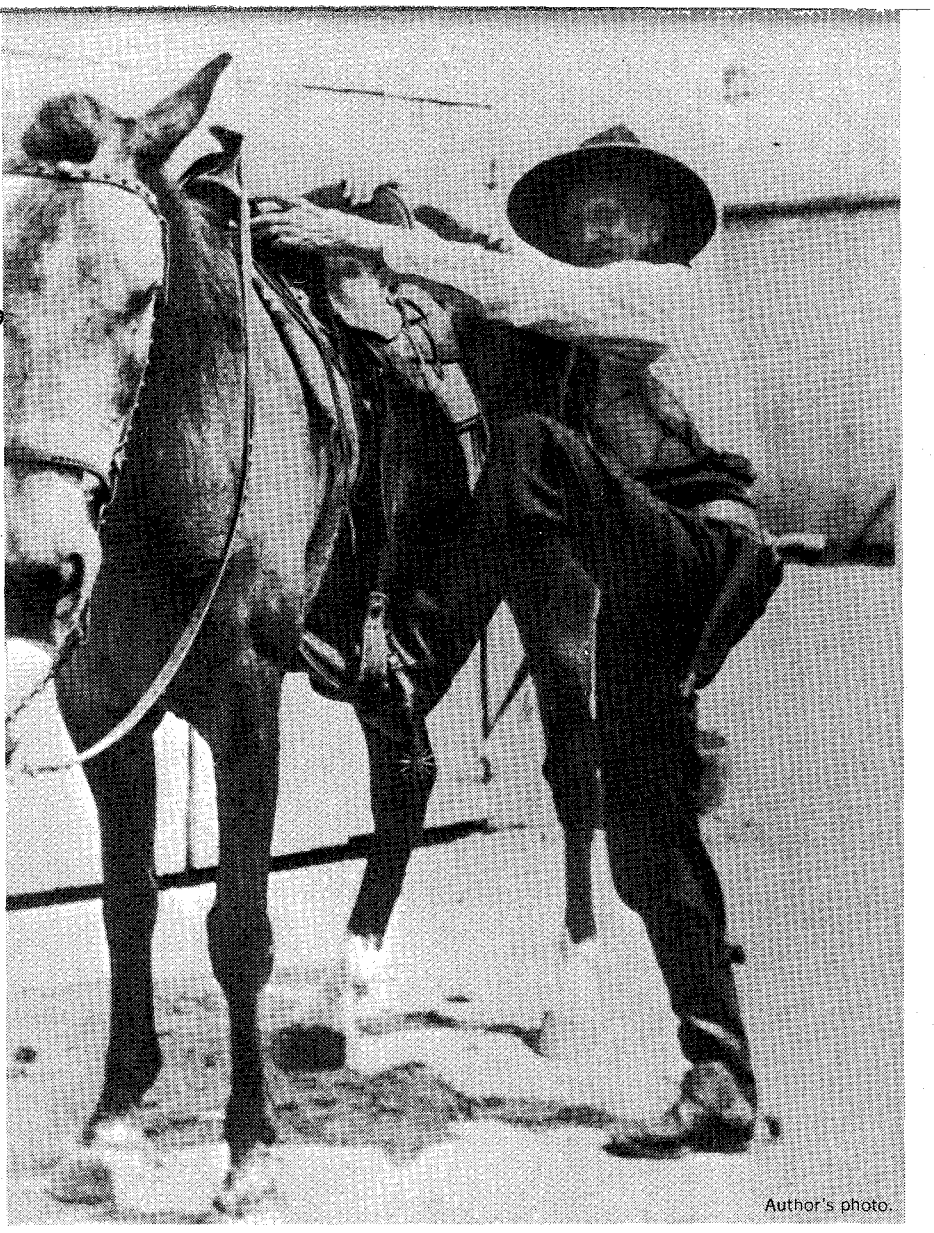
Recuperating from our wounds, Jess and Frank put their heads together and began laying plans for future activities. The gang's depletion due to the loss of three trusted members caused them considerable concern, and it was Jesse's belief that we should recruit others to fill the vacancies as soon as possible. We all agreed to that. Moreover it was desirable

Photo: Courtesy Univ. of Okla. Library.



Younger Bros. captors: l. to r., Sheriff Glispin, Capt. Murphy, G.A. Bradford, Ben Rice, Col. Vought, C.A. Pomeroy, S.J. Severson.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Bill Stiles, believed killed in bank raid, actually lived until 1939.

that we should seek other fields of endeavor inasmuch as Minnesota, Wisconsin and neighboring regions were keeping their powder dry for us. It was decided unanimously that we should visit Texas and the Southwest, and possibly old Mexico as well. With Pinkertons, Secret Service and lawman searching for us, the plan was readily accepted.

We needed a change of scenery, a new method of operation and fresh blood in our ranks.

The country to the southwest appealed to us greatly, but as it was, the law hadn't the slightest idea where we were hiding out. The search for us went on constantly, as we learned through various grapevines. Curiously the lawmen avoided Chippewa country, possibly because these redmen were more or less hostile to whites at that time. The law surmised, no doubt, that we would not dare to hole up among them, but Chief Chinaway of the Clam Lake Chippewas was a good friend of mine.

I had stumbled upon Chinaway after he had been left for dead by a passel of scalp hunters. He had taken a bullet in the back and crawled into a thicket to die. I was passing through alone when I heard him moaning. The bullet had passed almost completely through his body and was an ugly grey lump beneath the skin of his abdomen. It was easy to remove with a pocket knife, and here a remedy of the white-man helped an Indian. I never drank whiskey or smoked, but usually carried a pint bottle of White Mule in my saddlebags. I poured the contents into the chief's wound and within a few hours Chinaway was able to ride double with me.

We cut a straight course to his main encampment on Clam Lake. He was so grateful that he made me a warrior of the tribe, and later I was to marry his daughter, White Fawn. It was for possibly saving his life that he aided and abetted the escape of the James Gang remnants after the Northfield raid.

Jesse's wound healed quickly and he was in no way incapacitated. Nervously he strode through the encampment like a caged animal. He yearned to return to his home in St. Joe, Missouri.

There was a good side to Jesse James. He could be as cruel as he was occasionally gentle. Home kept luring him like a moth to a light. Swashbuckling he was, and quick-tempered and fast on the draw, but he was also a home-loving man. (It was his gentility that eventually brought about his assassination by Bob Ford in 1882.) He became more and more restless as the days passed.

Frank's leg was almost good as new now, but he walked with a noticeable limp. My hide was spotted with scabs, but there were no signs of infection. My shirt rubbed the sore shoulders somewhat, and White Fawn padded the buckskin with a soft moss. There were still a few pellets deeply imbedded in my flesh, but it was decided they would do less harm there than the drastic probing for removal. I could feel them when I lifted my arms, but in time became accustomed to the feeling.

It was in October of 1876, a crisp morning with a biting wind, that Jess crawled out of his blankets and announced he was heading for home. Frank and I tried to deter him, but his mind was made up. We knew there would be no changing it, so we saddled up while the squaws filled our saddle bags with jerky and parched corn. We thanked the Chippewas and rode out of camp. Frank was somewhat gloomy, but went along with his brother's wishes. Jess was in high spirits, anxious to be with his family again. I began to look forward to civilization and bright lights, and to hear English spoken again instead of the gutteral Chippewa which I learned quite well.

We slowed down when we reached the Missouri line and continued cautiously. A heavy black beard now adorned Jesse's chin and jowls. Frank's whiskers were more sandy. There was little more than a crop of yellow stubble down my cheeks and at the end of my chin. Although I was 26 at the time, I never could grow a bushy set of whiskers like my pals. Winter was coming on—a blizzard was in the making when we hit the James place. We had no interference from the law.

Cold weather is not an inducement for a man to wander far from his home hearth, and I had no intention of spending th5 winter with the James boys in St. Joe. After a visit of a couple of hours, I decided to see some friends in Independence. I departed, promising to meet the Jameses in the Spring.

Frank and Jess had a pretty good grapevine system working for them. It wasn't long before they recruited another band

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

during the winter. Among them were Bill Ryan and Bill Cummings, along with several others. I was being accepted so hospitably by my friends in Independence that I remained longer than I should have. As a result I missed the new James Gang when they rode out of St. Joe. I felt lost, and determined to catch up with them soon. Meanwhile I was on my own.

I teamed up with a jasper named Jack Shad, a gunfighter and a tough hombre a bit too quick on the trigger for me. We got on the James' trail to join up, but they were riding fast and hard. We trailed them into Oklahoma where I broke away from Shad and headed for Texas. Shad finally ran into a better man by the name of Marshal Bill Tilghman, and was treated to a three-by-six hole in that lawman's private boothill. All I had was a rumor of his demise, nothing else.

I lost little time getting out of Oklahoma where I was wanted for horse-stealing. It was the theft of a blooded horse that actually put me in bad with the law. They hung you for that in those days, and lost no tears over it, either. Once in Texas I began to breath easier. It was a lonely ride and I had plenty of time to contemplate my past life. It wasn't pretty. The owlhoot trail is a hard life. I could never relax. There was always the suspicion that the law was lying in wait just around the next bend in the trail.

But now I had one good thing going for me. Bill Chadwell had frequently posed as me, Bill Stiles, in various localities. Using my name he was the one who "cased" the Northfield Bank job for us. Therefore his body was identified in Northfield as mine. For the time being, at least, Bill Stiles was a dead man, Yet I could never rely completely upon that reasoning. Nor could I accept it as a long-time thing. Sooner or later, I felt, the truth would be out. I could never be sure of anything, but I was resolved to keep Bill Stiles dead as long as I could, and for now I picked another name out of the air. For personal reasons that name will remain dead, too. There is no justification for disclosing it.

(Co-Author's note: During the eight years of friendship with Bill Stiles, from 1931 to 1939 at the time of his death in Los Angeles, he steadfastly refused to reveal his alias. Why, he would not say, and he took it with him to his grave. "There are things in the lives of a lot of men that's best kept secret," Stiles said flatly. "Things he might be very much ashamed of. This is one of those times." (sgd) Ed. Earl Repp.

Photo: Courtesy Univ. of Okla. Library.

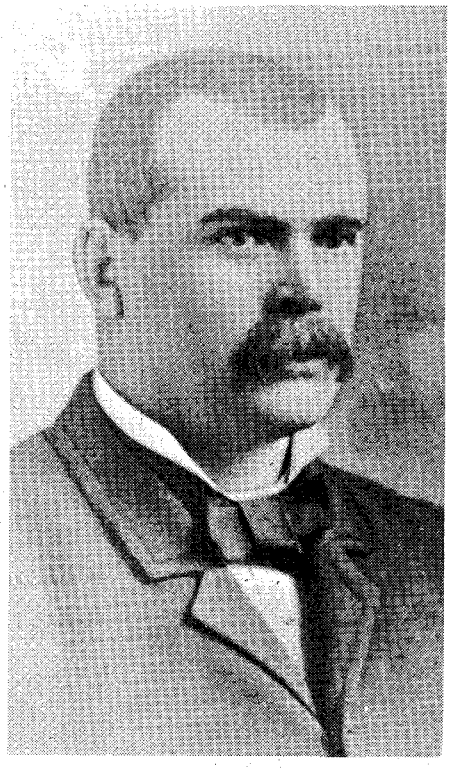
Joseph L. Heywood, Northfield bank cashier who was killed by Jesse James on September 7th, 1876.

I knew, (Stiles continued), that going to Texas I would surely meet many people who knew me. The James boys had a hell of a lot of friends over large chunks of this country. A lot of Texas gunmen had come up into James territory to join up or try to emulate them. One of them was Bill Longley. Wes Hardin was another. Bass Outlaw, a renegade Texas Ranger, was another, along with Sam Bass. I knew them all, including the Daltons and a long string of equally bad ones, but I felt I could trust most of them to keep my secret. Prior to 1877 I had never been in Texas. I rode quietly and as unobtrusively as possible into El Paso.

It was quite a town. There were three saloons in one long building, complete with gambling layouts of all kinds. I learned quickly that there was a feud boiling between the three owners, each extremely jealous of the other two. And I was destined to become embroiled in their bloody war of the whiskey bottle.

There was also in the town a hotel, a corral, three small stores and a stage station. Some one had covered the muddy streets with straw, else the muck might have been knee deep. The Butterworth stage operated between El Paso and San Antonio. No man dared asked another where he came from, or where he was going in those days. I visited the towns of Dodge City, Abilene, Hunniwell, Kiowa, Ogalalla and Tombstone and saw them at their worst. In my opinion El El Paso could have swallowed them all and digested them without a belch. The town was the wildest I ever visited.

Photo: Courtesy Univ. of Okla. Library.

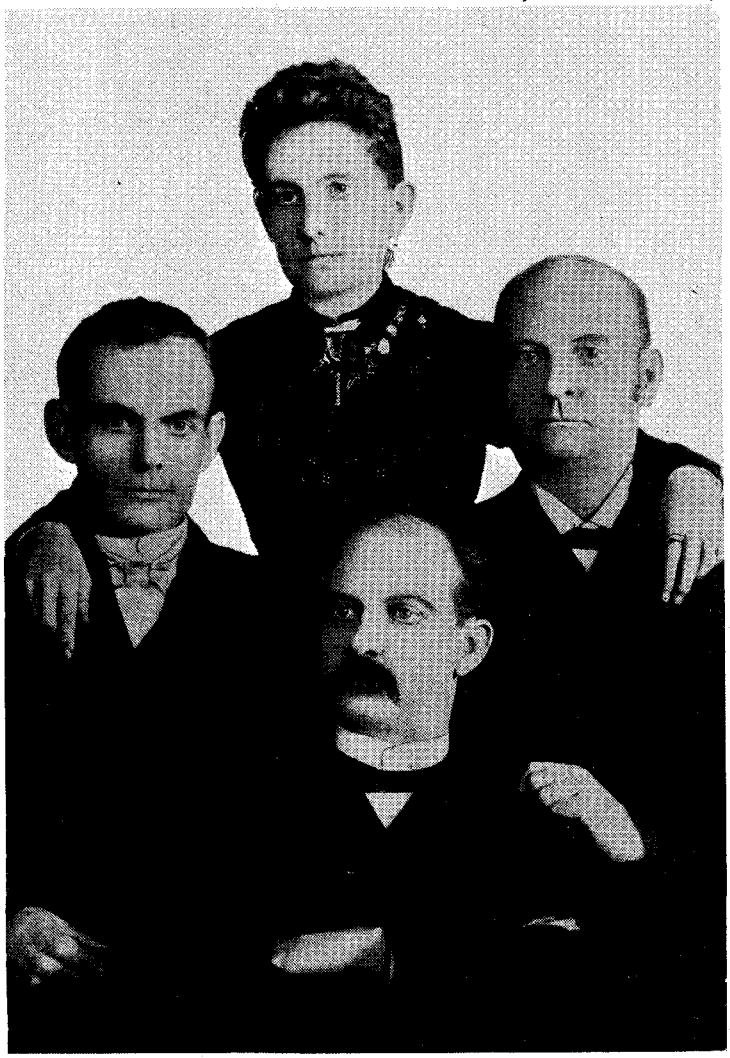


Dr. H.M. Wheeler who, as a young student, killed Ciel Miller at Northport.

A man named Ben Dowell was the mayor among an assortment of gringos. He operated one of the three competing saloons. Mexicans made up the rest of the population. Jim Crosby ran the general store while Jay Magoffin and a man named Schultz conducted the other stores. The Manning Brothers operated the Acme Saloon. Jim Manning was a gunfighter. The other saloon and gambling joint was conducted by a heller named Hogue. There was no law, and no one seemed to want any. It was no place, I found out quickly, for a man without knowledge of guns and how to handle them. Outlaws were everywhere. Mexican bandidos hopped across the border at will and were always hating the gringos, if not battling them.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Photo: Courtesy Univ. of Okla. Library.



Bob, Cole, Jim and Henrietta Younger. Photo made in Stillwater penitentiary, in 1889.

Shortly after my arrival engineers began surveying a railroad through the town. With them came all kinds of men, potential killers one and all. Killings were a nightly occurrence and the graveyard was called "Skull Orchard." Conditions became so devastating that a group of enterprising citizens banded together and decided that something must be done to curb the killings and pillaging. It was a matter of self preservation.

A call went out for a volunteer lawman. For awhile this resulted in dead silence and then out of the clear blue sky a gunman named Bill Campbell came riding in off the Texas plains and applied for the job. He got it, but his career was short lived. Meanwhile he enlisted another gunman known as Swede Johnson.

Johnson proved to be a huge bluff while Campbell himself was quite a gunslinger. They were quick to enter the bloody feud and sided with the Manning Brothers against Dowell. (Later, Dowell hired Dallas Stoudenmire, one of the top gunmen in Texas.)

With the coming of the railroaders the Mannings built a large dance hall and imported some floozies from Dodge for "entertainment." They also imported some fetching senoritas from across the Rio Grande to lend spice and variety to the customers' entertainment. If conditions were bad previously they were even worse now, with Marshal Campbell eating out of the Manning trough.

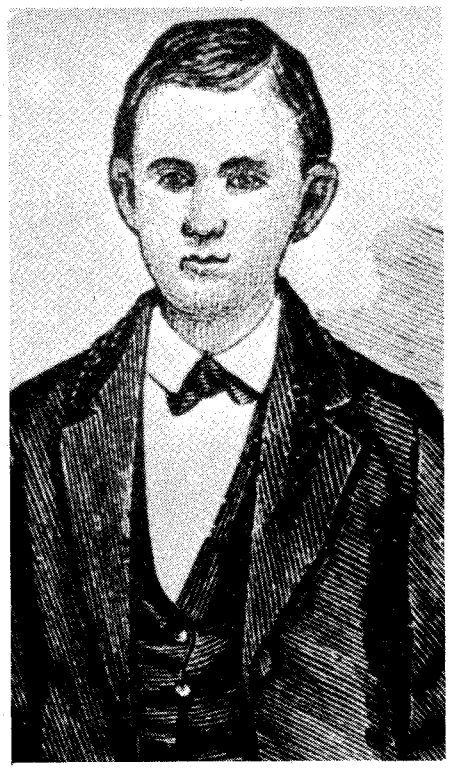
One day the explosive Ben Dowell declared open war on the Mannings. The new dance hall was cutting deeply into Dowell business. The war of the whiskey bottle was on! Personally I did not like Dowell nor his dry-gulching way of doing business. Too many men had been shot in the back in his Coliseum Saloon. Any man who even spoke to the Mannings was considered a deadly enemy.

I tied in with the Mannings. They were better sports, were loyal friends and good business men. And Dowell was opposed to the establishment of law and order, especially since he was not consulted by the citizens who employed Campbell and Johnson. As mayor of the town he discharged Campbell at gun point. The powder keg then exploded. The Manning bunch, including myself, retaliated by promptly shooting up Dowell's joint. It was like a nightmare Fourth of July! Men were shot up right and left, many of them killed. Campbell was offered the lawdog job again, but he refused to accept it. El Paso was too tough for him!

But Dowell was not the type of man to take a licking lying down. He went right ahead and imported a gunslinger known all over the West. He was a big, light-haired hombre wearing a ten-gallon hat and a gun tied down hard to his right thigh. This was Dallas Stoudenmire, an imposing figure of a man, utterly fearless, completely confident in everything he did. His movements were like a cougar's. His main stomping ground was Santa Fe, New Mexico. Now it was Dowell's joint in El Paso. Several days later he was followed into town by another gunny wearing two matched six-guns tied down. He was Doc Cummings. As mayor, Dowell appointed Dallas as town marshal, and Doc Cummings as his deputy.

Again hell was on the brink of exploding. Johnson, (the bluff, it will be recalled), had not rejected reinstatement to his former job as Campbell's deputy. He had remained on the job and now he had the keys to the rickety little jail he and Campbell had built on the town fringe. Cummings cornered Johnson and demanded the keys. Johnson, to the surprise of everyone, refused to comply. Dallas Stoudenmire sauntered up at that moment and I witnessed a sight that I could scarcely believe.

Photo: Courtesy Univ. of Okla. Library.



Jesse James at the age of fourteen; rare photo, copied from drawing.

Stoudenmire literally picked Johnson up bodily and stood him on his head, shaking him like a cat toying with a mouse. From Johnson's pockets fell gun, keys, money to the ground. Even a set of false teeth was jarred from his mouth. Cummings picked up the keys stolidly. Dallas then tossed the luckless Johnson over his head and hurled him into a fence, knocking him unconscious, as a wrestler tossing an opponent with a body slam.

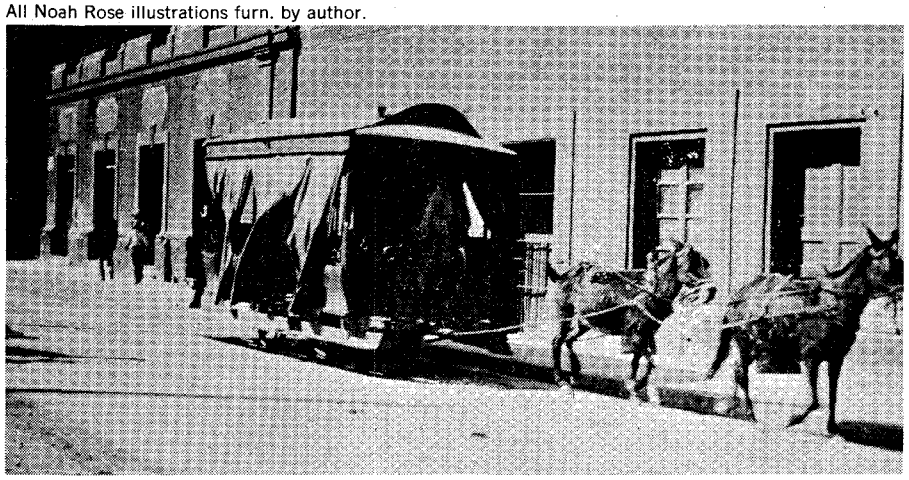
The prowess of Dallas Stoudenmire is not overrated by today's historians. He was a fighter—fists, guns or keelboat style. A faster gun I never knew and I was acquainted with some of the best in those days, men like Doc Holliday, John Wesley Hardin, Bat Masterson, Luke Short, Wyatt Earp, Johnny Selman and many others. Dallas was big and tough as whang-leather. I sincerely believe he could have taken on any two of the gunmen I mentioned at one time and ed-

(Continued on page 44)

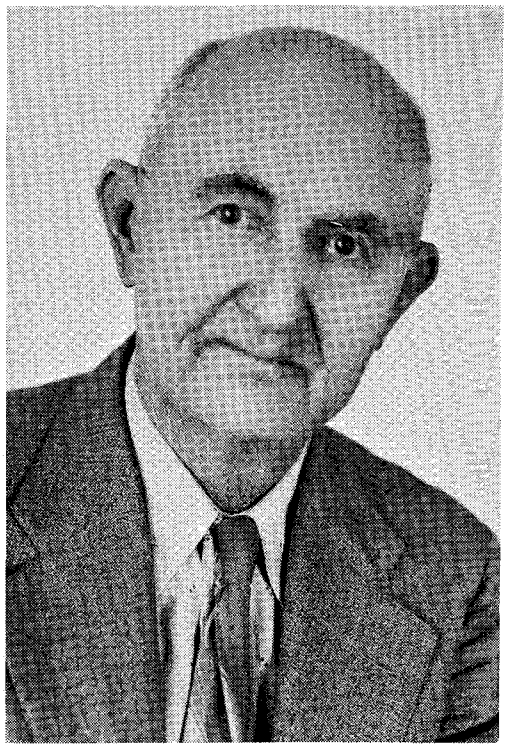
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As a young printer's devil he traveled all over the Southwest and Mexico; everywhere he went he saw wonderful pictures to be photographed and preserved for future generations...

All Noah Rose illustrations furn. by author.



Rose admired horse-power operated street-car in Monterrey, Mex., in 1900.



Noah H. Rose won first camera.

Noah Rose— A Great

by Oran Warder Nolen

HE GOT ENOUGH subscriptions to be awarded a small camera by *The Youth's Companion,* a fine publication now extinct after being published for over one hundred years. But young Noah Rose never dreamed that having received the camera would some day bring him national recognition, with his name listed in the posh "Who's Who."

With the camera there were some glass plates and chemicals, and the boy, green as grass in the use of the outfit, made a dismal failure in developing the plates —with one exception. That one good plate fired his imagination, and with experimentation, infinite patience and dogged persistence he became an expert photographer.

He was born in Kendall County, Texas in April 1874, and his father, a Confederate ex-soldier, moved to Menardville in 1889 where young Rose began working in the office of the *Menardville Monitor* as a printer's devil. He became an expert typesetter, and traveled as a printer over a large section of southwest Texas, and even worked in Mexico for a while. The printing trade enabled him to make a living anywhere he went, but for him it was just bread-and-butter work engaged in in order that he might achieve recognition as a grass-roots photographer of the pioneer Southwest.

His salary on the *Monitor* was $2.00 a month, a stipend hard to reconcile with what boys receive today. He often told with pride of having taught another boy how to set his first type. The boy was J. Marvin Hunter and the time was to come, many years later, when the two would combine their talents to produce the magnificent book entitled *Album of Gunfighters,* in which 360 photographs belonging to Rose were included.

It was in the early days of Rose's career that feuds and gunfights were prevalent over south and southwest Texas. The Reese-Townsend feud and the Taylor-Sutton feud drew many partisans into fights and killings.

It was at the tender age of six that little Noah Rose saw his first gunplay, and it proved to be a prelude to the many times in later years when he was not only to witness gunfire, but would also photograph men killed in gunfights.

One of these episodes took place on a Sunday morning where church services were being held under a brush arbor. Just as the services concluded young Noah ran across the road to some big trees where the horses were tied in the shade, wanting to join two of his uncles who were there "talking" to a big man —or so he thought.

Just as he reached the group the big man pulled out a pistol and pointed it at the two young men, who withdrew so there would be no shooting to disturb folks at the camp meeting.

The big fellow had the reputation of liking to whip folks every now and then for no good reason. When the two young men got home their father had to wrestle the gun away from them that they announced they were going to track the fellow down with.

Not long afterward the bully met another uncle of young Rose. This uncle was married to the sister of the two other young men. The bully whipped the last mentioned uncle with a horse whip. A few days later the uncle bought a new shotgun and went to town and stood by the post office door. When the bully came by in a buggy there was a blast from a shotgun which filled the fellow full of buckshot. In the subsequent court trial Noah Rose's uncle was acquitted.

After roaming around a great deal, Rose went to Del Rio where he lived for fifteen years. A typical instance of the meager remuneration he received is the time he went to Eagle Pass, in 1905, to help get out the Special editions for the *Eagle Pass-News Guide.*

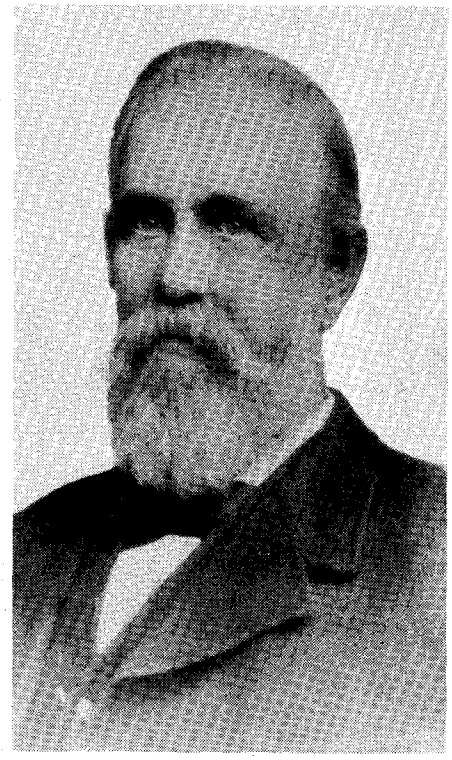
He paid a dollar and a half per day for room and board. The newspaper paid him $2.50 a day. (The newspaper paid for the materials he used in his photo-

(Continued on page 53)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jennie Metcalf; "Rose of the Cimarron."

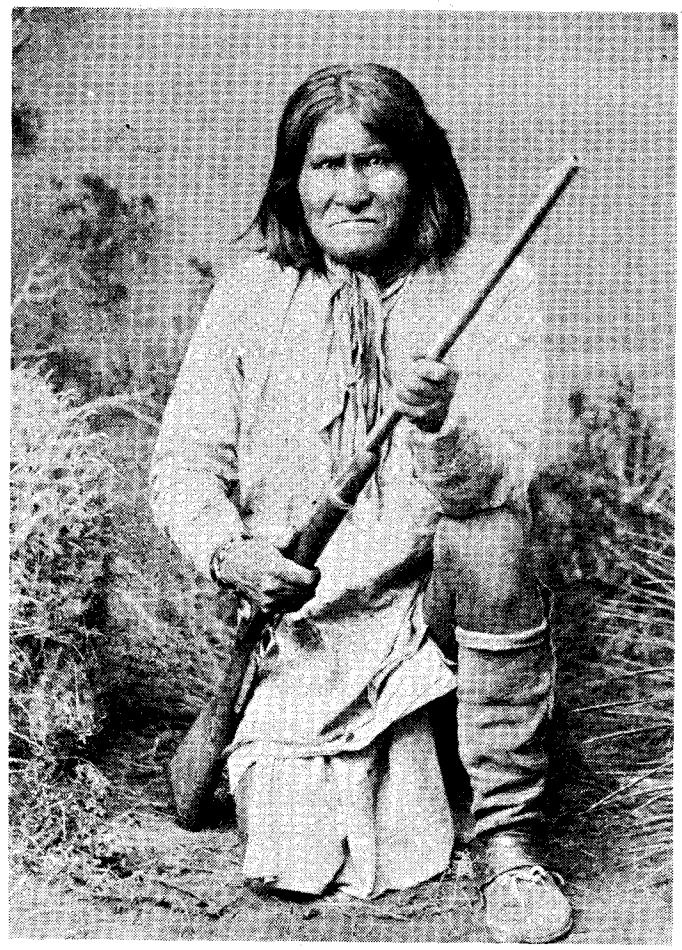
Big Foot Wallace sat for Rose.



Good picture of A.H. (Shanghai) Pierce.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Belle Starr on her famous black horse.



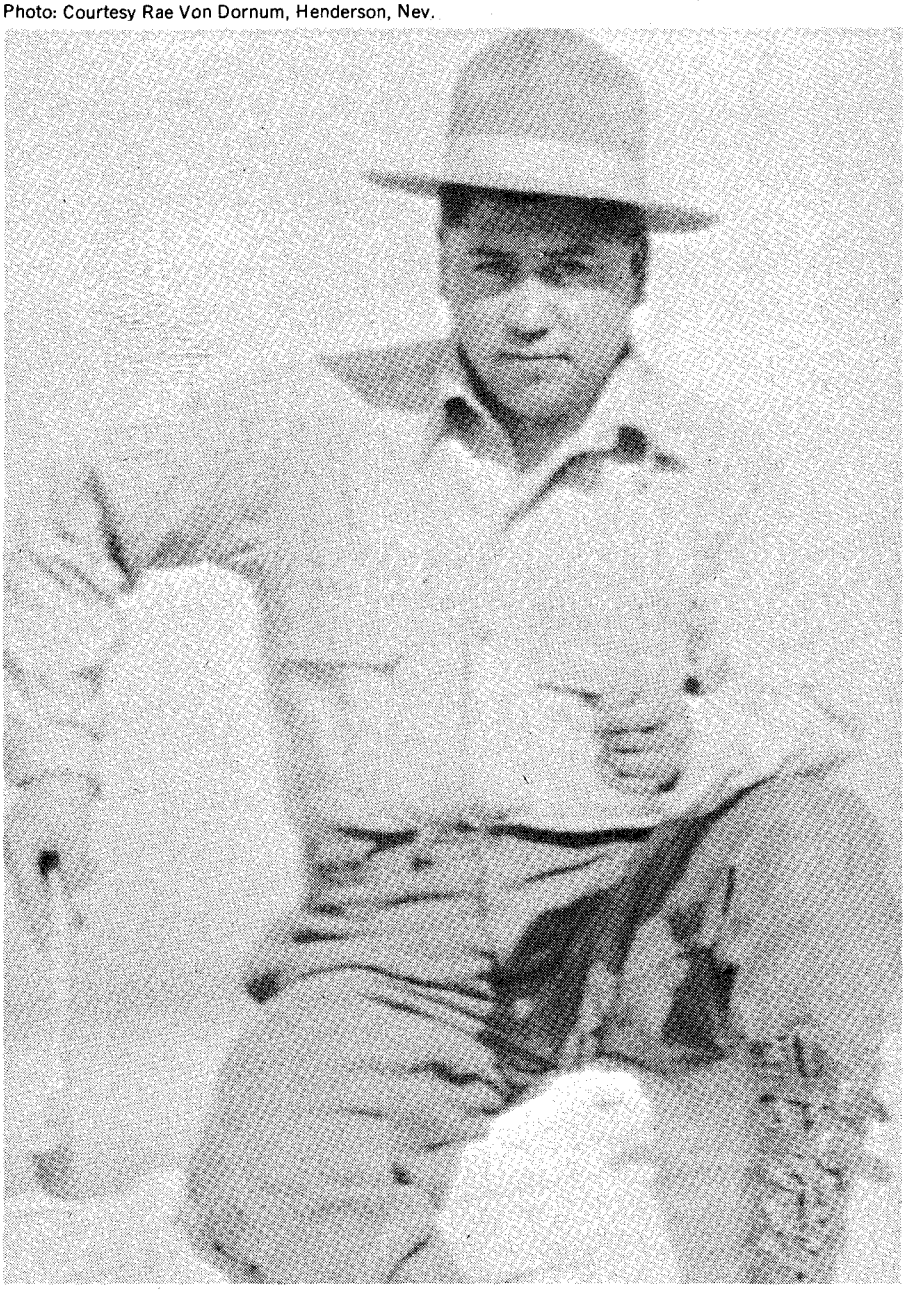
Chiricahua Apache War Chief Geronimo.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

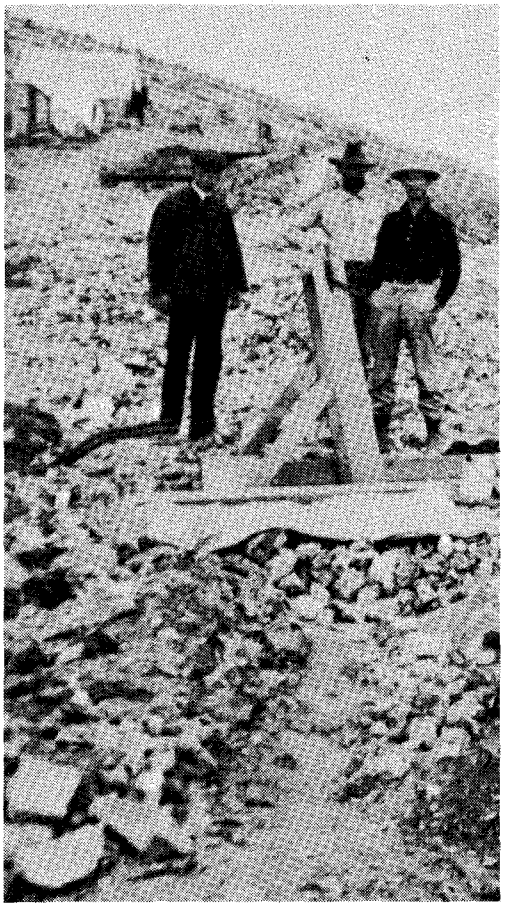
THE HEX OF HARRY STIMLER

Stimler's sister Lottie, who had clairvoyant powers, once made a frightening prophecy regarding the manner of her brother's death, which caused him from then on to sit, indoors, with his back to the wall...

Photo: Courtesy Rae Von Dornum, Henderson, Nev.



Harry Stimler—he was a big wheeler-dealer in mining circles.



The Sandstorm Mine

by Celesta Lowe

YOUNG HARRY STIMLER crouched in the darkness outside the low board structure that served as a courthouse in Belmont, Nevada. He was listening to the horrible, gasping sounds of a lynching. Two wild young miners who had threatened the peace of the mining camp had been captured and escorted to the low-ceilinged basement of the temporary courthouse. Aided by the light of flares the vigilantes drilled two auger holes through the ceiling, threaded the ropes through and knotted them securely to the courthouse floor. Then they tried to hang the two men whose threats had kept the town at high nervous tension for weeks.

However, the ceiling was too low and the Maguires too tall for hanging. Then Harry, the half-breed Indian boy, peered through a crack in the basement and saw something that haunted him all of his life. One of the vigilantes picked up a two-by-four and bashed in the heads of the two young men, already strangled half to death by the nooses.

After the funerals were over and the excitement had died down Harry and his friend Billy Marsh went to visit Harry's older sister. Since the day the Maguires were captured Lottie had stayed in her bedroom, refusing to see anyone. Finally, they persuaded her to let them in and she

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Photo: Courtesy Nev. Univ. Library.

in Goldfield, Nevada; it was so named because of its discovery after a heavy sandstorm.

silently brewed a pot of tea. Lottie had an amazing ability to tell fortunes, and even though she was still a young woman many of her predictions had materialized. So the boys waited fearfully for her to speak. She looked into their cups for a long time and tears streamed down her face when she finally broke the silence.

"My God, Harry," she moaned, "you're going to be shot through a window. Every person who saw the Maguires die will themselves die by violence. The grass will grow in the streets of Belmont. The town will die."

The two young boys, who were later to start one of the most spectacular gold rushes the world had ever known, sat in stunned silence, trying to fathom the meaning of Lottie's prediction in their lives. For the first time, then, Harry moved his chair so that his back was to the wall.

Harry Stimler was born in the central Nevada mining town of Belmont in 1880. His mother was an Indian girl and his father a miner who also served as Justice of the Peace, and was the town's first Postmaster. The boy had little opportunity for formal education, but he was alert and an avid reader. He had an active interest in geology, not only studying the books that were available but listening to the talk of experienced mining men.

In 1900 Jim Butler discovered the Mizpah Mine, and the town of Tonopah, fifty miles south of Belmont, was born. Harry Stimler, then a sturdy 19-year old, went to the new camp to serve as cook for Butler and his crew. Within a few weeks almost every one in Belmont had moved to Tonopah, among them Harry's sister Lottie and her husband, John Nay.

Soon the new camp had boomed to such proportions that a restaurant was a necessity, so Harry, Lottie and John opened the town's first cafe in the Golden Eagle Hotel. It was a hastily built board structure, but the hotel was always full and the entire citizenry of the new camp was fed in the restaurant.

As busy as they were, Harry and John found time to prospect. Incredible amounts of silver ore were being taken from the mines in Tonopah and it was natural that Harry would get the fever. Their first find was on Mount Oddie, about a mile out of Tonopah. They staked a claim on a silver-bearing vein in the morning, sold it in the afternoon, then went back to the restaurant to help Lottie with the evening rush. Within a few weeks the prospect, known as the Golden and Sinclair Lease, was producing fabulous amounts of silver.

Harry was annoyed that he hadn't held on, done some development work, maybe worked the mine himself. But he was a good-natured, philosophical kid and decided the only thing to do was go out and find another mine.

This incident started his reputation of having a "nose for ore." Clairvoyance was a Stimler family trait and before long the miners' boarding house and the saloons were buzzing with talk about Harry's uncanny ability to walk right to a vein or ledge of ore, they discussed also, his predilection to sit backed up against a wall, indoors. This yarn seemed to lend a little more credence to the story, for some unfathomable reason, and he was closely watched. When he staked his next claim there were others staked out on all sides of it. Sure enough, he sold it at a good profit, thereby establishing his reputation for life.

A year after coming to Tonopah Harry was married to Queenie Whitford, a young school teacher from Los Angeles. It was the first wedding performed in the new camp, and was the first wedding performed by the newly elected Justice of the Peace, too, so the mines were closed for the day and everyone celebrated.

A few days later Harry promoted a grubstake from Tom Kendall, a saloon owner; then he, Billy Marsh and the new Mrs. Stimler started south on a prospecting trip with a team and loaded wagon. They stopped the first night at a spring about twenty miles south of Tonopah, putting up their tent and making plans for a permanent camp. During the night the wind began to blow, later turning into a terrible sand storm. Harry was lying awake, wondering if the tent

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Photo: Courtesy Rae Von Dornum, Henderson, Nev.

This group of friendly looking people were pictured at the Nyala Mine about a mile from Tonopah, Nevada, on Mount Oddie. Third and fourth from left, standing, are Queenie (smiling) and Harry Stimler.

would go, when he heard a baby crying somewhere outside.

He knew there was no one within many miles of them but nevertheless he got up and quietly made his way out into the storm.

He stumbled along through the darkness and swirling sand for about half an hour, always hearing the wailing of the baby ahead of him. He finally found himself against a cliff and he could see that he had come to the foot of a low mountain. Suddenly the crying stopped and the wind eased. Harry sat for a while in the shelter of the cliff puzzling over the strange thing that had happened. Dawn was breaking when he went back across the valley to the camp, where Queenie and Billy were about to start looking for him.

He told them what had happened. They decided it was just a trick of the wind, there couldn't possibly have been anyone nearer than Tonopah, twenty miles away. However, since they had intended to look over the area anyway, they moved their camp to the more protected spot under the cliff where Harry had rested the night before. Much to their surprise they saw another tent around the edge of the hill and saw Al Myers, a neighbor from Tonopah, working further up the slope.

Harry and Billy took samples from several likely looking places and in the evening panned the rock. They were disappointed to find a few flecks of gold in the pan, but no silver. Up to that time there had been very little gold mined in Nevada. It was traditionally a silver state. Queenie persuaded them to stake out some claims anyway, naming the first one the Sandstorm. They spent a week doing their assessment work, each evening panning some rock taken during the day and each time finding gold but no silver. During that week several more men set up camps near theirs, so they decided they should go back to Tonopah and file their claims in the mining office as well as to have some samples run. The ore assayed from $50 to $100 per ton, which was not excessively high, but it started one of the greatest gold rushes in the west.

During the few days that Harry, Queenie and Billy were in Tonopah the news of their strike leaked out, so they hurried to get back to their camp. They were alarmed to find a stream of wagons, loaded mules and burros and prospectors on foot, all going towards the "goldfields." They had been in mining booms before but they were certainly not prepared for the sight that met their eyes when they neared their camp.

Photo: Courtesy Rae Von Dornum, Henderson, Nev.

Lottie Nay and husband, John; she had vision of brother's death.

The surrounding hills were dotted with tents and over 500 men were at work staking claims for miles in every direction. They found six men living in their tent and had to oust them in order to have a place to sleep that night. Someone remarked that this boom was "the grandpa" of them all, so the town was named Grandpa then and there.

Before they had even started development work on the Sandstorm George S. Nixon, who later became Governor of Nevada and still later a U.S. Senator, approached Harry and Billy with an offer to lease their claim for $10,000, plus royalties. Billy hesitated but Harry persuaded him to take the offer. They still had four other claims with gold bearing rock in all of them. Nixon gave them $500 cash for an option of one week until he could get back to Tonopah to have the papers drawn up properly.

Billy and Harry then went to work for Al Myers on his Jumbo claim next to the Sandstorm. Two months later Al shipped fifty sacks of ore worth $400 per sack.

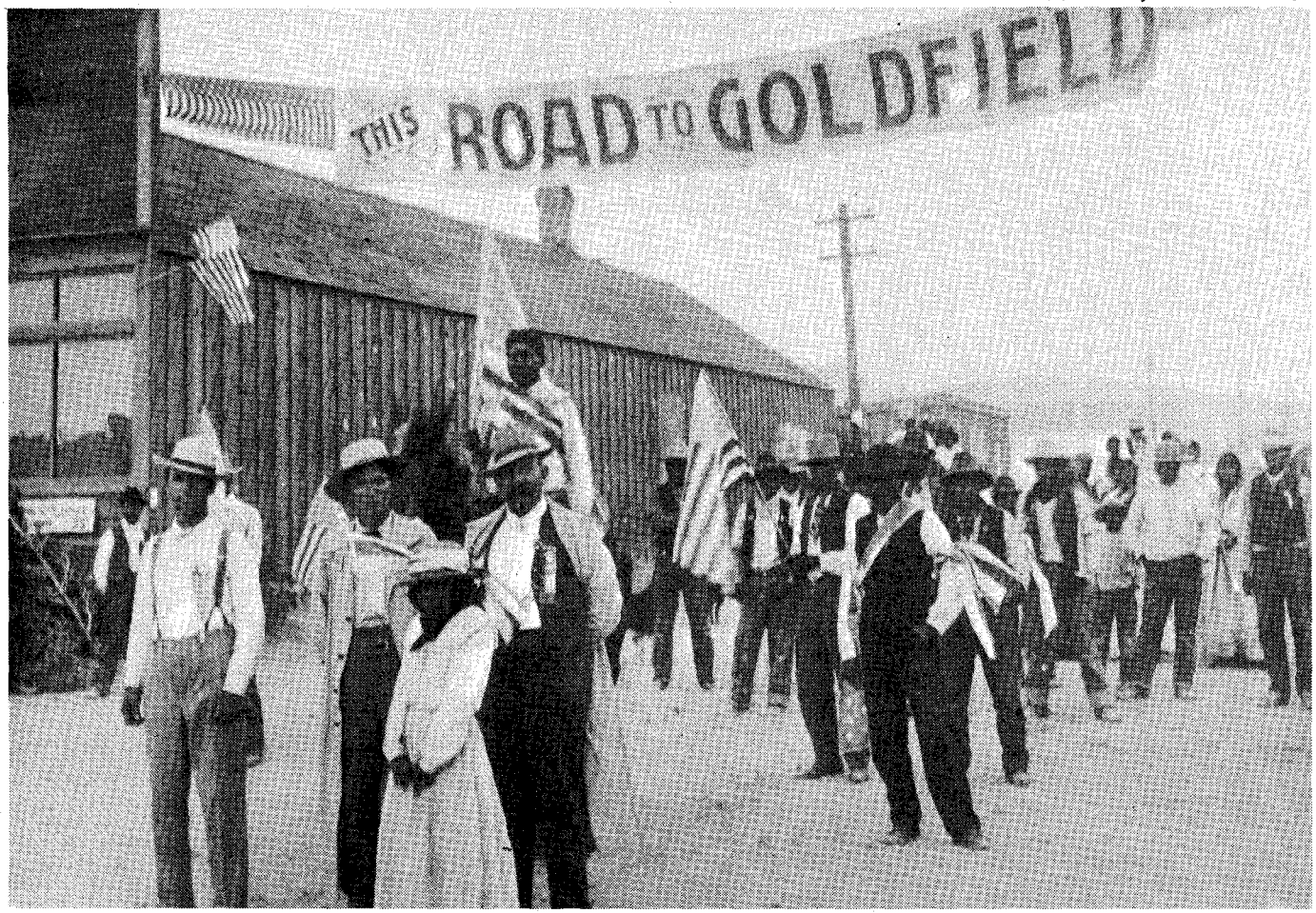
Nixon failed to pick up the Sandstorm option on time and when he did come with the money Billy Marsh refused to sell, as did Tom Kendall, their grubstaker. Harry and Queenie wanted out, however, and accepted $1,000 for their share of the claim. This was in March, 1903, just four months after the first claim was located.

The excitement caused by the first gold shipments became hysteria; claims covered the country for miles and presses in Tonopah and Reno could hardly keep up with the issues of stock.

There was a shortage of water, roads

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Photo: Courtesy Nev. Univ. Library.



Tonopah, Nevada, 1904; citizens celebrating start of construction on the Goldfield extension of the Tonopah Railroad; the celebration, with big gobs of community pride, was called the Fourth of July Railroad Carnival.

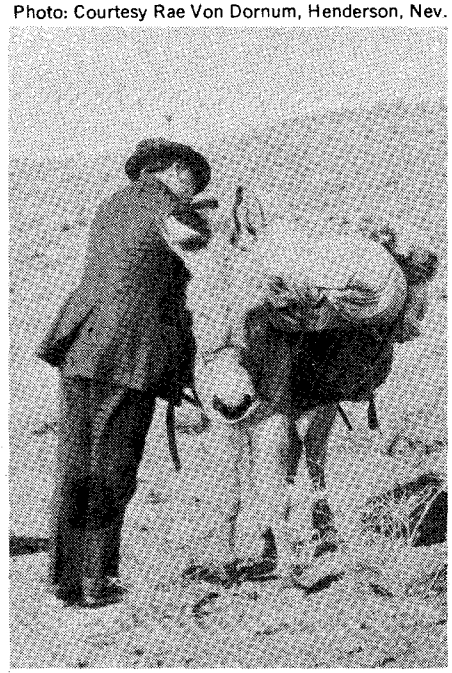
were mere rocky trails, and lawlessness, unfortunately, was rampant. In six months the name was changed from Grandpa to Goldfield, a post office was established, and about five thousand people thronged the desert. Ore was being uncovered of such richness that men who had not been able to get in on claims were willing to work at any wage in order to go underground, where they could hide several hundred dollars worth of nuggets in their clothes on each shift.

After selling their claim Harry and Queenie returned to Tonopah. The delirium of the new camp was too much for them. In a few weeks Billy sold his interest in the Sandstorm for $25,000, and he, too, left. He insisted that Harry take half the money, then he went back to Belmont where he invested in a cattle ranch.

In the fall of 1903 dozens of mining companies were incorporated and Goldfield had its first stock exchange. Exchanges were also opened in Reno and Tonopah, with fortunes being made and lost every twenty-four hours. Gold was pouring out of the mines and during that winter one shipment was made from the Sandstorm which netted the owners $83,000. Within two years Goldfield had a population of 20,000 people and superlatives could hardly describe the wealth of the place. so enormous in size was it.

Harry Stimler watched the turmoil and hullabaloo for a few weeks and decided that the men who were reaping the largest benefits were the stock brokers. In 1904, in partnership with a Mr. Higginson, he opened a brokerage firm in Tonopah. The company occupied a grand suite of offices in the Nixon Building, and from the beginning the enterprise was a tremendous success.

Photo: Courtesy Rae Von Dornum, Henderson, Nev.



Stimler, with old-fashioned transportation, ready for prospecting trip.

Soon Harry acquired a reputation of being able to bring more money into Goldfield and Tonopah than any other man, aside from the giant organizers, and he was in constant touch with these.

He was welcomed in the leading banking and brokerage houses in New York City and every time he submitted a prospectus it was underwritten to the extent of whatever amounts he pronounced as necessary to carry on the development.

Harry and Queenie became the parents of a son, built a home in Tonopah, and Harry became an important man in the nation's mining circles. It was during this time that Harry met Frank Brock, one of Nevada's most notorious promoters. Frank had a formula for making money that was more or less standard at that time, before the "blue sky laws" were passed.

Get a claim—so went the formula—either by locating it yourself or leasing; incorporate, have certificates printed; go to San Francisco or New York, sell the stock while living luxuriously at the Waldorf-Astoria or the Palace; then re-

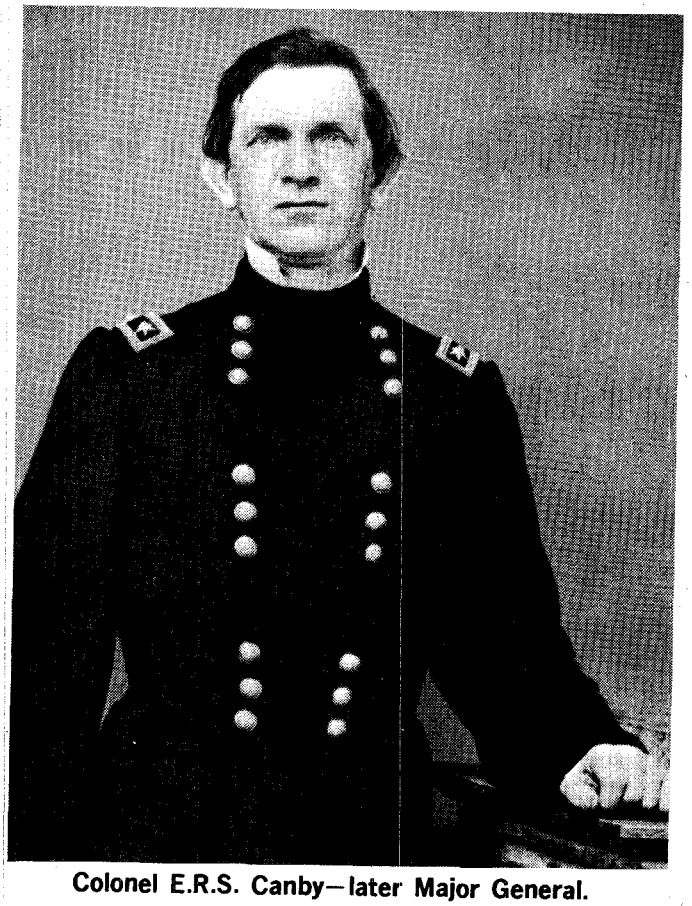
(Continued on page 54)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Battle Of

Striking, poetic photograph showing partial ruins of Fort Craig. This photo was taken by Mr. Boucher.

Author's Illustrations.



Colonel E.R.S. Canby—later Major General.

General H. H. Sibley, ordered to take N.Mex.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The No-Kissin' Kin

◆◆◆◆◆◆ (WHEN THE RIO GRANDE RAN RED) ◆◆◆◆◆◆

While the two armies were locked in mortal combat the Indians were having a field day. With no army to hold them in check they raided and pillaged the countryside, continuing their pattern of kill, burn, and rape—until General Carleton took after them

by Leonard H. Boucher

THE LIGHT RAYS FROM THE rising sun and the fast-fading moon cast eerie shadows about the gray clad figures below as they plodded silently through the desert sands toward the Rio Grande River. Their ultimate objective, the mighty Fort Craig, lay directly ahead, its thick adobe walls faintly discernible across the river. It was early in the morning of February 21, 1862. Dawn was struggling to break through the darkness of the night.

Built in 1854 and named for Colonel L.S. Craig (who was slain in 1852 by an army deserter) Fort Craig was a huge facility. Boasting an area of thirty-eight square miles, it was surrounded by high, thick adobe walls and had shell proof storehouses. Its ruins can be found thirty-four miles south and five miles east of Socorro, New Mexico.

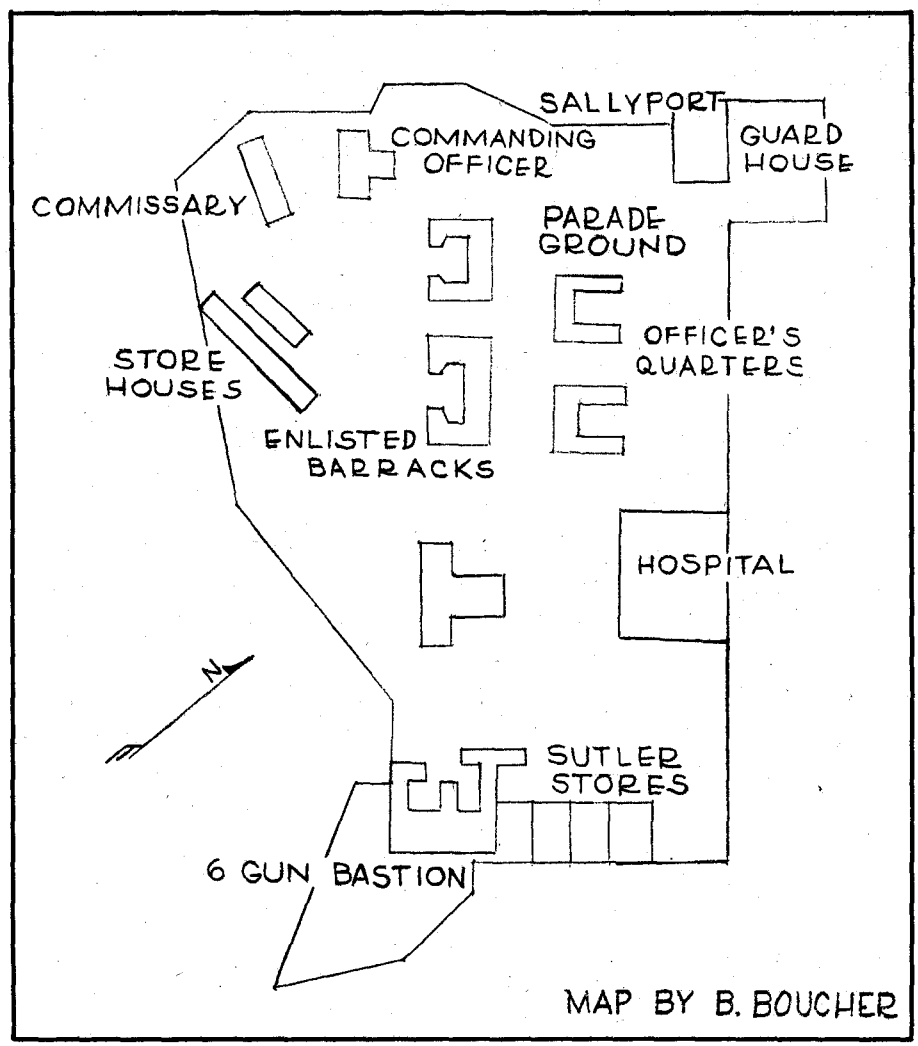
Fort Craig was probably the best garrisoned military post in the southwest. It could accommodate four thousand men with ease, and boasted a hospital, officers' quarters, enlisted men's barracks, sutler stores, storehouses, and a commissary. The parade ground was comparatively small for so large a facility, but the numerous buildings within the fort proper prohibited more space for this use. Directly adjacent to the northwest side of the parade ground were located the sally port, prison room, and guard house.

All forts built in the southwest in the Nineteenth Century were established for the protection of settlers and travelers. The Indian tribes in the area, keenly resentful of the white invaders, used every means available to them in an effort to discourage them. Burning, looting, killing and rape became their weapons, and terror reigned throughout the land.

Before any other forts were built in southern New Mexico, the troops of Fort Craig had the entire southern half of the state to patrol. It was a tremendous task. Their enemies were twofold—the vast New Mexican desert, and the Apaches who made the lives of the soldiers unsafe and miserable. Water was almost non-existent. The Indians, with their hit and run methods of attack, were hard to pin down.

Now the war between the North and the South was in progress, and Fort Craig was to play an important part in the struggle for New Mexico.

In July of 1861, the Confederate government decided to add New Mexico to its cause because of its important, strategic location, and General H.H. Sibley was ordered to Texas to organize an expeditionary force capable of invading and securing the state. By mid-November he had raised four thousand troops of cavalry, two *(Continued on page 62)*

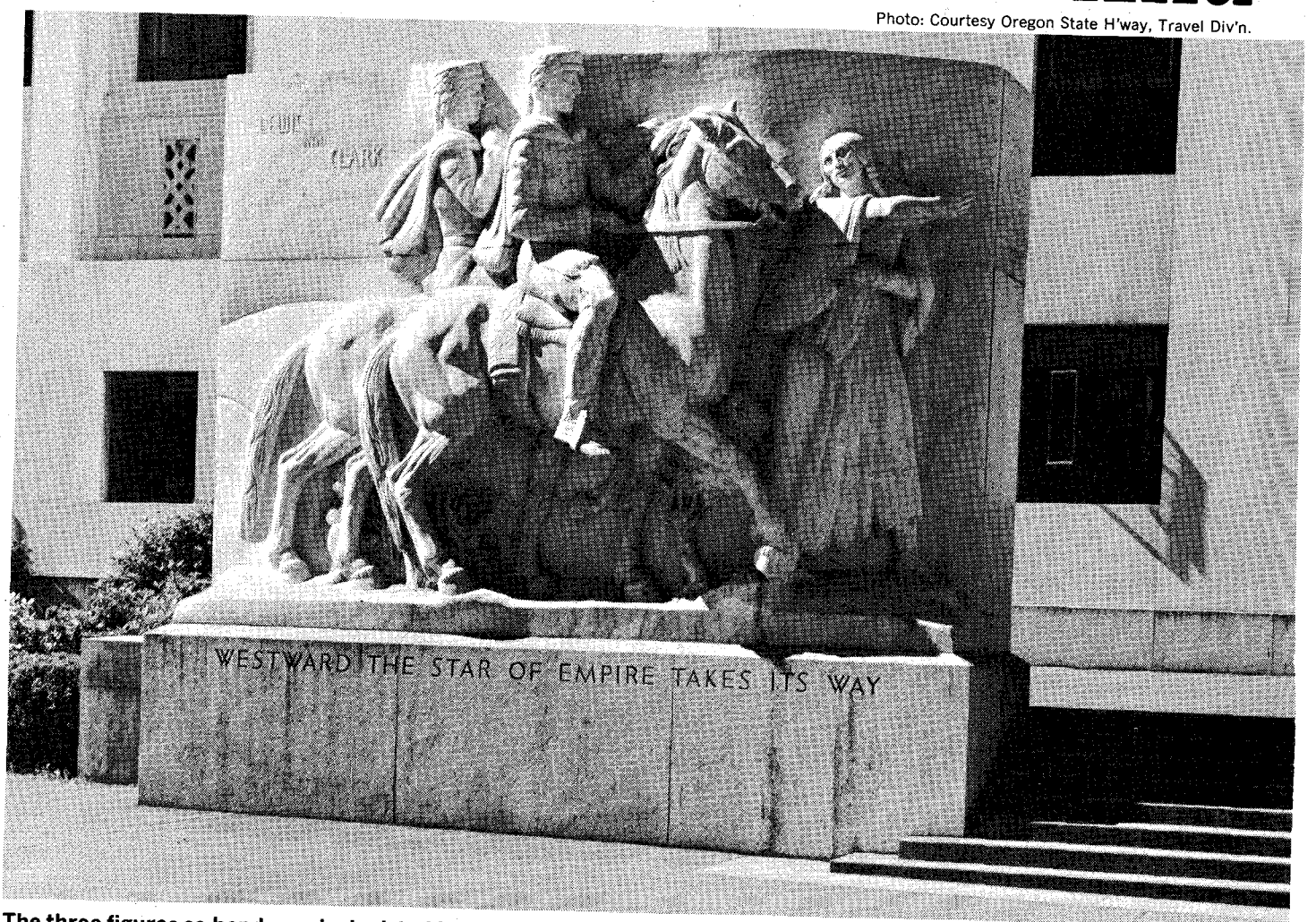


Fort Craig, (author's map), bone of contention between No-Kissin' Kin.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SQUAWS— Versatile And

Photo: Courtesy Oregon State H'way, Travel Div'n.



The three figures so handsomely depicted in marble are the mounted explorers, Lewis and Clark, during their immense trek of 1805-1806, being directed by the famous young Indian woman, Sacajawea.

Most (male) authorities agree that it was not a streak of meanness that caused the redman to thrust the most menial and backbreaking tasks onto his women; it was just that taking care of his weapons, hunting and fighting was enough to keep any man busy...

by Arlene J. Fitzgerald

LAST MARCH A DUSKY-SKINNED Apache maiden made her debut into Apache society at Whiteriver, Arizona by proving her physical endurance in a ceremony which required that she dance at a punishing pace through thirty-two lengthy Apache chants.

Following this ordeal, she undertook an all-night marathon dance that left her exhausted.

The arduous ceremony marked the Indian girl's transition from girlhood into womanhood and was conducted according to sacred tribal rites that date back to the dawn of history.

If endurance is a prime requisite now for some Indian women, the strength and stamina of a tribe's squaws was even more crucial in the early days when survival depended to a large extent on their endurance.

Most authorities agree that it was not a streak of meanness in the redman's nature that caused him to thrust the most menial and backbreaking tasks onto his women. Rather, the squaws were required to perform the most arduous labor out of a dire necessity that was essential to the tribe's continued welfare and existence.

It fell to the braves to defend the women and children from enemies, to bring down game and to provide some materials for dwellings. And in order to accomplish their work efficiently, it was necessary for the tribe's menfolk to spend considerable time making and seeing to their weapons.

The squaws prepared the game as it was brought down, dressed the skins and erected the lodges. They designed and made clothing for their men and children, gathered berries and collected roots and rushes. They carved out mortars and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Valiant

Photo: Courtesy Oregon Historical Society.

Jenny Martineau, last of the Clatsops; (photo taken in late 1800's).

wooden vessels to use in their cooking, cleaned fish, snared small animals and birds and dyed and wove reeds into baskets and elaborate ceremonial costumes which they decorated lavishly with quills and feathers. More often than not their tasks were undertaken with a fat papoose strapped to their sturdy backs.

"This weather, the Paiutes are scattered far and wide upon the hills... gathering sagebrush for fuel," said a social item in the November 18, 1880 issue of the Virginia City, *Nevada Territorial Enterprise.* "A squaw with a load of sagebrush and a papoose on her back is picturesque but not pretty," the item continued.

Although a few Indian women rebelled and took to the warpath with their men, life for the average squaw was pure drudgery. Her life was never stable. She had to be ready to pick up and move out at a moment's notice, trudging long miles on foot, in many instances guided only by the cloud of dust kicked up by her brave's pony.

This stoic acceptance of life's vicissitudes made the redman's woman easily available to the white men who thronged across the Indian's tribal lands in increasing numbers as the fabled riches of the Far West were brought to their attention.

Indeed, there are those who place the entire blame for the bad results of the commercial and social contact between the red and white races at the feet of the white man. It has been assumed by many that the redman and his squaw, being "Children of Nature," were entirely innocent of the drunkenness and debauchery that became the order of the day when the white man arrived on the scene with his fondness for avaricious trade and licentiousness.

Admittedly, the white man's firewater and the cheap beads and the gewgaws he foisted off onto the unsophisticated natives in exchange for various valuables and favors did present a destructive force of sorts.

But, as one early-day observer put it, when it came to "licentious intercourse between the sexes, the natives were ready and sought opportunity to participate in the destructive commerce."

In his book "Condition of the Native Races," John Minto states that Indian customs among tribes ranging from Alaska to Lower California "left womanhood—especially widowhood—an outcast, where she was not held a slave.

"It was a fact well known to pioneers who settled in the Portland area that a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

particularly bright and queenly Indian woman, who was the honored wife of a powerful chief, became the leader, in 1845, of the native prostitutes," according to Minto.

The chief's squaw was said to "... Watch and follow ships entering the Columbia from the time they crossed the bar until they crossed out."

When there were no ships in port, this queenly Indian woman made the rounds of the white settlers' camps on the Lower Columbia, "... seeking trade without the least sign of shame."

Minto goes on to excuse the shameful conduct of the squaw and her bevy of Indian beauties with the following statement: "The customs and usages of the race, for which the leading men were responsible, debar us of any just right to hold native womanhood responsible."

A female child was considered by most tribes to be the best trading property. She was "... valued high or low according to the status of the male portion of her family."

An Indian groom bought his wife and if she failed to suit him, he sent her back to her people, claiming a return of his purchase price. Or, if returning her seemed to be too much of a bother, he simply killed her off without a qualm.

Late in 1844, Katata, Chief of the Clatsops, did just that, murdering his youngest wife whom he had recently espoused from a leading family of the Chinook tribe.

However, the bride's family did not take kindly to Katata's means of disposing of her and made war on him for his dastardly act. Furthermore, J. L. Parrish, who was the minister in charge of the Methodist Mission at the time, refused to shake hands with Katata when he learned of the Chief's brutal behaviour. Katata made an effort to take revenge on Parrish for having snubbed him, but failed in his attempt.

Another example of Indian chivalry came to light when Chief Chenowith, who was said to be the instigator of the Cascades massacre in 1855, was tried and condemned for fighting with the Klickitat and Yakima tribes.

"Chenowith offered ten horses, two squaws and a little something to every tyee, in exchange for his life," I. W. Coe, interpreter at the chief's execution revealed after the hanging.

"Chenowith boasted that he was not afraid of death but was afraid of the grave in the ground," Coe said.

As a general rule, among most of the Western tribes, the young squaws were given to the old bucks, while the young males were stuck with the old crones by reciprocal necessity. Young and comely squaws cost dearly, as much as fifty horses in some instances, and few of the younger braves could afford the marriage price.

However, the arrangement had its compensations.

An ancient wife could help to make a young buck successful and in time he had his fifty horses for the purchase of a young wife. Sadly, by then his blood was not running quite so hot, while she was warm and eager.

More often than not, an Indian brave preferred to keep what wives he had to labor for means toward the purchase and support of yet other, younger wives, as many as his desire induced him to buy.

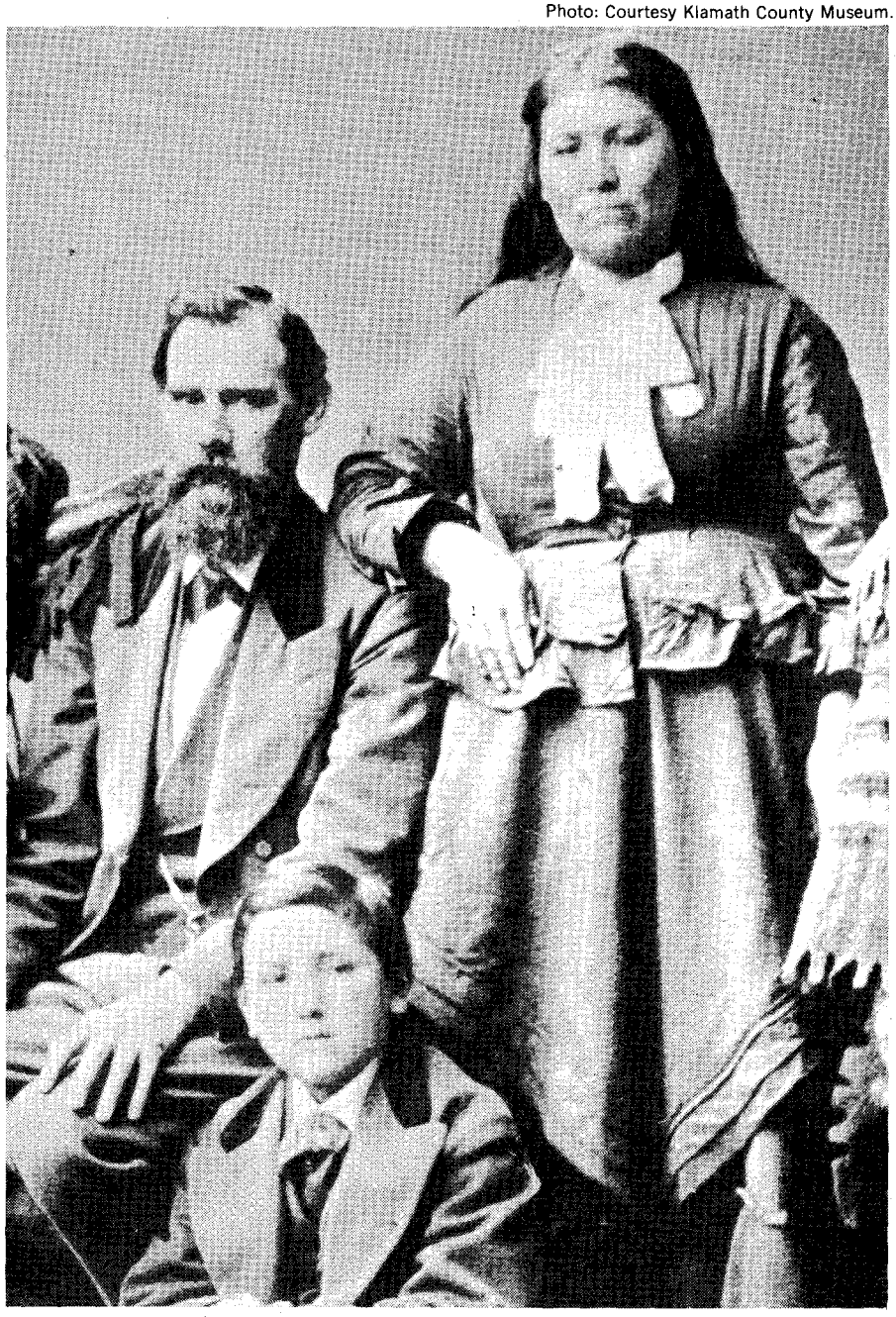
Small wonder then that more than one comely Indian squaw defected to the whiteman's fireside. A white man might misuse her, but very seldom did he maim or murder his woman when she failed to meet with his expectations.

Photo: Author's Collection.

Wo-Ho-Pum, member of Umatilla tribe, and child. Photo by Major Lee Moorhouse, early-day photographer.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Photo: Courtesy Klamath County Museum.



The famous Winema with husband Frank Riddle and their son, Jeff (1876).

By 1848, prostitution had become an established trade for Indian women in California as well as for the chief's squaw and her entourage on the Columbia River. The old Spanish custom of raping squaws had long since been established and the Yankees who poured into the gold fields soon took up the practice.

The Catholic Padres who had fought so hard, for more than a century, to gain control over the native tribes, felt their grip on the primitive red people slipping with this onslaught of brashly eager gold seekers.

For years the good Fathers had been battling the practice of abortion and infanticide that was prevalent among Indian women. Squaws who suffered miscarriages had their heads shaved, were flogged periodically for fifteen days and wore irons on their feet for three months. In addition to this divine torture, they were required to appear in church every Sunday where they were made to sit on the steps leading up to the altar holding a hideously carved and painted wooden infant in their arms.

With the coming of the Yankees, whatever semblance of civilization the Padres had managed to instill in the wild redmen through the use of their ironclad rules fell by the wayside.

With "...nothing much before and something less than that behind," the red skinned California maidens were scantily clad. Needless to say, their mode of attire did very little to protect their chastity. Rather, it seemed to complement their natural versatility, with the result that there were more than twelve thousand Indian concubines in California during the early days of the Gold Rush.

About the best that could be said of some of the more ancient Indian crones was that they were "interesting characters." At Crescent City, California, for instance, there was Molly who wove beautiful baskets and who wore hats shaped "like inverted bowls." She became a familiar figure along the trails, bartering her hats and baskets for food and trinkets. Another aged Indian woman in the vicinity earned the nickname "Buttons" with her eagerness to dance for the whites if they would give her pretty buttons.

Hornitos, California had its town character in the form of Miss Sally Popeye who wore a full skirt of ten-cent calico but was modishly topless above.

To further enhance her looks she tucked ornaments of woodrat into the waist of her skirt and tied an old stocking around her head.

It wasn't uncommon for some Indian tribes to brand their women, the brands serving as identification marks in the event the squaws were stolen. The Modocs of Northern California used a sharp bone, the point dipped in charcoal, to prick three straight lines into the tender skin of a young squaw's forehead. Three lines on the chin indicated that a squaw was wed.

"In later years, after the tribe became comparatively civilized, the brand was placed less conspicuously on a girl's arm," according to a present day member of the Modoc tribe.

A descendant of an early day Modoc chief, this same woman recalled an incident involving tribal women which, she remembered, took place "some time in the mid-1860's," and which was passed down to her by her grandmother.

"The tribe was migrating south through the California tule country when they met a freight train," she said. "The freighters stopped them.

"The freighters were a rough bunch, all white, and all eager for women. They began taking the Indian women, each one of them picking the woman that suited him best. Some of the Modoc women were still young girls, and frightened.

"The older women objected but little good it did them. While the freighters dragged their choice of the women and girls off into the bushes, the Modoc braves were busy robbing the wagons.

"The women provided just the diversion the braves needed and so they did nothing to save their women's honor. That is the way it was in those days," the Modoc woman concluded.

During the Rogue River Indian Wars, in Southern Oregon squaws were frequently sent by their braves to spy on the white soldiers' camps.

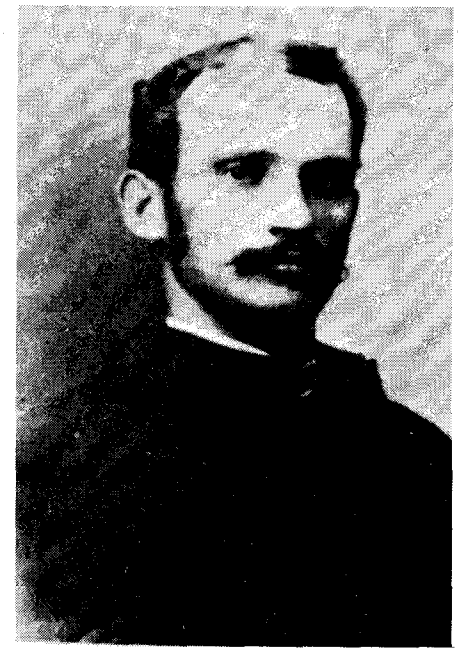
"A few old hags would appear for the ostensible purpose of begging food, while their real purpose was to find out the number of troops and to make a quick survey of their supplies," according to one old-timer whose father fought in the

(Continued on page 52)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

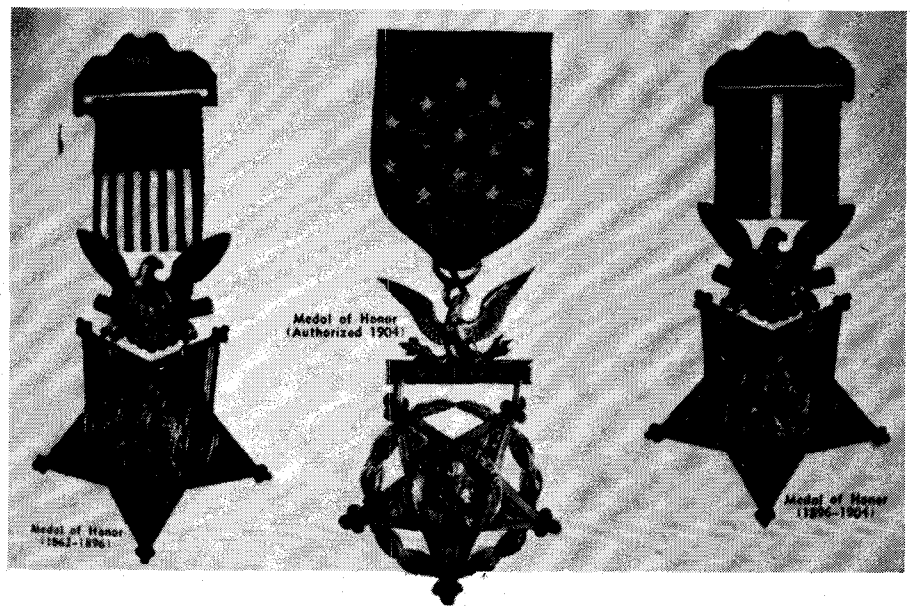
UNDER A MOST GALLING FIRE

Webster defines heroism as superlative courage in fulfilling a superhuman purpose against odds, while valor implies illustrious bravery, fearlessness and audacity, especially in fighting... there is no question at all but that our Medal of Honor winners are authentic heroes...



Pvt. Charles Windolph lived 98 yrs.

Author's Photos.



The three Army Medals of Honor—a symbol of country's thanks.

by Howard Peterson

BY RESOLUTION OF CONGRESS, July 12, 1862, to be presented "... in the name of Congress, to such non-commissioned officers and privates as shall most distinguish themselves by their gallantry in action, and other soldier-like qualities."

On March 3rd, 1863, the Medal was made available to commissioned officers with "gallantry in action" the only qualification. Thus was the first Medal of Honor (1862-1896) made available. A second Medal (1896-1904) was discontinued. A third Medal from the year 1904 is now in effect.

A decoration is conferred upon an individual for a specific act of gallantry in action. It is awarded to a man in uniform who has the strength of mind and spirit to encounter danger with fortitude, firmness and courage. The Congressional Medal of Honor is not a medal but a decoration. It is presented to an individual in uniform by a grateful Nation in acknowledgment of that individual's fidelity. It is the only American decoration which is worn around the neck.

The Congressional Medal of Honor, 1862-1896, was a five pointed star tipped with trefoils containing crown of laurel and oak in the middle of 34 stars, the number of states in 1862. Minerva, personifying the United States, stands with left hand resting on Fasces and the right hand repulses Discord, represented by snakes. All suspended by a trophy of crossed cannons, balls, sword, and American eagle. The clasp is two cornucopias and the arms of the United States.

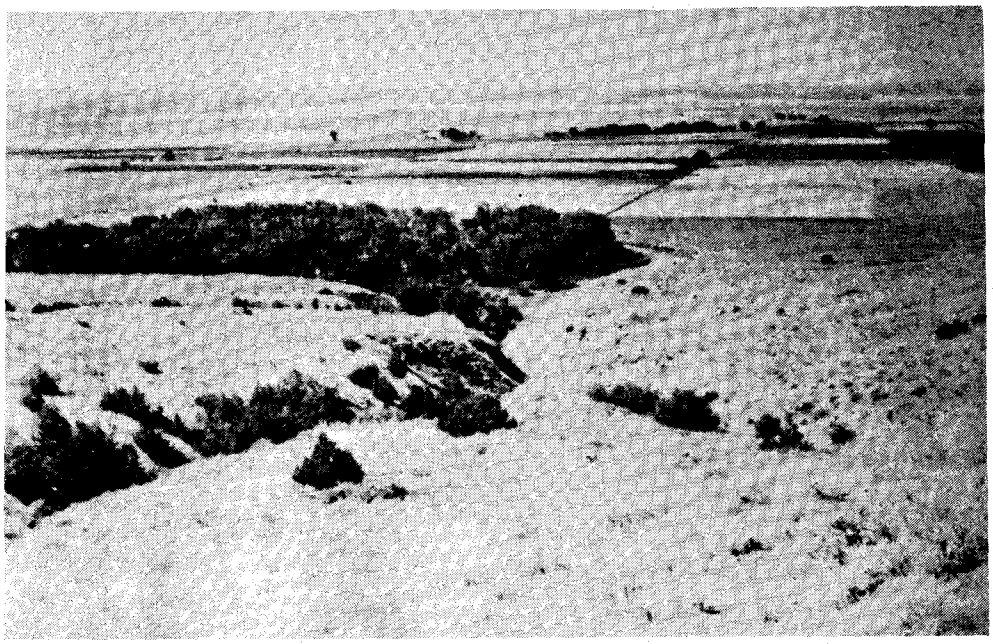
Webster defines gallantry as conspicuous bravery, or courage with mettle, spirit, and an almost gay indifference to danger or hardship. It is thus distinguished from heroism, which is defined as superlative courage in fulfilling a superhuman purpose against odds, while valor implies illustrious bravery, fearlessness and audacity, especially in fighting.

If the question were asked of you—which single battle in our American History has produced the most Congressional Medal of Honor winners, and how many?—what would your answer be? The correct answer should be the Battle of the Little Big Horn River which took place in Montana Territory on 25-26 June, 1876. No less than twenty-four Medals of Honor were awarded as a result of this two-day battle against the savage, warlike Sioux and northern Cheyenne Indians. Nineteen Medals of Honor were awarded to the participants of a single facet of the battle. Five additional Medals of Honor were awarded to individuals for specific acts of gallantry in action.

Gold (that magic word) had been discovered in the Black Hills of the Great Sioux Reservation, Dakota Territory, in 1874. By year's end, in 1875, relations between the white man and the red man in the Dakota Territory had become so strained that the War Department issued a Directive which ordered all Indians in the Black Hills area onto reservations by the end of January, 1876, or else they would be treated as hostiles by the military force then on the frontier.

The Indians, unable to, and/or unwilling to, comply with the white man's orders, fought back with every means available to hold back the flood of white settlers, gold seekers, trappers, and soldiers inundating ancient and sacred lands. Several sharp and bloody engagements were fought between the Indians and the military during March, May and early

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Water carriers' ravine, looking west from defensive position.

June, 1876. The War Department, incensed at the Indians' behavior and badgered by political bigwigs, gave General Phillip H. Sheridan orders to launch a spirited attack against the hostiles during the summer of 1876. General Sheridan then placed General Alfred H. Terry in charge of the great field campaign, a monumental undertaking at the time, designed to entrap the hostiles in a three pronged pincers movement.

He was to make an attempt to compel the Indians to abide by the white man's Directive. Peacefully, if possible, or if this attempt failed, he was to crush Sioux power in the Dakota Territory once and for all. General Terry and his command were to form one prong of the pincers movement. The largest part of General Terry's command consisted of the entire 7th United States Cavalry Regiment which was stationed at Fort Abraham Lincoln, Bismarck, Dakota Territory.

The 7th was marched rapidly to the valley of the Little Big Horn River, Arriving there on June 25th, a full 24 hours in advance of the planned schedule. Executing a highly controversial decision, and maneuver, the 7th was divided into four groups. The first group was assigned the task of attacking an immense Indian encampment, located on the valley floor, at its southernmost end. The second group was designated to guard the pack train. The third group was ordered to scout the regiment's left flank. The fourth group would attempt a flanking maneuver against the Indian villages.

When the first group of troopers attacked the southern end of the hostile Indian villages, the overwhelming number of Indian defenders forced this group to quickly retreat to a defensive position on some high bluffs of land overlooking the Little Big Horn River.

Late during the afternoon of June 25th the first group was joined by the second group which had been guarding the pack train and also by the third group, which had been scouting the regiment's left flank.

These three groups now became one cohesive, defensive force entrenched on the high bluffs of land overlooking the river. While this action was taking place, five miles away to their north, and unbeknownst to the force on the high bluffs, the hostile Indian warriors were overwhelming and annihilating the fourth group containing their comrades-in-arms.

The force on the high bluffs overlooking the river had suffered heavy casualties during the earlier fighting. Due to the fact that the weather was hot and sultry at that time of the year, water soon became a critical commodity. It appeared almost impossible for any of the encircled troopers to break free from the band of warriors surrounding their position, and the Indians seemed reluctant to close in to try and finish the job.

"The excitement and heat made our thirst almost maddening. The men were forbidden to use tobacco. They put pebbles in their mouths to excite the glands; some ate grass roots, but did not find relief; some tried to eat hard bread, but after chewing it a while would blow it out of their mouths like so much flour." (Lieutenant Edward S. Godfrey, P. 6, Entrenchment Trail.)

"...the sun beat down on us and we became so thirsty that it was almost impossible to swallow." (Private Jacob Adams, H Troop, P. 6, Entrenchment Trail.)

By mid-day, June 26th, the wounded were in desperate need of water. Dr. Porter, the only surviving physician, notified the officer in charge of the beleagured force that unless several of the more severely wounded were given water—and soon—many would die. Volunteers were called for to make a sortie to the river in an attempt to procure the much needed water.

Water! But how was it to be obtained? They were situated on the bluffs several hundred feet above the surging current of the river. As far as was known, every foot of that distance was under the watchful eye of a cunning foe.

The moaning of the sorely-stricken wounded was interrupted by incessant calls for water. Nothing else was thought of but answering those piteous calls.

Making a particularly dangerous reconnaissance they found that one particular ravine—of the many ravines in the immediate area—appeared to be completely devoid of Indians and also appeared to be free from Indian rifle fire. It was then determined that this ravine would provide adequate concealment for the group almost to the river's edge.

"...each man with as many canteens as he thought he could bring up that steep trail. Someone had an inspiration and came lugging a small camp kettle." (Brininstool's *Troopers With Custer,* Private Theodore Golden, G Troop, P. 226.)

To provide the men who were going to venture to the river with as much protection as was possible four men, Sergeant George H. Geiger of H Troop, age 32; Sattler Otto Voit of H Troop, age 30; Blacksmith Henry W. B. Mechlin of H Troop, age 23; and Private Charles Windolph of H Troop, age 24, did, as their Citations read, "With three comrades during the entire engagement courageously hold a position that secured water for the command."

These four men advanced to a high point of land well outside the defense perimeter. Then, standing erect in full view of all, both white man and Indian alike, they fired their carbines to draw attention and fire to themselves and away from the water carriers. *The point of land upon which these four men stood is now called Medal of Honor Point.*

It is a part of the Reno-Benteen Battlefield, Custer Battlefield National Monument, Crow Agency, Montana.

The volunteers were all enlisted men. No one was really in command unless it was Mike Madden, Saddler, K Troop, who shouted, "Come on, fellers, lave us run!"

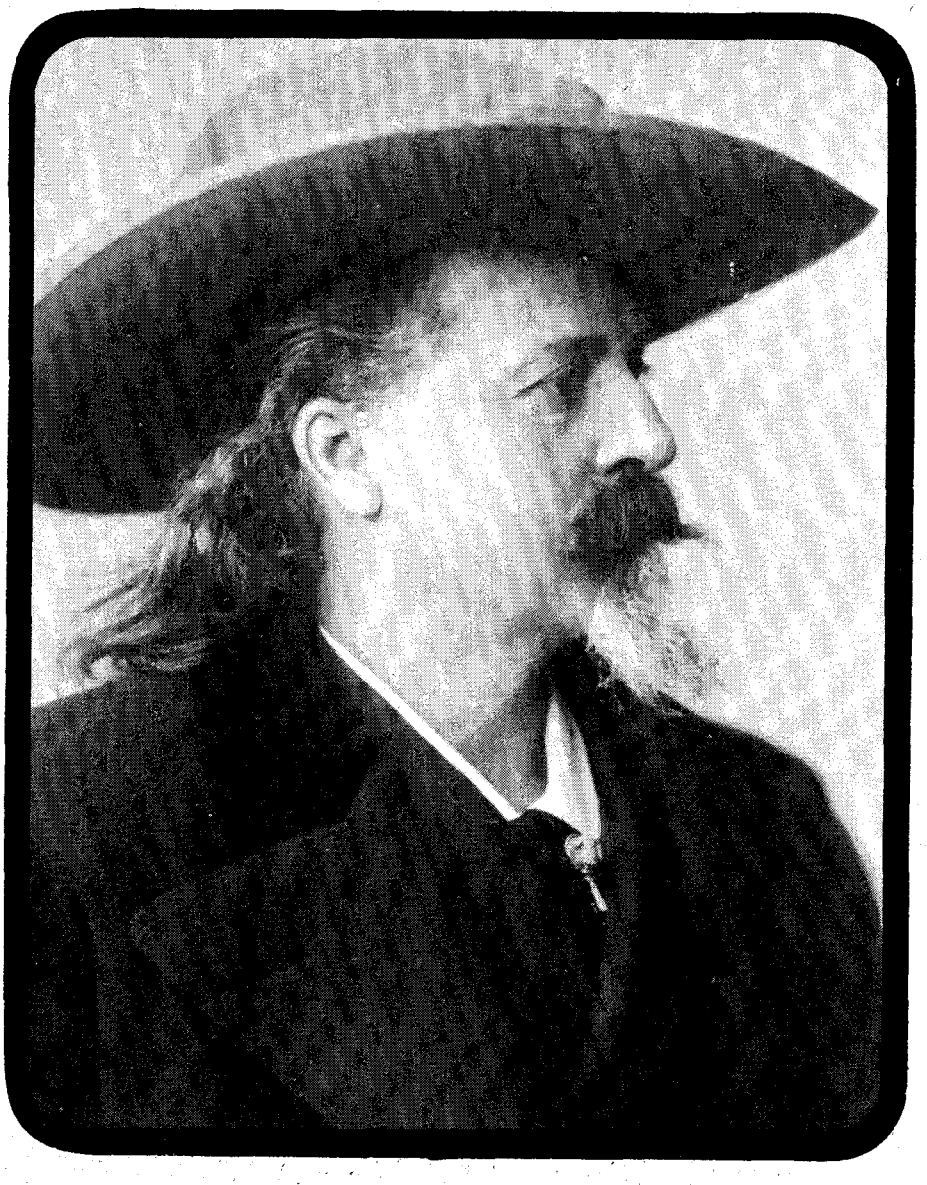
The rush to the head of the ravine was made in safety by all except Campbell, Private, G Troop, who was felled by a rifle bullet in the shoulder, scant feet short of the shelter of the head of the

(Continued on page 42)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By Bennett R. Pearce

THE DAY DENVER BURIED BUFFALO BILL... IT BURIED THE OLD WEST AS WELL



No single moment marked the passing of what is known as "the old West." But the day Denver buried Buffalo Bill Cody, many old timers knew an era had ended

THE PRESTIGE OF the American West as an historical epoch has always been an enigma.

The years between exploration and development were short. The significance of most of the people who played a role in the western panorama was relatively unimportant on the stage of American history. Most western settlers were common folks who accepted their obligations, responsibilities and then quietly plodded off to their graves.

A few of the figures who explored, exploited and settled the West caught the public imagination and grew into legends after their deaths. Perhaps the flavor of the age was reflected by these few who, above all, were rugged individualists before anything else.

Some were flamboyant and ostentatious while others were modest and retiring, but all aroused a public envy which has survived in the culture to this day through the literature, motion pictures and television.

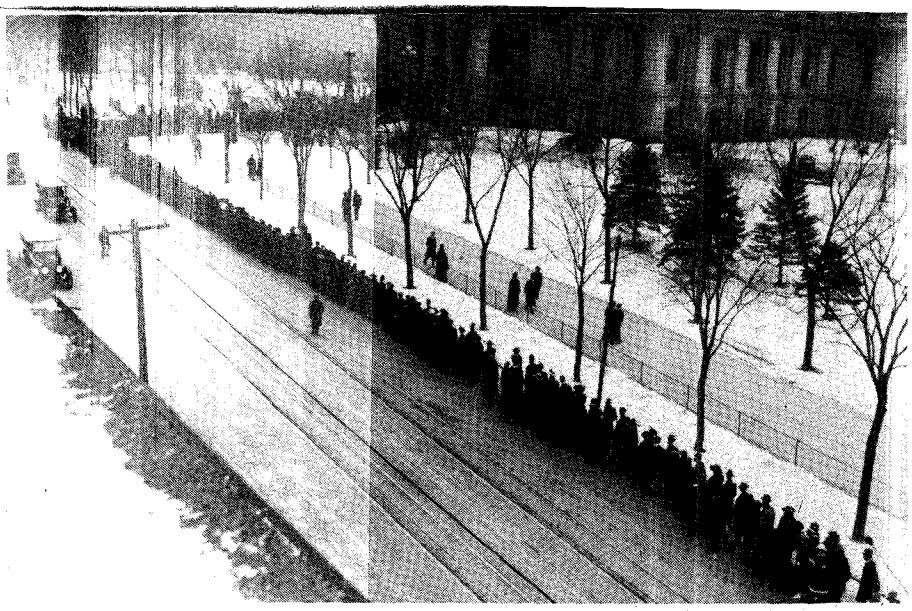
There is undoubtedly no other age in American history which has been dramatized by the entertainment medium as much as the exploration and settlement of the West. It was an age which charged the ambitions and imagination of a young nation. It was also an epoch which will not happen again in the American experience.

The end of the western frontier is undated. Like some of the other notable ages of history, it simply vanished into another time. No final conclusive date ends the era. Some historians trying to satisfy the science of pedagogy have closed the American frontier in 1890. For those hardy pioneers who lived beyond the old West, rapid settlement, business booms, busts and changing times obscured the passing of the frontier into the pages of history.

For the rugged settlers who wrestled with the elements, buried their loved ones on the windswept prairie and carved a new civilization out of the raw land, the frontier never ended. They carried it to their graves with them. For the three generations that have followed the pioneers and who have reaped the rewards of a rich heritage, the old West is a cherished memory which has never died but lives on in wild rodeos and western pageants.

Perhaps there was a moment in the unique and progressive history of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



People patiently stand in the long line outside the Colorado State Capitol (above) on January 14, 1917 to view the remains of Buffalo Bill Cody. People file by the open casket (below) once they manage to get inside the building. Thousands came to pay their respects.

Denver, Colorado when the proud citizens of western America paused for a short time and nostalgically bid the old West a final farewell. This opportunity was extended to western folks on the sad but memorable occasion when William Frederick Cody died.

Cody was better known as Buffalo Bill.

Cody was a legend long before he passed away. His reputation was that of a frontier scout, Indian fighter, buffalo slayer and rancher. In his later years, Cody toured the world with his famous Wild West show which made his name a household word. Possibly he epitomized the image of what the old West was suppose to have been. He certainly capitalized upon the myths and legends of the frontier with his showmanship.

William Frederick Cody departed for the Happy Hunting Ground on January 10, 1917. He died at the home of his sister, Mrs. L. E. Decker, who lived at 2932 Lafayette Street in Denver. Cody's elaborate funeral rites and the unusual interment arrangements were a public affair. Denver planned the ceremonies as a fitting tribute to the departed showman who had become a western legend in his own time. In a sense, it was western folks' farewell to the old days and the frontier past.

After his Wild West show closed for the season, Buffalo Bill returned to his ranch near Cody, Wyoming for a long overdue rest. He grew restless in Cody and decided to go south to Denver for a visit with his sister, Mrs. Decker. Shortly after he arrived in Denver, the aged showman contracted a bad cold which settled in his lower extremities. Feeling that the baths might restore his health, he left Denver on January 3rd and went over to Glenwood Springs where he intended to drink and bathe in the famous mineral water. On January 5th, the aged Indian scout's health took a turn for the worse, so his physician hurried the sick man back to Mrs. Decker's home in Denver. Mrs. Cody was informed of her husband's condition and she and her daughter rushed to Denver to be at his bedside.

When it became obvious the aged scout and Indian fighter was sinking rapidly, it was suggested to Mrs. Cody by several of her Denver friends that arrangements should be made to have Buffalo Bill baptized as he had never received that sacrament.

Mrs. Cody, who was a Roman Catholic, called the priest. On the afternoon of January 9, 1917, Col. Cody was baptized by Rev. Christopher V. Walsh, assistant pastor of the Cathedral in Denver. Rev. Walsh was also a long time friend of the Cody family.

The sick man was informed of his approaching demise by his attending physician. The dying showman told his sister he wanted the Elks and the Masons to take charge of his funeral.

After Cody passed a very bad night, his physicians noted that the famous patient's heart was failing and the aged man's system was rapidly succumbing to uremic poisoning. The family was informed that the old scout's end was near. At 12:03 p.m. Buffalo Bill was gathered to his fathers.

As the sad news of Cody's passing spread from the little house on Lafayette Street throughout Denver, the western states, and across the nation, the public reaction was surprise and shock. Condolences poured into Mrs. Decker's home from around the country. One telegram was even received from President Woodrow Wilson. The Colorado State Legislature and the Wyoming State Legislature were both in session at the time of Cody's death. The lawmakers from both states passed memorials eulogizing the departed scout and offered condolences to the family. Western folk were saddened and felt a little older as they realized a unique figure of the frontier had passed away and another link with the old West was gone forever.

The day after Cody's death, a special committee of Elks, Masons, city, county, state and federal officials met at the Albany Hotel to plan the arrangements for the plainsman's funeral. The noted frontier scout undoubtedly would have been very proud and pleased if he could have known about

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the final tributes planned for his funeral since they rivaled any production that he had ever arranged for his Wild West show.

At 9 a.m. on the morning of January 14, 1917, an honor guard arrived at the Decker home. They escorted Col. Cody's casket to Colorado's beautiful State House on Capitol hill. The casket was placed in the rotunda of the impressive building. Surrounded by an honor guard, the body lay in state until noon.

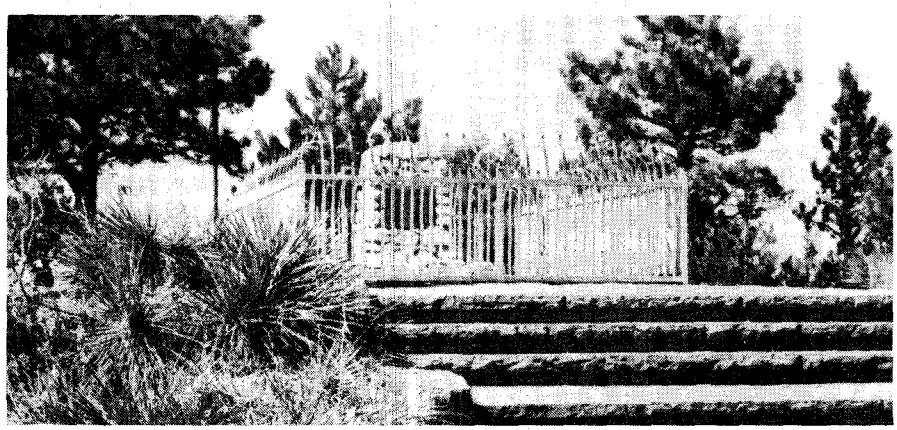
In several hours, 18,000 people from all walks of life filed through the rotunda of the Capitol and glanced at Cody's bearded face. When the doors of the State House were finally closed, there were still between 10 and 12 thousand people still waiting outside the building in the cold weather.

Shortly before 3 p.m., the elaborate funeral procession was formed at the Capitol. The procession was led by an honor guard carrying the colors and a military band from Fort Logan. The 1,000-pound bronze casket was removed from the rotunda of the State House and was placed upon a horse-drawn vehicle. Cody's favorite horse was led with an empty saddle on its back behind the casket. The members of the family, the active and the honorary pallbearers followed in a procession of black automobiles.

The honorary pallbearers included some of the most prominent politicians in the Rocky Mountain region — Governor Julius Gunter of Colorado, Governor Frank Houx of Wyoming, Lieut. Governor Edgar Howard of Nebraska, U.S. Senator-elect John B. Kendrick of Wyoming, the Justices of the Colorado Supreme Court, former Governor Jesse F. McDonald, Lieut. Governor James Pulliam, Secretary of State James R. Noland, Mayor Rovet Speer of Denver, Mayor R.N. LaFontaine of Cheyenne, Mayor Everett Evans of North Platte, and Mayor W.S. Owens of Cody.

Behind the automobiles marched the Elks, delegates of the Knights Templar from Colorado, Wyoming and New Mexico, members of the Grand Army of the Republic, the G.A.R. Drum and Fife Corps, and members of the National Order of Cowboy Rangers, colorfully dressed with red bandanas around their necks. Following the official procession were many of Buffalo Bill's old friends. They came from Cody, Cheyenne, North Platte and other western cities to pay their last respects to the departed plainsman.

A policeman holds an umbrella over the open casket (above) during the burial of Buffalo Bill Cody on top of Lookout Mountain. Below: Workmen carefully place the steel, burglar-proof vault into the grave, hewn out of solid rock and lined throughout with cement.



Buffalo Bill's grave as it looks today atop Lookout Mountain. It is still a favorite of tourists and the debate as to where Cody really wanted to be buried is being argued today, more than 50 years later.

When the long funeral procession arrived at the Elk's Lodge in downtown Denver at 14th and California Streets, the casket was taken into the assembly hall of the Lodge. The hall was filled with floral tributes from all parts of the country.

A short memorial service was conducted by a delegation of the Grand Army of the Republic. This was concluded with the playing of "Taps" on a bugle.

The Elks conducted their service. A eulogy was delivered by John W.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Springer. Albert V. Mayfield, Supreme Boss of the National Order of Cowboy Rangers, then offered a few remarks in tribute to Col. Cody. Rev. Charles H. Marshall, Rector of St. Barnabas Episcopal Church, read the funeral service from the Book of Common Prayer. Rev. Marshall was the Chaplain of the Denver Elk's Lodge.

The assembly hall of the Elk's Lodge was filled with mourners and there were around 3,000 people standing outside the building. At the conclusion of the funeral service, the doors of the building were opened so that the people standing outside could file past the casket to pay their respects. The casket was then escorted to Olinger's Mortuary in North Denver where a short private service was conducted for the family.

The memorials and tributes had begun at 9 a.m. that morning and it was not until after 5 p.m. when the 1,000-pound bronze casket was finally sealed and placed into a vault for the winter. Due to the rugged terrain and the difficulties in preparing a grave on the summit of Mt. Lookout during the winter months, Cody's interment was postponed until the following spring.

It has always been a point of controversy among western folk as to just where William Frederick Cody wished to be buried. Wyoming friends of the old scout have always insisted that Buffalo Bill wanted to be buried on Rattlesnake Mountain near the town of Cody, Wyoming. In the obituary published by the Denver Post the day after Cody died, it is stated the departed plainsman had requested his remains be buried on the summit of Lookout Mountain west of Denver.

The summit of Mt. Lookout offers a splendid and spectacular view of the Great Plains which extend as far east as the eye can see and beyond. Tourists are left spellbound by the drive up the mountain and the beautiful view. The clear thin air enhanced by the high altitude tints the sky a beautiful deep blue which is immediately noticed by visitors to the area. Old Indian legends claim that the great Chief Colorow held his counsels on the summit of Lookout Mountain. There, momentous decisions were decided and wise advice was offered to his tribe.

Below the mountain to the north lies the little town of Golden, where one of the best known of the western beers is brewed from the sparkling fresh water which flows rapidly down from the eternally snow-covered mountain peaks.

Southwest of Lookout Mountain the growing western metropolis of Denver sprawls across the landscape with its beautiful new buildings rising to meet the blue sky.

For a colorful and spectacular final resting place, Cody's choice of the summit of Mt. Lookout for his grave was indeed unsurpassed.

The following May, a gravesite was chosen just west of Wildcat Point and almost on the summit of the mountain. The grave itself was blasted and carved out of the solid granite of the mountain. When it was 12 to 14 feet deep, the grave was lined with railroad track and concrete. A border of rocks was set around the edge of the grave.

The day before the scheduled interment, a steel vault which the Denver Post described as burglar-proof, was lowered into the concrete-lined granite grave. It was said that when the vault lid was closed it locked automatically and could not be opened without the use of very strong tools and an acetylene torch.

The Denver Post also informed its readers that a guard would be stationed at the gravesite for an indefinite period of time following the burial.

On Sunday, June 3, 1917, Denver and the surrounding area experienced its first traffic jam. Some 20,000 people clogged the roads leading west from Denver to the mountains. There was a seemingly endless procession of automobiles going up the seven-and-one-half-mile road from Golden to the summit of Mt. Lookout. Due to the traffic congestion, they were unable to drive more than four miles an hour. Special buses were also chartered for the day and the old Lookout Mountain Park funicular railroad had the busiest day in its five-year history. It seemed everyone in Denver was journeying to the top of Lookout Mountain for Col. Cody's interment.

Cody's casket was transported to the summit of Lookout Mountain in Olinger's Mortuary's new, white automobile hearse. When Mrs. Cody arrived at the gravesite on the mountain top she ordered the funeral directors to open the casket.

"He belongs to the people of the West," she said.

"They should be given a chance to see him again and remember him in death as well as in life," Mrs. Cody added.

Her instructions were followed and the casket was opened for public view. It was said the body was remarkably well preserved. A policeman obligingly shaded the open glass covered casket from the warm afternoon sun with a black umbrella. For two hours thousands of people filed past the casket for one last look at the dead plainsman's face. The funeral directors inspected the concrete lined granite grave and then sealed the casket again.

At 3:30 p.m. members of Golden's Masonic Lodge carried the bronze caket to the grave. The Golden, Colorado Lodge conducted the last rites at the request of Cody's home Lodge at North Platte, Nebraska. A poem was read and a quartet sang. When the commitment rites were concluded, members of the Lodge filed past the grave and dropped evergreen springs in. The past commander of the Colorado United Spanish American War Veterans cast a wreath of flowers into the grave.

The Masons filled the grave with earth as the ropes held back the vast crowd of onlookers. As the last spadeful of soil was cast on the grave, "Taps" was played and a salute of guns was fired by the Colorado National Guard.

"Pahaska" or Long Hair as the Indians called him, had gone to his final rest. It was four in the afternoon, the ceremonies were over, and the crowd of 20,000 slowly began the 18-mile journey down the mountain and back to Denver.

Buffalo Bill was well buried. He was baptized by a Catholic priest, read over by an Episcopalian rector, eulogized by the Elks and carried to his grave by the Masons.

Towards the end of 1921, Cody's grave was reopened so that Mrs. Cody's vault could be placed in the same grave with her husband.

At the time of Buffalo Bill's death, elaborate plans were drawn for an ostentatious temple which was to be erected over the gravesite. It was to be a memorial to W.F. Cody and to all the pioneers who explored and settled the West.

The building was to cost 250,000 dollars and was to be paid for by public subscription. The Denver Post published a drawing of the projected

(Continued on page 57)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WEST'S GREATEST LIAR

By Helen Seeley Phillips

This artist's drawing of John O'Keefe accompanied his obituary in 1895. O'Keefe's vivid imagination made the West even more exciting than it was.

THERE SEEMS ALWAYS to have been a certain magic attached to the name, Pike's Peak.

Explorer Lt. Zebulon M. Pike is credited with discovering the imposing mountain peak in 1806. In 1859 gold-hungry adventurers made the name practically a household word by popularizing the slogan, "Pike's Peak or Bust!" But in the year 1876 it took an imaginative and prankish young Irishman to bring Pike's Peak into the public eye once again, and he did it with one of the zaniest journalistic spoofs of all time.

The Irishman's name was John Thomas O'Keefe, a fine broth of a lad who was seeing the West for the first time in the uniform of the United States Signal Corps. He had been designated as the new assistant in charge of the weather station which had been established just two years earlier by the Signal Service high atop 14,110-foot Pike's Peak.

It was quite a heady assignment for one so young, as O'Keefe was only 18 at the time. Undoubtedly the youth thirsted for adventure, which he assumed would surely be found in connection with the Pike's Peak assignment. He was prepared for excitement and frontier thrills — anything, in fact, but what he got for weeks on end— the boredom of endless routine and the loneliness of a high altitude mountain retreat.

Then O'Keefe's boredom and dull routine were relieved by the death of his pet baby burro, "Erin O'Keefe." As he prepared suitable burial for "Baby Erin," his puckish mind went to work and came up with the "Great Pike's Peak Spoof."

It began as a low key story in the Pueblo Chieftain newspaper under date of May 25, 1876 and was headlined, "ATTACKED BY RATS, TERRIBLE CONFLICT ON THE SUMMIT OF PIKE'S PEAK!"

Using the mysterious by-line, "Mucilage," the Colorado Springs correspondent later identified as Judge Eliphalet Price reported that a certain Mr. John O'Keefe with his wife and baby Erin had been attacked in their mountaintop cabin by vast hordes of giant rodents with a ferocious appetite for raw meat. The animals were huge, all out of proportion for rats, and they swarmed over everything on Pike's Peak.

On one occasion they ate two signal service officers, besides devouring every edible article in the station and driving surviving members to the roof for safety. At intervals they disappeared, said the newspaper story, enabling the beseiged survivors to obtain provisions. On this horrible night, however, the O'Keefe's barely had escaped with their lives by encasing themselves in scrolls of zinc plating (part of the signal station supplies) then electrocuting hundreds of the animal invaders with an adroitly cast coil of electric wire connected to a convenient battery (Mrs. O'Keefe being a mountain girl and familiar with the throwing of a lariat.)

But the saddest part of this night of attack was the destroying by the rats of infant Erin O'Keefe, of whom nothing remained but a peeled and naked skull.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When you're stuck alone on Pike's Peak a vivid imagination is almost a necessity. And when you combine that with an Irish sense of humor—you wind up with John Thomas O'Keefe

"Drs. Horn and Anderson have just returned from the peak," concluded the Pueblo Chieftain somberly. "It was first thought that the left arm of Sergeant O'Keefe would have to be amputated, but they now believe it can be saved."

Alert newspapers picked up the story. It was spread from Colorado Springs and Denver back to the East where people were willing to believe any stories about the wild and woolly West.

Soon the headlines, "RATS ON THE RAMPAGE" left newspaper readers gasping over accounts of the fearful ravages committed by the giant mountain rodents of Pike's Peak.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Weekly used the story, and the Police Gazette was said to have carried a cut showing what looked like an enormous herd of sheep crowded around a building which flew the Stars and Stripes. Under the flag huddled Sgt. O'Keefe and some other men, peering down in mortal fear at the Pike's Peak rats. Westerners who knew how scarce animals were on top of the peak derived much amusement from O'Keefe's outlandish tale.

However, the existence of animals at the peak's lofty altitude later became the subject of a lively reader debate. On October 20, 1877, the Weekly Colorado Springs Gazette stated, "Sgt. Barrett of the Pike's Peak signal station, writes to the Denver News to correct the assertion of scientists and others that "rodents do not inhabit rocks above timberline." Mr. Barrett says, "Rats are and always were on Pike's Peak. They are called 'mountain rats' . . . they have a long, bush tail, much longer than the tail of a Norway rat. When they are at rest . . . . the tail is curled around them, nearly enclosing the body in a warm covering of fur. These rats are also much fiercer than common rats and will show fight when molested." Prudently, their size was not mentioned.

Photo (above) supposedly depicts mourners at the grave of infant Erin O'Keefe, who was allegedly eaten by "mountain rats." Right: "Balaam" leaps over a lava flow after the eruption of Pike's Peak.

Meanwhile, back on the peak, Sgt. O'Keefe appeared to be on the threshold of an exciting journalistic career. A scant two months after the Pike's Peak rat story first appeared in print, however, he was transferred.

His new assignment was to head up the Signal Service Weather Bureau exhibit at the Centennial Industrial Exposition opening in Philadelphia on July 4, 1876. Years later, after he had taken issue with

(Continued on page 58)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Captain Crawford's brilliant use of Apache scouts to ferret out Geronimo's renegades brought fame and death.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Death of A Brave Man

He looked for danger from the savage warrior Geronimo but death leered from an unexpected quarter

by Bernard C. Nalty and Truman R. Strobridge

His lifelong battle for survival on the fiery deserts and in the rugged badlands of the Southwest made the Apache warrior as hard as flint. This hardiness and the Apache's innate ferocity inspired General George Crook, Commander of the Department of Arizona to describe him as "the Tiger of the Human Species."

The cavalrymen of the Indian-fighting army faced no deadlier or more elusive foe than the Apache.

Apache warriors could exist for days without either food or water. If hotly pursued, they could cover 70 or more miles a day on foot. Whenever the U. S. Cavalry pressed too closely upon their trail, the renegades fled into the jagged mountains of northern Mexico and defied the troopers to follow them. The weary, sweating cavalrymen, hampered by cumbersome supply trains and worn-out mounts, were no match for the swift-moving marauders.

In today's terminology the Apache menace would qualify as an insurgency. Thus it was that long before the doctrines of counter insurgency operations found their way into the curricula of the military schools, a group of cavalrymen faced the task of suppressing a guerrilla war, pacifying the combatants, and finding for them a place in American society. Among the officers involved in this effort was Captain Emmet Crawford.

After enlisting as a private of volunteers during the Civil War, Crawford first saw combat at Munson's Hill, Virginia, not far from the District of Columbia. Later his infantry regiment either fought or served in reserve at Ball's Bluff, Yorktown, Fair Oaks, Sharpsburg (where Crawford received his first wound), and Fredericksburg. When the war ended he won a regular commission as a lieutenant of Infantry and later transferred to the 3d U. S. Cavalry. For the next two decades he battled hostile Indians from the plains of Nebraska to the mountains of northern Mexico.

Crawford arrived in the Southwest in 1882, just in time to take to the trail in pursuit of Geronimo, who had fled from the Apache reservation. This Indian chief was described by one cavalryman as "a man of diabolical appearance, and with a character to correspond." General Nelson A. Miles, who spent almost forty years campaigning against the Indians, called Geronimo "the worst Indian who ever lived."

This, Geronimo's second bid for freedom, was short-lived. One of the Apache chieftains quarreled with Geronimo and betrayed the location of his camp to General Crook. In June of 1883, Crawford and a detail of loyal Apaches led the chastened renegades onto the San Carlos reservation. Now that the fighting was ended, General Crook faced the task of winning the trust of the Apaches and convincing them that their best hope for the future lay in adopting the ways of the white man.

The appearance at San Carlos of Crawford and the renegades dismayed the local agent, who protested to his superiors in the Department of Interior that Geronimo would waste not an hour in stirring up another war. The Secretary of Interior was disturbed by these reports, but the Secretary of War, at Crook's urging, insisted that Geronimo and his followers remain with the rest of the tribe. The issue was not resolved until the War Department had assumed responsibility for feeding and caring for the Apaches.

The Department of Interior, however, retained the right to appoint an agent to supervise the day-to-day activities of the Indians. The effect of this agreement was that Crook, as Commanding General of the Department of Arizona, took on the job of keeping order on the reservation and preventing the Apaches from escaping.

Appointed as Crook's deputy at San Carlos was Captain Emmet Crawford.

Two reforms for which Crook and Crawford argued unceasingly were not adopted. Their superiors at Washington refused to provide even the most basic farm implements for the reservation Indians. These same officials also rejected appeals that the traders at San Carlos be forced to sell their wares at competitive prices. In spite of these setbacks, Crawford and his brother officers managed to persuade a majority of the Apaches to try to adapt themselves to the white man's culture.

Nothing, however, could be done unless there was law and order on the reservation. In maintaining the peace, Crawford relied upon the Indians themselves. Not only did he appoint loyal Apaches as policemen, he also encouraged them to rely on their tribal institutions to mete out justice. When, for example, a brave called Charlie murdered another Apache, he was arrested by Indian police, judged by a tribal court and, if found guilty, executed by his brother Apaches.

The heart of the program, however, was property. Crook believed that the Indians would remain at peace if they could not profit from war. As a result, Crawford encouraged the Apaches to raise corn and livestock, for he and Crook were confident that the tribesmen would not allow crops or herds in which they had invested their time and money to go to ruin merely for a chance to share in the glories of war.

In his efforts to make property owners of the nomadic Apaches, Crawford ran afoul of the San Carlos Indian Agents, P.P. Wilcox and his successor C.C. Ford. Both of these men were working for the pacification of the Apache, but they felt that Crawford was going about it in the wrong way. They wanted to divide the tribe, shipping off to some other reservation the rebellious Geronimo and those Indians who had followed him during the 1882 campaign.

Since Crawford wanted to keep the tribe together, there were repeated quarrels that hampered the implementation of General Crook's program.

The final dispute between Crawford and Ford arose over the campaign to make farmers of the Apaches. After Crawford had given the Indians permission to dig an irrigation ditch, Ford ordered them to cease work and turn in their picks and shovels to the San Carlos agency. Although the irrigation project was unpopular among the ranchers in a region where water was scarce, Ford was not opposed to the plan itself. He merely hoped to use the irrigation ditch to force a showdown between the War and Interior Depts. *(Continued on page 50)*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A MOST GALLING FIRE

(Continued from page 33)

ravine. Some of the men immediately halted and offered him assistance, but were pluckily told to "Go on, boys; I can make it back some way."

Once they were inside the shelter of the ravine, which was deep and crooked, the troopers instinctively strung out in skirmish type formation, every man alert, rifles at the ready, Madden in the lead. Slowly and cautiously, scouting every turn in the tortuous ravine, they moved closer and closer to the river's edge. Finally, the bottom of the ravine was reached without encountering any Indians or seeing any signs save an occasional pony track.

The exact number of men who participated in the *journada* to the river for water and back has never been determined. Fifteen men, Private Neil Bancroft of A Troop, age 29; Private Abraham B. Brant of D Troop, age 26; Private Thomas J. Callan of B Troop, age 22; Private Theodore W. Goldin of G. Troop, age 18; Private David W. Harris of A Troop, age 23; Private Willaim M. Harris of D Troop, age 25; Sergeant Rufus D. Hutchinson of B Troop, age 26; Sergeant Stanislaus Roy of A Troop, age 29; Private James Pym of B Troop, age 23; Private George D. Scott of D Troop, age 25; Private Thomas W. Stevens (Stivers) of D Troop, age 21; Private Peter Thompson of C Troop, age 22; Private Frank Tolan of D Troop, age 21; Private Charles H. Welch of D Troop, age 26; and Private Frederick Deitline of D Troop, age 29.

Armed with canteens and the camp kettle, and under the protective fire from the sharpshooters, these heroic men made their way to the bottom of the ravine. Not one of them received a serious wound during this trip.

Once the bottom of the hill had been reached they observed that protection was furnished from rifle fire on all sides except directly across the river. Many Indians were sighted moving about but it was evident the troopers had not been discovered. During a hurried council it was decided that the best plan would be to take the camp kettle, dash the few remaining yards to the river, fill it, get back under cover as quickly as possible and transfer the precious fluid to the canteens for greater safety.

Two by two they took turns at this hazardous work. Much to their surprise, not a single shot was fired in their direction. The desperate need for water by wounded comrades made haste imperative. It took only short minutes to fill the canteens. After a steep climb back up the hill the water was turned over to those in charge.

Later in the day it was determined, by the dire need for more water, to try the same feat again. To a man the same party assembled once again—with possibly some additions. A rush was made to the ravine once more, and a less cautious, more emboldened advance was made to the river's edge. The hidden camp kettle was once more brought into play with the same tactics as before.

It was also Madden's decision to return to the defensive position with the camp kettle filled with water. As he put it, "Fellers, there's no use a-goin back wid any impties; thim b'yes will need ivery dang dhrop av wather we kin git."

Madden and Dwyer of G Troop, who had been partners before, grabbed the kettle and were off under Madden's, "Come on, Patsy, L'ave us thry wanst more."

The kettle was successfully filled and the return dash for safety was made. These two were almost within the safety of the ravine when a withering volley of rifle fire from the bushes on the opposite side of the river stormed into them

General George A. Custer might have received a better fate had he reported to General Terry as ordered.

and Madden went down. So close was he to safety that when he fell his upper torso was inside the sheltered area of the ravine.

Dwyer was unhit, but the old camp kettle had not fared so well; it would never be the same again. It was spouting water from half a dozen bullet holes.

Heavy carbine fire was returned immediately but no answering volleys came in return from the hostiles. Madden was pulled to safety and it was determined that his left leg had been broken twice between the ankle and the knee. It was concluded that the volley which felled Madden had come from a party of Indians moving down the valley, and as only Madden and Dwyer were in sight, they considered them worthless to bother over.

Now came the problem of getting Madden and the precious water up the hill, and Madden came up with the following suggestion, "I'll tell yez phwat to do; lave me me carbine wid some shells, and yez g'wan up wid th' wather. Th' b'yes will be lookin' fer it, and then yez can come back afther me; and if any av thim red divils come, I'll be gitten' some av thim whoile they're a-gitten me!"

This suggestion was turned down unanimously, and after a brief conference between the others, two of the men grabbed Madden. Mercifully for him, he passed out, and was thereby spared the agonizing pain of the return journey up the steep trail. Madden's bearers had to be changed frequently, but finally the hospital was achieved. Both the water and Madden were then turned over to the surgeon.

Madden's leg had to be amputated above the knee without anesthetic. The doctor did, however, give Madden a stiff jolt of whiskey. As Madden is supposed to have put it, "Docther, give me another wan av thim and cut off me other leg!"

Students of the battle may feel that there are a few discrepencies here. The name of Madden does not appear on the list of recipients of the Medal. Neither do the names of Dwyer, Campbell, Weeks, Slaper and Stevenson, along with possibly many others who were in on the hazardous detail.

It may be noticed that one of the recipients was a member of C Troop. C Troop was annihilated further north. The explanation is Thompson's horse. It had become exhausted and Thompson had joined the beleagured force, which undoubtdly saved his life.

Prior to the 1900's the Congressional Medal of Honor had to be requested by the recipient, rather than more or less nominated for it as today. This is the explanation why none of the older Medals were ever posthumous and why they can be posthumous today.

On June 3rd, 1916, the Congress directed the Secretary of War to appoint a board of five retired general officers for the purpose of "...investigating and reporting upon past awards of issue of the so-called Congressional Medal of Honor... and in any case in which said board shall find and report that said medal was issued for any cause other than distinguished conduct involving actual conflict with an enemy, the name of the recipient of the medal so issued shall be stricken permanently from the official Medal of Honor list..."

However, it does not appear as though Madden, Dwyer, Campbell, Weeks, Slaper or any of the other members of the water details ever applied for the Medal.

Another ambiguity of receiving the Medal at the time was the fact that the above mentioned board struck 911 names from the list. Of these, 864 were from the 27th Maine Infantry. Volunteers from that regiment had been requested to remain in service beyond their expiration of enlistment for "mopping up" operations. It was intended to award Medals of Honor to those who responded but by some unexplained misadventure, Medals were awarded to the entire regiment.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It has been stated that the battle of the Little Big Horn River produced the most Medal of Honor winners for any one single battle. During the Spanish-American War, 52 Medals were awarded to 40 sailors and 12 Marines for a *hostile engagement, not a battle.* The battle of the Little Big Horn River, Montana Territory, 25-26 June, 1876, did produce the most Medal of Honor winners for a single battle.

For personal outstanding heroism, five other men, Sargeant Benjamin C. Criswell of B Troop; Sergeant Richard P. Hanley of C Troop; Private Charles Cunningham of B Troop; Private Henry Holden of D Troop; and Sergeant Thomas Murry of B Troop were awarded a Medal for outstanding heroism.

Sergeant Criswell recovered the body of an officer from within the Indian lines, brought up ammunition and encouraged the men, while in the most exposed conditions and under a most galling fire from the enemy.

Sergeant Hanley recaptured a stampeded mule, loaded with ammunition. He accomplished this feat of bravery *single handed, without orders and from within the Indian lines, under a most galling fire* from the enemy which lasted for a full twenty minutes.

Private Cunningham refused to leave the firing line although wounded in the neck and in an extremely exposed position which drew a *most galling fire from the Indians* upon his position. He fought bravely all day thus exposed.

Private Holden brought up ammunition *under a most galling fire from the Indians.*

Sergeant Murray brought up the pack train and on the second day the rations, both accomplished *under a most galling fire from the Indians.*

How tall is tall? By modern day standards, six feet is a common reference height. Not one of the men mentioned above stood six feet in height; yet, among men, they must stand taller than most. It is not that every man at the battle of the Little Big Horn River was not a hero—it is just that these brave men's deeds stood out among the brave deeds of all men.

Following are a few examples of bravery which were not rewarded and tend to show the extreme bravery of the men who were.

Private Edward Davern of F Troop had a hand-to-hand fight with an Indian. His horse was killed; he shot the Indian dead, caught the Indian's pony and rode it to his command.

Private William George of H Troop was badly shot and suffering terribly. He begged for something to ease the pain. He later died.

Private Patrick M. Golden of D Troop survived the fighting on June 25th. He told a friend that if the Indians come back on the 26th, he would be killled. When the Indians opened the hostilities at dawn on June 26th, the first volley that came into the lines hit Golden in the head and he was killed instantly.

Private Henry Klotzbucher of M Troop was wounded in the initial assault. Mortally wounded, he was dragged into a clump of trees and left with a canteen of water. He was later found dead.

Corporal George Lell of H Troop was fatally wounded on June 26th. Knowing that he was dying he requested to be lifted up to see the men before he died. Held up in a sitting position he died with a smile on his face.

Private Charles Sanders of D Troop sat on the firing line laughing at what poor shots the Indians were because they could not hit him.

Pvt. James Severs of M. Troop chased a loaded pack mule into the Indian lines and returned with it unharmed.

Sergeant Charles White of M Troop, though badly shot through the elbow, gave each wounded man a spoonful of jelly he had in his saddlebags.

It would take volumes to list the brave deeds of all the men who fought in the battle, but from the reports of a few come the following:

Neil Bancroft brought water to the wounded *under a most galling fire*; David Harris and William Harris, not related, voluntarily brought water to the wounded under *a most galling fire from the enemy*; Stanislaus Roy brought water to the wounded at great danger to life and *under a most galling fire* from the enemy. These deeds were performed by such men as Peter Thompson who, after voluntarily bringing water to the wounded, in which effort he was shot through the head, still made two successful trips for the same purpose, notwithstanding remonstrances of his sergeant.

Mike Madden later told Theodore Golden, "Do yez know, me b'y, if it wuz only for hearin' th' sigh av satisfaction av thim poor felleys whin they twishted their lips around th' mouths of thim old canteens, I'm be damn near willin' to go back and give thim a chanst at th' other fut." (Brininstool's *Troopers With Custer* P. 230)

Theodore Golden said thus: "I have often talked with some of the fellows who were in our party, and the sentiment almost unanimously expressed was that we could have done no less than we did and retain our self-respect. In that hospital were wounded comrades—buddies and friends with whom we had fought. They were calling piteously for water, and I feel that any man who wouldn't have taken the chances we did, was unworthy to wear the uniform of a soldier." (Brininstool's *Troopers With Custer* PP 230-231.) ●

YOUR ONE GIFT
THE UNITED WAY
works many wonders

MOVIE & TV PHOTOGRAPHS
Portraits. Pin-ups. Books. Physique Poses. Scenes from movies made last 35 years. Horror – Terzan – Western – Serial Scenes.
Posters available before 1962 18x23 Colored portrait of Tom Mix $4.95.
Rush $1.00 for 100 page catalogue.
STEPHEN SALLY, Dept. 3
Times Square Station, P.O. Box 948, N.Y. 10036

ASTROLOGY FORECAST
Thousands amazed by the unknown *things revealed to people through* ASTROLOGY. If you are not afraid of what you might read, send $1.00 for a PREPARED HOROSCOPE for all persons born under your Zodiac Sign. Send Name, Address, Birth Date and Addressed Stamped Envelope.
CLARE CO., P.O. BOX 4307
MOUNTAIN VIEW, CA. 94040

BUILD CUSTOM CASES AT HOME FOR PROFIT... GET ORDERS BY MAIL!

Here is a spare time or full time Home Business so extensive that you will almost catch your breath when you see it for the first time. Learn how you can make Custom Cases in your home to tap a waiting, rich market—to make yourself financially independent for life. Build cases for salesmen's samples, sound equipment, photo equipment, musical instruments, guns, tools, jewelry—portables of every kind. We supply materials, instructions, everything. No canvassing; No house to house selling; No salesmanship needed: Send for the full story of this amazing opportunity.

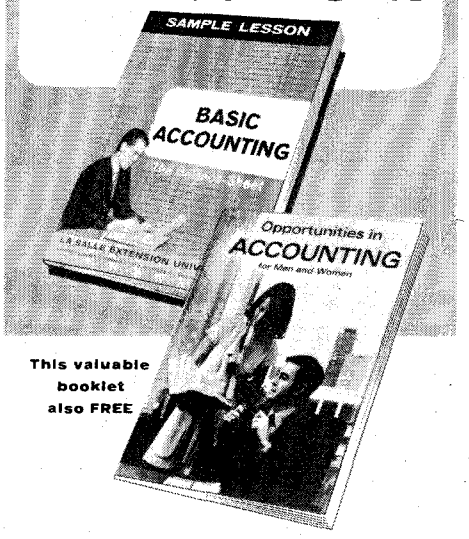
CUSTOM CASE SUPPLY CO., Dept. C-631
6961 Hayvenhurst, Van Nuys, Cal. 91406

BURIAL INSURANCE
PLUS A Cash Estate...
For your loved ones..$5,000 policy to age 70...$2,000 policy to age 80...$1,000 policy to age 85...No salesman will call on you...Money Back Guarantee...For FREE details, write Crown Life of Illinois, 203 North Wabash Ave.,Chicago,Ill., 60601. Dept. 381

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This Free sample lesson may start you on a high-pay career as

ACCOUNTANT, AUDITOR or CPA



This valuable booklet also FREE

The demand for trained accountants often exceeds the supply. Salaries tend to keep going higher. Why remain in a dull job with insufficient pay when you can prepare — *in your spare time* — for the big opportunities offered today by the accounting profession?

To see how you can learn at home, send for the interesting sample lesson which demonstrates the practical LaSalle method of training. This lesson is yours free of cost or obligation. It will show you how you are guided step by step through actual accounting work . . . how you learn by doing . . . how you are prepared for the major accounting tasks you will be called upon to handle in business.

No previous experience required

LaSalle's experienced faculty of CPA-supervised instructors starts you right at the beginning . . . then guides, corrects and grades your work all the way. Instruction even includes preparation for taking the CPA examination in states where students meet full requirements. The cost is low.

For over sixty years, LaSalle has been a leader in business education by mail. It has enrolled more than 2,000,000 ambitious men and women in its many courses. That is why a LaSalle diploma in accounting is a respected credential. Mail coupon today for free sample lesson and booklet. No obligation.

LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY
A Correspondence Institution
417 S. Dearborn Street, Dept. 88-034
Chicago, Illinois 60605

YES, I want, free of cost or obligation your sample accounting lesson and booklet.

Print Name.....Age....

Address.....Apt. No.....

City.....

State.....Zip.....

OOA 3

THE CHIPPEWAS SAVED OUR LIVES

(Continued from page 19)

ucated them in the arts of being gunswifts.

Backed up by Dallas and Cummings, Mayor Dowell became bolder. The two lawdogs began more and more to display their dubious authority. They concentrated only on the Manning clan, always searching for an excuse to gun them down. Evidently Dowell believed that the only way to lure business from the Mannings was to kill them off. Evidence of this reasoning lay in the fact that one day Doc Cummings stepped forward to eliminate Jim Manning. Jim's brothers were absent for some reason or other. I believe the date was sometime in July, 1877.

Cummings brazenly swaggered into the Manning saloon, squared off and called Jim a vile name, inviting him to draw or crawl on his belly out of town. I knew that Jim was just aching for a chance like this, but I had some doubts as to his ability to take Cummings, whom I knew to be a real fast gun. At any rate, Jim Manning jumped at the invitation. There was a blur of hands darting to gun butts. Two six-guns leaped out almost at the same instant. Only the fraction of a second split the timing. Jim beat Cummings to the shot. Cummings' slug went into the ceiling as he dropped to the floor, Manning's bullet in his heart.

El Paso erupted like a volcano. Dowell went hunting Manning. Tom Hale shot Dave Kreneppe of the Manning bunch. Dallas Stoudenmire went hunting the Mannings personally to avenge the killing of Cummings. Bill Campbell, usually drunk, lay in ambush for Stoudenmire. They came together one day in the Acme Saloon where John Selman later killed Wes Hardin. Campbell was no match for Dallas. Stoudenmire killed him. His ego fired by whiskey, Swede Johnson went looking for Dallas. Johnson tried a sneak shot, but missed. Stoudenmire, emerging from a store, promptly placed four slugs in Johnson. He was dead before he hit the ground.

A crowd of the Manning bunch had assembled on the street to watch Johnson polish off Stoudenmire. Many of them were Mexicans one jump ahead of the Rurales. One of the men went for his gun. Enraged, Dallas killed him on the spot, but did not stop there. He charged into the crowd shooting as he went. He killed several, and the rest ran for cover.

Stoudenmire then went hunting Jim Manning. Jim was absent when Dallas entered the Manning joint. But his brother, Doc, was present. He was a small man compared with Dallas, but guns are a great equalizer. Doc was considered a fast gun and if he lacked size he made it up in pure guts. I liked him a lot, for he was generous and inclined many times to be charitable.

Stoudenmire planted himself in the center of the saloon. Doc Manning was tending bar at the time. I'll never forget Stoudenmire's voice. It dripped venom.

"I hear tell you're hell on wheels, Manning!" Dallas ripped out. "Step out an' show me. I ain't convinced you're anything but a two-bit tinhorn. I got your name on a slug. Come an' get it or I'll kill you anyhow!"

Doc barely came around the end of the long bar when Dallas drew. His slug splintered wood as Doc leaped to one side. Before Manning could recover his balance, Stoudenmire was upon him, his gun slammed back into his holster. To the astonishment of everyone, Dallas once again performed like a wrestler. He wanted Doc's blood—on his hands. He tossed Manning over his head and slammed him down on the hard floor, killing him.

Just then Jim Manning entered from the street. Dallas saw him instantly and went for his gun. But Jim already had his six-gun out and was ready for anything. The gun bucked in his hand. A blue hole appeared magically in Stoudenmire's forehead. His body fell across that of Doc Manning, whose neck was broken.

Jim Manning was arrested, but pleaded self defense. The rest of us backed his plea and he was acquitted. It is doubtful if Dallas would have gotten out of the saloon alive, anyhow. He would have been dry-gulched by any one of us.

Texas was beginning to become civilized by now. The Texas Rangers were rapidly becoming a law enforcement agency to be reckoned with. The solid citizens demanded a cleanup and it was not long in coming. The word went out to the lawless: leave Texas or suffer the consequences of ignoring this warning.

My hearing was good; I decided it was time to leave and rode west to Gallup, New Mexico, where I met Pat Garrett. Pat is famous for having killed Billy-the-Kid Bonney—supposedly. I hold that reservation because I have some doubts that Bonney was the man killed by Garrett; it may have been another lad instead. I know I will be crucified for this claim, but on my way to Gallup I paused at a ranch house for grub. Billy was supposed to have been dead, but you can take my word for it that I not only met Billy Bonney at that ranch, but also the notorious New Mexico outlaws, the Horrell Brothers.

Pat Garrett was a pleasant personality. I had no quarrel with him, nor with Billy who was also a fairly decent jasper to talk with. That is, if he was Billy-the-Kid. He was introduced to me as Bill Bonney.

At that time I was pretty low on pocket money. The Horrells invited me to join a cattle roundup. Their idea of a roundup was wholesale cattle rustling, and it

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was my first job at cow punching. I didn't even know how to toss a loop, much less herd cows. Rustling was not in my line and I was happy when we drove our stolen herd into the Hole-In-The-Wall up north. A crooked cattle buyer paid us off. With my cut pocketed I decided the smell of cattle was not for me. My game was Jesse James' game—highway robbery. We unloaded 2000 head of cattle, but the Horrells were money hogs. They took the lion's share of the loot. I didn't argue. All I wanted was to get away from them.

While we are in New Mexico, I'd like to say a few things about Sam Bass. I admired this man immediately, although I never rode with him. I'd met him in San Antonio. I knew his reputation as an outlaw, but he was positively not the kind of a man you'd expect. He had all the gentility of a hard-working farm hand, no swaggering bravado, lacking completely in the latent brutality found in most bad men.

He was wearing spectacles, possibly as a disguise, for he was on the lam then. He was with a desperado I knew for years—Old Dad Underwood, an outlaw of many aliases. He had ridden with the James Gang and if a man ever knew crime and how to teach it, it was Old Dad. When the Bass Gang was smashed at Round Rock, Underwood disappeared as if swallowed by the sky and history has not yet revealed what became of him. I believe I can fill in the gap.

Underwood escaped death in the Round Rock fight and beat it into Illinois. There he established himself as a victim of amnesia, faking insanity near an insane asylum so effectively that he was taken in. There he remained until the heat was off. No one ever thought of looking for him in an asylum! When he felt it was safe for him to be free he eluded the guards and escaped. He then took up an alias and went to California where he died in 1929. Because of his family the alias will not be revealed by me.

While in the Southwest I decided to look in on old Tombstone, Arizona. When I reached that town it had just grown from a piece of desert to a community of some 20,000 wild-eyed, silver-and-gold crazy men. Many of the El Paso bunch had also taken the Texas Rangers' advice and moved on to Arizona. Some of the worst characters of the underworld had flocked into Tombstone, but as wild as it was in its heyday, I doubt if it compared with El Paso in toughness.

It is well known that the town was born when Ed Schieffelin struck it rich in the Dragoons and named his glory hole The Tombstone Mine. The news of the strike spread like wildfire and men poured in by the thousands.

The law had scarcely been established when I rode into Tombstone. But it was there when I departed a few cat-hops ahead of the Law and Order League and Wyatt Earp. While there I naturally, as an outlaw, fraternized with the same breed. Frequently I visited Luke Short's saloon and gambling casino. Also the Orient which I believed was partly owned by Wyatt Earp. I'd met both Earp and Short in Dodge City before they moved to Tombstone. Both were top gun hands, but I think Luke could have taken Wyatt anytime. Wyatt headed up about a dozen Law and Order Leaguers when I was escorted out of town just ahead of them.

I'd been a member of the wild bunch since the first day I rode in. Curly Bill was at the helm of the lawless element at Galeyville. We did most of our carousing at Tombstone. Johnny Ringo, a tall heller of a man and a confirmed boozer, landed soon after I did and nudged Curly off his throne as renegade boss. I did as I was told and kept out of outlaw politics. A feud developed between Ringo and Wyatt Earp and I'm sure Wyatt feared to go against the outlaw, who could shoot rings around any other gunfighter in town at that time, drunk or sober. Earp refused to fight him even when Ringo invited both him and Doc Holliday into the street at the same time. Wyatt never lacked courage, but he was no fool, either.

No need for me to confess why I had to leave the town. Along with a lot of others, I saw the welcome mat pulled out from under me and I was on my way back to Missouri where I'd receive a nice reception from the James outfit.

Tombstone gunmen I knew fairly well were Buckskin Frank Leslie, Russian Bill, Sandy King and Billy Stiles. All were bad. Frank Leslie in my opinion was probably the hottest gun around when I left and I can say it is my belief and conviction that Leslie killed John Ringo to settle a controversy—if it means anything.

The Billy Stiles there was no relation of mine. He had the same name, but was born in Arizona. I was born in New York. Russian Bill and Sandy King ran into a hangnoose party at Lordsburgh for horse stealing, and were hung from the rafters of a hotel dining room.

I lost little time riding back to Missouri after departing from Tombstone. Jesse and Frank James had just returned from a trip to Mexico when I arrived. They had a new outfit banded together and the plans were to pull off what was afterward referred to as the Glendale Raid. Among the new members of the gang were Jim Cummings, Ed Miller, Wood Hite, Bill Ryan, Basham, Dick Liddil, myself and one other man. From then on until Jesse was shot and killed by Bob Ford I remained with the gang. Life with the James boys was tame compared with that of old El Paso. Needless to say I was mighty pleased to be back in civilization! ●

fight birth defects / JOIN MARCH OF DIMES

MINI-PERSONAL ALARM!

Blasts loud shriek by compressed air when operated . . Good for 20-25 alarms . . Beautifully made with gold-tone finish . . Perfume atomizer size . . Great for pocket or purse . . Packaged in window-type carton . . Mail $2.00 for sample or $19.50 for ppd. dozen.

GIL-MAR ENTERPRISES, INC.
P.O. Box 395, Dept. W-MPA-72 Miami Shores, Fla. 33153

AUTHORS WANTED BY NEW YORK PUBLISHER

Leading book publisher seeks manuscripts of all types: fiction, non-fiction, poetry, scholarly and juvenile works, etc. New authors welcomed. For complete information, send for booklet WG. It's free Vantage Press, 516 West 34th Street, New York.

ASTROLOGY

FORECAST. MAIL $1.00 FOR YOUR SPECIAL HOROSCOPE. SEND NAME, ADDRESS, BIRTHDATE STAMPED ENVELOPE TO: ZORO, TW P.O. Box 24739 SAN JOSE, CALIF. 95154

GOLD & SILVER

LOCATE FROM A LONG DISTANCE AWAY WITH MY SENSITIVE DIRECTIONAL LOCATOR

Send for my FREE INFORMATIVE PAMPHLET and read about this remarkable device.

CARL ANDERSON
P. O. BOX 13441
TAMPA, FLORIDA 33611

DETECTIVE TRAINING

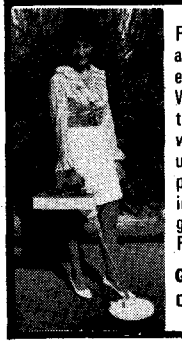
Easy home study course prepares men and women for the exciting and rewarding investigation profession. SEND NOW FOR FREE DETAILS about course, lapel pin and diploma. No salesman will call. G.I. Approved for veterans training.

UNIVERSAL DETECTIVES Extension Training Div.
Dept. GW, Box 8180, Universal City, Calif. 91608

Poems Needed FOR SONGS & RECORDS

PUBLISHING CONTRACT guaranteed on selected material. Send your best poems or songs for FREE evaluation to: HOLLYWOOD SONGWRITERS SERVICE, Dept. H-15 6253 Hollywood Blvd., Suite 1117, Hollywood, Calif. 90028 (Corner Hollywood & Vine)

$$TREASURE$$



Find buried gold, silver, jewelry, and coins with revolutionary patented analytical metal detector. Will differentiate tin cans, pop top lids, nails, bottle caps, gum wrappers from treasure. Saves unnecessary digging. Also has push button and automatic tuning, negligible ground pickup, greatest detection range, etc. Free catalog.

GARDINER ELECTRONICS CO.
Dept. 12, 4729 No. 7th Avenue
Phoenix, Arizona 85013

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RIVER FULL OF WHISKEY

(Continued from page 15)

steamship, and they had to be burned. Watie was determined that this sort of thing would never happen to his command again.

General Gano's official report of the battle at the hay camp was recorded thusly:

"I sent Lieutenant-Colonel Welch to the right with a column composed of the Twenty-Ninth and Thirty-First Texas Cavalry (De Morse's and Hardeman's), while General Watie conducted the Indian column to the left; I carried forward the center, with Howell's battery supported by Martin's regiment, the Gano Guards, and Head's and Glass' detachment of companies. I could distinctly see Captain Strayhorn formed in the enemy's rear.

"The clouds looked somber, and the V-shaped procession looked grand as we moved forward in the work of death. Then commenced a running fight with the enemy's cavalry, while with the center I moved down and engaged their infantry. I sent Major Stockpole with a captured Federal lieutenant under flag of truce to demand surrender, but they fired upon my flag and then commenced the work of death in earnest.

"The sun witnessed our complete success, and its last lingering rays rested upon a field of blood. Seventy-three Federals, mostly Negroes, lay upon the field.

"We captured 85 prisoners, and left five badly wounded. We captured and destroyed their camps and stores with large quantities of hay. Our loss was three men wounded."

From some of the prisoners taken at the hay-camp it was learned that a large Federal wagon-train of supplies was expected within a few days. In the meantime, the commander of the escort accompanying the train had learned of the presence of Confederate troops in the area. The escort commander, Major Hopkins, hastened on toward Cabin creek, where there was a stockade post guarded by 170 Cherokee soldiers of the Second Indian Home Guard. With a detachment of 140 other home guards, Hopkins had a total of 610 men for the defense of the train.

After the skirmish at the hay camp, the Confederate forces moved northward to Wolf Creek, where they encamped. Leaving Watie in camp, Gano, with 400 men and two pieces of artillery made a foray toward Cabin creek, searching for the enemy. At Cabin Creek, Gano found the enemy encamped with the train of supplies. According to Gano's scouts, there were 225 wagons, an immense herd of mules, and supporting troops. Gano's troops were still undetected when he dispatched a courier to Watie to bring up the rest of the men and the other four pieces of artillery.

It was near midnight when Watie arrived with the remainder of the troops, and Gano elected to immediately attack. When the Rebels had advanced to within 500 yards of the Federal train, they halted as an officer from the camp advanced to meet them.

The Federal officer was Captain Cosgrove, and when he was in shouting distance of the Rebs, he sang out.

"Who are you?" shouted the Confederates.

"Federals," Cosgrove replied. "Who are you?"

"Rebels, by God. Who is your commander?"

"A Federal. Who is yours?"

"Will you recognize a flag of truce?" called the Confederates.

"I'll let you know in five minutes," returned Cosgrove.

Gano's troops waited fifteen minutes, and then hearing wagons moving in the darkness, the order was given to attack. It was near three o'clock in the morning, as the Gray line charged with a wild Rebel yell. The picket guards of the defenders were quickly driven back to the protection of the stockade. Within minutes the entire line had engaged the enemy.

Both sides opened up with artillery, and soon there was a melee of bawling, bellowing frightened animals. The screams of the demoralized teamsters rent the air. Wagons collided in the darkness, and the snapping of wagon-tongues, and the crunching of breaking wheels added to the cacophony of sounds. Teamsters and wagon-masters, mounted upon mules from wagon teams, beat a hasty retreat in the direction of Fort Scott, making it impossible to move any of the wagons to the rear. As soon as the Federals were thoroughly demoralized, Gano and Watie withdrew their troops a short distance.

After again requesting a surrender, and again being refused, as dawn was breaking the Confederate troops again launched their attack. Moving his artillery, as in a deadly game of chess, Gano and Watie held the Federals under a murderous crossfire as they poured a devastating shelling onto the stockade defenders.

As Gano wrote, "Crash after crash of shell swept Yankees, Negroes, Pins and mules away from the land of the living, while every regiment poured in volley after volley, and the brave Indians having been replenished with ammunition, came again to the work, and all with a loud shout rushed on to victory, driving the enemy beyond their fortifications, from where they fled in wild confusion to the densely timbered bottoms."

By nine o'clock the battlefield belonged wholly to the Confederates. The broken wagons were burned, and the crippled mules were shot. 130 wagons and 740 mules were captured. The retiring Federal escort took a tremendous loss in killed, wounded and captured. Not taking time to inspect their booty, the Rebels began an immediate withdrawal.

A Federal detachment under the command of Colonel J. M. Williams, consisting entirely of infantry and artillery, arrived on the scene of the disaster after a forced march of eighty miles in forty-eight hours. Overtaking the Confederates' rear guard, the Federals opened fire on the Rebels. The battle continued until nightfall, after which the Confederates with the captured train managed to withdraw.

Fighting a rear-guard action they made all possible haste toward the Arkansas River. For three days and nights the troops were without sleep, except that which they took while in the saddle, or at the water holes.

The Confederates retired by a circuitous route, crossing the Verdigris at Claremore Mound (Sageeyah), the Arkansas at Tulsey Town, and the Canadian at Eufaula. They did not stop until they reached Hillabee, deep in the Creek Nation.

It was as they reached the Verdigris River that some of the cavalrymen, who were temporarily mule-skinners, learned that some of the wagons were hauling barrels of good Kentucky whiskey. When Watie caught up with his troops he found that a number of them had been sampling the captured Federal contraband. Since Watie knew, from experience, that the Federals would be doing all that was within their power to re-capture the train, he did not want a bunch of drunks on his hands if he had to fight. It was then that he ordered the three wagon loads of whiskey dumped into the Verdigris River.

When the Rebels finally reached a place of safety, according to Watie's official report, they had been out 16 days, marched 400 miles, killed 97, captured more than 100, burned 13,000 tons of hay, and captured or destroyed more than one and one-half million dollars worth of Federal property. Almost one-third of this amount was returned to the Confederate lines. There was enough clothing to outfit about 2,000 Confederate soldiers. Many of them procured new rifles. There was more food than most of the Rebels had seen in six months.

Although they were flushed with victory, and warm and well-fed for the first time in months, any one of those Rebels in Watie's group would gladly have traded his new uniform for a gallon jug of that good Kentucky whiskey. That whiskey that was dumped in the Verdigris River, as strong men wept. ●

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JIM BECKWOURTH

(Continued from page 13)

for the administration of his own mountain man brand of justice.

Following the safe delivery of the Coolbrith and several other wagon trains to Marysville, California via the Beckwourth Pass, Jim hired out as a courier from Monterey to various points northward, including the Mission San Miguel, which was in charge of a Mr. Reed, a kindly Englishman who had befriended him on many occasions.

That Jim returned the affection is proven by the fact that he always stopped there at nightfall when possible to visit with Reed and his delightful family.

Still in the tenderfoot or greenhorn stage of frontier existence, Reed was a tolerant, trusting gentleman of mild emotions and zealous hospitality.

On this particular evening, Jim arrived at the Mission at dusk, received no answer to his gunbutt knock and shoved his way inside. William T. Talbitzer, historian, author and newspaper correspondent of Oroville, wrote a report of what Beckwourth found inside.

Reed lay dead on the floor of the kitchen, in a pool of his own blood. Further search revealed Mrs. Reed dead in a passageway. In another room he found the body of her domestic, an Indian woman, her throat cut.

Jim was about to enter another room when instinct halted him. His sharp ears heard muffled breathing and he scented strong tobacco which the Reeds did not use. His senses, sharpened by years on the fur trails and Indian warpaths, told him the killers were hiding in the room with pistols aimed at the door. He realized he would be a dead man the moment he opened it. His six-four hulk with moccasined feet made no sound as he backed away. How many men were in the room he did not know. There could have been one or a score. He had seen no horses outside, but guessed they were hidden in the scrub oak thickets behind the mission.

Outside he cat-footed his horse some distance away before mounting, then cut stick for the Denny Ranch, a distance of 24 miles. There he enlisted the help of Mexican vaqueros and Indian hands and returned at once to the mission.

Altogether they found 11 bodies throughout the building, including the entire Reed family brood of several children, and Mission Indians. An attempt had been made to burn the building, but the fire had guttered out, leaving the grisly evidence of a wanton massacre.

Jim knew Reed had little money, that he was a remittance man living on a small allowance from home in England. He interspersed his investigation of the crime with an occasional gusty "Wagh!" and all the while his latent, savage temper was mounting.

There were many signs that he could read. Closets had been rifled, chests overturned in a methodical search for money. A dragging spur rowel here, the scuff of an iron boot-heel there, told Jim Beckwourth white men had committed the crime.

It was difficult to number the killers involved. A half dozen glass tumblers sat on the kitchen table, the dregs of a wine-drinking bout still moist in their bottoms. The empty bottles indicated at least ten men were involved. In a corner he found a silver spangle accidentally ripped from a man's *pantalones*. He came to one conclusion—Mexicans!

Dawn was tinting the skies like a crimson halo over the Sierras when the burials were completed. Dividing his companions into groups, Jim set out with five vaqueros. The trail was picked up behind the mission. Jim Beckwourth reverted to Indian cunning. (As a tracker and scout, Fremont once remarked, Beckwourth was without peer.) Finally he came upon a group of men in breakfast camp, fourteen in all. Six were Mexicans, two Indians, one breed and five were gringos. All, he summed up, the scum of the gold diggings.

Leaving his companions hidden in a thicket, he strode boldly into the camp. His piercing black eyes flicked on every detail of the group. The bay horse just beyond had belonged to Reed. The Mexican leaning over the fire had lost a spangle from his ornate *pantalones*. There were blood stains on the vest of the tall, cadaverous white man who remained aloof from the others. Jim chose him as the leader. Records identify him as a man known only as Dempsey. But it was all Jim Beckwourth needed.

At a signal, his men in the thicket opened fire. With a hair-raising war cry Jim snatched out his knife and leaped at Dempsey. That worthy's gun was scarcely out of its pouch when Jim's butcher knife opened his throat. Caught in the fire of the hidden riflemen, the renegades fell like tenpins around Beckwourth as he hurled himself at the remaining whites. His curdling war whoops quivered among the trees, over-awing his adversaries. The slashing blade cut them to ribbons. The others threw down their guns. All were badly wounded or dead.

Beckwourth had taken it for granted that all in the camp had participated in the Reed massacre. However, there are conflicting reports, and repercussions followed.

One of the wounded confessed that while the gang had robbed and killed the Reeds for a $1,000 poke of dust a miner had left with them for safe keeping, not all had participated. Rumors began circulating that murder charges were to be filed against Beckwourth in San Luis Obispo.

He had gotten his revenge, killing seven of the fourteen raiders himself, taking the law into his own hands. Of course, he had misgivings, realizing that in his fury he could have killed innocent men. For once Jim Beckwourth was worried. He faced a murder rap that could have meant hanging. Without waiting to find out he cut stick for the tall mountains, avoiding even his own Pass. Wagon trains were pouring over it to its terminus in Marysville. He had no desire to be seen—or tracked. Once more he was in his own element, the mountainous wilderness.

Game was plentiful. His diet consisted of venison liver and the succulent beaver tail stew, Indian onions and wild tubers. Then one night as he lay in his blanket on the eastern slopes of the Sierras he awoke with severe abdominal pains. For once in his life he knew he was a very sick man. He became half-crazed, insensible to realities, forgetting even his mount and pack animal.

On hands and knees he crawled down the mountains, emerging on the bank of the Truckee River in Nevada, where he collapsed. A small train of 17 wagons subsequently entered into a nearby meadow and made camp, at what is known today as Glendale Bridge. Scouting for the train was Peg-leg Smith. Rousting up firewood, the grizzled mountain man stumbled on his old friend, Beckwourth, more dead than alive, lying half in and half out of the cooling river. His lusty "Wagh" brought help from the others.

Soon Jim Beckwourth was in the hands of competent pioneer women. Said Smith tersely: "Tha'r he w'ar, actin' like a prairie dawg that'd jist swallered a live scorpion! Ye kin take my ha'r fer prime plew iffen it ain't ol' Jim Beckwourth, ailin' like a dawg a-coughin' up fish bones! Ol' Jim is ailin' mighty hard, folks."

Jim Beckwourth was down with the scourge of the fur trails—*erysipelas*. The kindly women went to work on him, and Smith came up with Indian remedies from the wilderness. Anxious to be on their way west for California, some of the men in the train grew ugly at the delay "whilst them fool wimmen fuss over a run uh the mill nigger."

Peg-leg's Hawken rifle butt knocked out a few teeth. Nigger, hell! This man was Jim Beckwourth, one of his closest friends, worth a hundred such goddamned outfits like this fleabag train! Moreover, said train was froze in its tracks till he recovered—or counted coup with the devil himself! Smith's ultimatum stuck. Without his knowledge of the Sierras the train couldn't move an inch. Beckwourth raved for a week "like a

(Continued on page 48)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JIM BECKWOURTH

(Continued from page 47)

prairie dog that had swallowed a live scorpion" then suddenly emerged from darkness.

His black eyes centered on Peg-Leg Smith whom he hadn't seen in years. Then he was on his feet with a bounding leap, the pair bear-hugging, shouting greetings mixed with appropriate profanity until the Truckee resounded with their "Waghs" and thunderous shouts of glee.

"I smell vittles!" Beckwourth roared. "My belly is so empty my gall stones is rattlin'! I'm honin' fer a go at buffler tripe an' snatch me bald iffen that ain't what I smell!"

It was, from a barrel of brine. All knew Jim Beckwourth was ready for the trail. No time was lost. He would have it no other way than to lead the 17 wagons to the entrance of Beckwourth Pass and from there on the party was on its own.

Smith tracked down his saddle mount and pack animal where, in his illness, Beckwourth had abandoned them in a tight little meadow lush with sweet mountain grasses. As for Beckwourth, California was too hot for him now. He yearned for other climes, remarking to Peg-Leg: "Prime plew, a pretty gal an' a few pesos tuh jingle is salve fer any man's fixin's."

Smith gave him a jug of Snake Head whiskey, then took the little train to Marysville.

Jim might have had a moment of loneliness, as regards the female sex. It is on record that he had several Indian wives. Some of his offspring were Crow warriors. It is known he had a number of other bouts with domesticity, specifically Senorita Luisa Sandville, whom he actually wed at Taos, New Mexico, at the age of 43.

He tried business and it palled on him. Living in a house with windows and doors was beyond his capacity. He remarked it was like living in a pine board box, six feet underground. Discouraged at his inability to adapt himself to civilization, he packed his *possibles* on his saddle cantle and moved on.

At the junction of Fountain Creek and the Arkansas, he made camp which was to become what is known as Pueblo, Colorado, today. While taking beaver plew he did not know that untold wealth in rich coal lay everywhere around him.

In 1842 he hunted meat for Bent's Fort. His next stop was the *Cache la Poudre*, which adjoins Greeley now. There he traded with the St. Vrain brothers and again met John C. Fremont. Fremont promptly invited him to join his party as guide and scout, along with Kit Carson and Lucien Maxwell. Fremont of South Carolina drew no color lines here. His diary mentions that Jim Beckwourth "mixed a fine julep from wild mint."

It was inevitable that Jim and his wife, the Senora Luisa, were destined to formal and complete separation because of his failure to domesticate. It was just not in the cards for Jim Beckwourth to be a family man. The mountains and prairies always beckoned, and what lay beyond was an irresistible lure. Although a deeply sensitive man, he must have had little misgiving over the marital wreckage, for he headed once again toward the Crow Nation.

Once more he became Bloody Arm, chief of the Crows. Some historians claim it was a self-imposed title, that he was merely a sub-chief. The fact remains that he took up with a Blackfeet girl named Pine Leaf, then led the Crows in a tribal war against her people, the Cheyennes and the Sioux. He was usually seen in the company of Long Hair, who succeeded Rotten Belly, recognized Crow chief, and the co-chief title is possibly true.

The tribal wars decimated many of the opposing factions and Jim turned his attention to the crooked traders who were endeavoring to sustain the feuds at great profit to themselves with guns, powder and ball—and worst of all, whiskey. While he loved his bottle or jug, he despised the traders for the way they cheated his red brothers. He knew what the white man's poison did to them and what they would do to obtain it.

They would murder their own children for one gallon of trade whiskey watered down with four gallons of sometimes foully contaminated water.

Five barrels of whiskey made 1600 pints of trade stuff. For each pint the trader charged one buffalo robe valued at five dollars on the market. That amounted to a profit of $6,000 for sixty gallons of whiskey containing devastating quantities of methyl alcohol, or wood spirits.

Beckwourth sought out the most vicious of the traders doing business with the Crows and summarily shot them to death. Not a crusader by any stretch of the imagination, he made it known that trading whiskey to the Crows would result in swift retaliation. As the ultimatum spread, the whiskey trade all but vanished in the Crow Nation, resulting in longer periods of peace with the neighboring tribes.

But the traders were not the kind to accept Beckwourth's ultimatum lying down. By now the Crows were traded practically out of their pants. Not adverse to making a profit himself at times, Jim saw them shivering in their tepees, having traded away their robes and blankets for rotgut booze following a slow, almost unproductive buffalo hunting season.

He made a trip to the trading post at Pueblo and returned with a pack train laden with blankets. These he distributed among the Crows with the understanding they would be paid for in buffalo robes after the next season's hunt.

There is no record of the traders contaminating the blankets, but it was more than coincidence that a smallpox epidemic then struck the Crows and the other Nations with such devastating effect that 17,200 redskins bit the dust. Some figures rise as high as 150,000, including Crows, Mandans, Sioux, Blackfeet, Assiniboins, Arikares and Minnetarees. And to Jim Beckwourth went the blame.

It also altered the balance of power among the Indians and introduced such warriors as Crazy Horse, Sitting Bull, Red Cloud, Tall Bull, Gall, Dull Knife and a host of others who were to become the bulwark of opposition to white expansion into the west.

Some historians disagree as to the degree, or even the label, of guilt. What was his motivation? Would he act with inhuman viciousness for no reason?

Some claim that elements of tribes he had helped the Crows defeat had somehow infected the blankets in revenge. Others claimed that certain mountain men of the fur trails, with a grudge against Beckwourth, had engineered the murderous slaughter to place the blame upon him.

It is believed the truth of the matter lay in the hands of the disenchanted traders. As far as is known the incident has never been settled, one way or the other, but the effect is of record. Burial platforms sprang up over the prairies like fast-growing weeds. The lament of surviving squaws was like the low moan of the wind over the land with its smell of death.

Jim Beckwourth moved on once more. It was that or having his scalp dangling from a stick over a smoke fire. He could not buck the entire Indian Nation, and he cut stick for California once again. Now it was United States soil and Jim swore off horse stealing.

Where it had once been virtually safe to raid the ranchos of the *Californios*, American justice now applied.

The Gold Rush was in full swing; California had gone crazy with the gold fever. But Jim felt there were easier ways of making a living than hardscrabbling for the elusive will-o-the-wisp. He landed in Sonora and went into the saloon and apparel business.

One of his customers was none other than Joaquin Murietta, who was to become California's bloodiest bandit. Murietta had just arrived and had set up the Blue Tent Gambling Cantina. The town was bursting at the seams with gold seekers, tinhorns, prostitutes, freighters and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the riffraff of the globe.

By now the years were laying a frosty tint to his black hair. He felt the pangs of arthritis striking at the joints of his gnarled hands. The strong, whang-leather legs that had once carried him up a mountainside at a steady lope now dragged a little.

His blacksmith's dentures hurt when he bit into strips of venison jerky. He had to forego that for the softer beaver tail stews. Buffalo tripe was not available here in the Sierras, and he considered it too rubbery now, anyhow.

The winter of 1854-55 was the worst he had ever experienced. Many men struck his door with fingers and toes black from frost-bite, ears that virtually sloughed off the heads, noses bulbous and covered with hoar frost. He helped them all, and buried many on the hillside above the cabin in the spring when the ground had thawed and the cadavers could be removed from the melting snow pack.

The hard winter and the creak of his bones decided for him. Again he packed up his *possibles* and cut stick, this time heading out for New Mexico where he thawed out in the warm, comforting sun of Santa Fe and Taos.

Much of his movement then is cloaked in mystery. Especially his trips to St. Louis in 1857 and 1858. A gap exists between those dates and 1859, when he rode into Denver. Perhaps he was engaged in another courtship, for in 1860 another lady abruptly appeared in his life—Miss Elizabeth Lettbetter, whom he married; but again domesticity palled on him.

He went off once more to the beaver streams along the South Platte. (Nothing is known of Elizabeth's reactions.) He returned to Denver in 1864 and was on the receiving end of an insult from a gun-slinging tough named Nigger Bill. Beckwourth had no qualms about promptly killing the man. The Denver Press reported his acquittal on a self-defense plea.

At sixty-six Jim Beckwourth was still a "man to conjure with." He had scarcely unpacked his *possibles* when he loaded them once again on his pack animal and rode away into the buffalo-wallowed Wind River Country.

He never returned. There remain conflicting reports. One has it he died in the saddle of old age. Another claims that his old friends, the Crows, had poisoned him to avenge the epidemic they believed he had visited upon them. No thanks is mentioned for the many blankets he gave them—*to save their lives.*

Still another report has it that enemies among the traders murdered him. One fact remains, the many burial platforms and their dead have long since gone to dust, even as Jim Beckwourth himself. It may never be known just how or when the final curtain dropped for him. ●

CONTRACEPTIVES FOR MEN Privately By Mail

Whether you live in a big city with its crowded drugstores, or in a small town where people know each other so well, obtaining male contraceptives without embarrassment can be a problem.

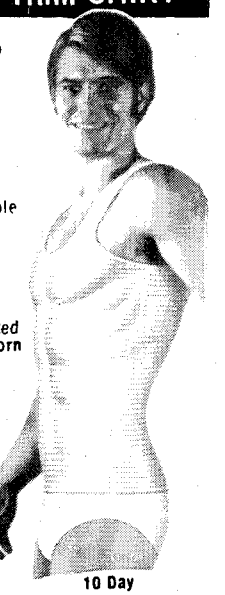
Now, Population Planning Associates has solved the problem... by offering reliable, famous-brand male contraceptives through the privacy of the mail. Popular brands like Trojan and Sultan. The exciting pre-shaped Conture. The supremely sensitive Prime. And many more. All are electronically tested and meet rigorous government standards of reliability.

We'll be glad to send you our free illustrated brochure which describes the products and services that we have been bringing to 40,000 regular customers for nearly two years. Or send just $3 for a sampler pack of a dozen contraceptives – three each of four leading brands – plus our brochure. Money back if not delighted!

For free brochure or $3 sampler mailed in plain package, write:

Population Planning Associates, Dept. WGW-2
105 No. Columbia, Chapel Hill, N.C. 27514

SLIM INCHES AWAY IN THE AMAZING NEW BODY TAPER-TRIM SHIRT

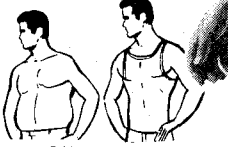


Puts power in your sex appeal as it reshapes you to more manly "tapered" proportions!

- SMOOTHES TORSO
- BUILDS CHEST
- STRAIGHTENS BACK
- SLIMS ABDOMEN
- CINCHES WAIST
- FLATTENS BULGES

Extra-light, extra-comfortable long line undershirt puts power net LYCRA SPANDEX & NYLON to work providing firm, smooth control from chest to lower abdomen. Smoothes out bulges and trims you with unprecedented built-in slimming-power. Worn as an undershirt, it works to keep you in shape. Completely machine washable. White only.

INSTANTLY HOLDS STOMACH IN! $7.99



FROM THIS ... TO THIS ...

10 Day MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
Purchase Price Refundable if not 100% Satisfied.

R. S. SALES, Dept. 8619
6311 Yucca St., Hollywood, Calif. 90028

My chest is _____ inches. (Exhale & measure chest.)
SIZES: ☐ S (34-36), ☐ Med. (38-40), ☐ Lg. (42-44), ☐ XL (46-48), ☐ 2X (50-52) Add 50c per order postage & handling. Total Enclosed $ _____ Calif. residents add 5% tax. For COD enclose $2.00 deposit.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

PROFESSIONAL SOLID BRONZE $3.95 each BADGES

#203 A Private International Investigator – $3.95

#203 B Private Detective $3.95

#203 C – Official Press Photographer – $3.95

#303 A – Special Investigator – $3.95

#303 B – Special Agent Solid bronze – $3.95

#250 Deputy Sheriff "Law Man" 6-point star. $3.95

#403 – Professional Investigator – $3.95

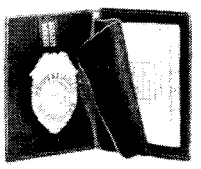
#603 A – Special Officer – $3.95

#603 B – Security Officer – $3.95

Now available — the same professional badges used by investigators and detectives all over the world. Not toys, gags—but the real thing to display with pride!

FREE with orders ONLY... Catalog of Police & Detective Equipment

#450 Genuine Leather Case
Flash your badge in an official manner; Vinyl I.D. window. Slack strap.
$3.00



PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY
Send payment with order; we pay postage.
POLICE EQUIPMENT CO., Dept. 0000
7471 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90046

Police Equipment Co., Dept. 8619
7471 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. 90046.

Send payment with order. We pay postage. No C.O.D.s.

☐ Send Style #_____ @ $3.95
☐ Send Style #_____ @ $3.95
☐ Send Style #450 Case @ $3.00

I enclose $_____
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DEATH OF A BRAVE MAN

(Continued from page 41)

Crawford protested to Crook, who in turn protested to the Secretary of War; but here the matter ended, for the Secretary of War refused to support his general. Ford took advantage of the Secretary's attitude to appoint his own police force at San Carlos. Crawford and Crook protested; but when the Secretary of War again ignored them, the captain asked to be relieved at San Carlos. General Crook granted his request.

At the time Crawford left San Carlos, peace reigned over the Arizona Territory. Thanks to General Crook's program, which the captain had worked so diligently to carry out, the Apaches had not committed a single hostile act for two years. Within a few months of Crawford's departure, all of this had changed. Civic action had to be abandned in favor of the more violent forms of "pacification," for Geronimo soon lost faith in the white man's promises and again fled the reservation.

Once free of the reservation, Geronimo and his savages burned their way through Arizona and New Mexico, leaving a trail of desolation and terror behind them, then crossed the border into Mexico. Here, among the mountains of the Sierra Madres, the Apaches had a safe haven, as well as an excellent base for raids against ranches in either Mexico or the United States.

Common fear of the murderous renegades led to a treaty between Mexico and the United States that allowed American forces to pursue the hostiles south of the border. The Mexicans, however, prohibited the establishment of foreign supply bases on their soil, and as a result all food, ammunition, and equipment had to be carried in with the troops, either in wagons or on pack mules.

During the summer of 1885, a two-pronged assault by American cavalry units swept the northern and southern flanks of the Sierra Madre Mountains. This pincer movement, unfortunately, resulted in the capture of nothing more than a few squaws and papooses. By fall, the Americans had exhausted their supplies and worn out their horses. They had no choice but to return to their Arizona bases.

At this point Crawford, who had participated in the frustrating summer campaign, offered to use his Apache Scouts to track down the renegades. The Army Apaches, blood brothers to Geronimo's savage marauders, had served as scouts on earlier campaigns. Crawford now wanted to use them as ordinary cavalrymen.

Since the troopers seldom could keep up with the Indian scouts, Crawford became convinced that regular troops were a burden rather than an aid in this irregular hit-and-run warfare.

Only the Apache Scouts possessed the endurance necessary for a prolonged pursuit, the craftiness needed to surprise the hostiles in their mountainous redoubt, and the innate ferocity to defeat Geronimo's renegades.

Convinced that his opinion of the Apache Scouts was correct, Crawford moved quickly to create a special counter-guerrilla force. At Fort Bowie, Arizona, he enlisted 100 Indians, mostly White Mountain and Chiricahua Apaches. On November 7, 1885 they were entered upon the Army's muster rolls as the 2d Battalion, Indian Scouts.

Crawford divided the unit into two companies of fifty Indians each and placed a cavalry officer and a civilan chief of scouts in charge of each company. The chief of scouts rode herd on the semi-civilized soldiers. His main problem was the issuing of rations; for he had to supervise personally the daily distribution of food lest the Indians devour several days' rations at one sitting. On the other hand, there was no problem about supplying proper uniforms, since the only item of issue that the Apache Scouts wore was a faded blue blouse.

To round out his special striking force, Crawford had two pack trains, each consisting of 25 civilian packers and 50 pack mules. These pack trains would follow in the path of the battalion, available at any time to provide food, ammunition, and supplies whenever the far-ranging scouts ran short.

On the night of November 29, 1885, Crawford led his scouts out of Fort Bowie toward the Dragoon Mountains, where a band of hostiles had recently been reported. The scouts, however, failed to cut the renegades' trail, so Crawford turned southward, crossing the border into Sonora.

Once on Mexican soil, the Apache Scouts became doubly alert, for the Mexicans paid in silver for Apache scalps and asked no questions about how the scalp had been obtained. From now on, a wary eye was kept open for hostile Indians and Mexicans, as well.

Late in December Crawford and his men pushed on into the rugged foothills of the Sierra Madres. About twenty miles south of the small Mexican village of Nacori, the command halted and camped, while a small party explored on foot the nearby mountains. When no hostile signs were observed, Crawford decided to leave the pack trains behind and on January 3, 1886, he struck out for the higher and rougher country near the forks of the Yaqui River, where the local Mexicans had reported that Geronimo's main camp was located. Only a few of the most hardy mules, loaded with a twelve-day supply of rations, would tag along behind the battalion.

For 48 sleepless hours Crawford's dismounted scouts hustled along the fresh trail in hopes of surprising the renegades in their main camp. Fighting their way through thorny undergrowth that caught and ripped at their clothes, they clawed their way over the jagged mountains.

Night at these high altitudes caused the men to suffer bitterly from the cold as they stumbled along, but not once did they lose the trail. Exhausted, their clothes in shreds, the men of the battalion heard the welcome news that the lead scouts had ferreted out Geronim's camp.

It was dusk on the 9th of January before Crawford learned the precise location of the enemy, but he decided to attack immediately. His scouts had been without sleep for over two days and unfed since that morning, but he had the utmost faith in their fortitude and resiliency.

His faith was not misplaced. With the first rays of dawn, Crawford led a surprise assault that completely panicked and routed the foe. During the afternoon, a squaw arrived bearing a request for a truce, to be followed by a parley the next day. Crawford quickly granted Geronimo's request and the tension

Enlisted men of the 3rd Cavalry pose with members of Captain Crawford's Apache Scouts. National Archives

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

among his scouts immediately relaxed. The famished men butchered some captured ponies and then gorged themselves on the roasted meat until, satiated, they fell into an exhausted sleep.

Captain Crawford's thoughts were exuberant that night as he dropped off to sleep. Like his scouts, he knew the working of the Apache mind well enough not to fear a treacherous attack in the dark; but, more than that, he sensed that the hostiles were willing to surrender, thus ending the bitter campaign.

Dawn on the 11th still found the men of the battalion tightly rolled up in their blankets. Suddenly rifles barked rapidly, and bullets gouged at the ground amid the sleeping men. The scouts piled out of their bedrolls and grabbed their weapons. A quick glance identified the attackers as Mexicans.

Some 150 bounty hunters, underestimating the real size of the American force, had struck treacherously in hopes of easily overwhelming the Apache Scouts and getting rich from the sale of their scalps.

Hoping to end this senseless slaughter, Captain Crawford clambered atop a huge boulder, stood in plain view of the attackers, and shouted, "Americano soldiero." At the same time, he motioned to his men to cease fire. For a brief time, all was silent. Then a Mexican raised his rifle and sent a .50 caliber Remington slug into the officer's brain, fatally wounding him. The enraged scouts renewed their fire with fiery vengeance, and within two hours Apache marksmanship had proved too deadly for the Mexicans, who broke off the action.

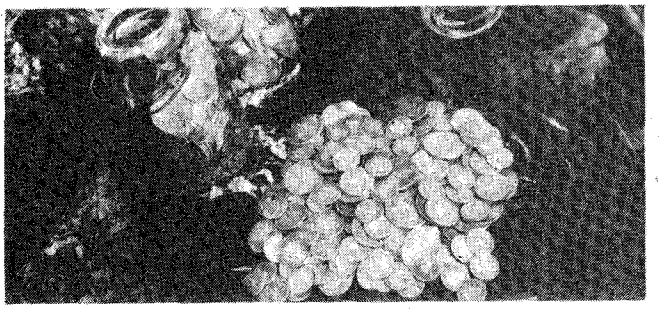
Despite this tragic turn of events, Geronimo's Apaches still came in for a parley with the two surviving cavalry officers. The result was an agreement for the Apaches to meet General Crook in six weeks time near the border, a promise which they kept. Following this surrender, however, while the toopers were escorting the renegades to a reservation, Geronimo and a small band of die-hards escaped and returned to the warpath. In the fall, when these hold-outs were finally captured and shipped to Florida, the Apache Wars were ended.

Crawford's brilliant use of the Apache Scouts as a special counter-guerrilla force to ferret out and defeat Geronimo's renegades won him the admiration of the Southwest settlers and a lasting place in the military history of the United States; but equally as valuable were his efforts to better the lot of the Indians and to convince them that their future was bound up with the future of the United States.

In the very best tradition of the military Captain Emmet Crawford was a brave and fearless fighting man; and in the most incandescent meaning which can be imparted to words, he was indeed a scholar and a gentleman. ●

GOLD & SILVER

LOCATE IT FROM A LONG DISTANCE



With the SPANISH DIP NEEDLE, Gold and Silver treasure or ore deposits can be detected and traced from a long distance away. Many successful users report picking it up from over a mile away. This instrument is no Johnny-Come-Lately. This is the same device which the Spanish used in the 17th and 18th centuries to find and mine out the richest gold and silver deposits throughout our Southwest and Mexico. They had no modern electronic detectors, yet they were remarkably successful in finding the the most productive areas.

Send for my FREE INFORMATIVE PAMPHLET and read about this remarkable device.

CARL ANDERSON, P. O. Box 13441, Tampa, Florida 33611

$31,000.00 IN CASH PRIZES!

$16,000.00 FIRST PRIZE

JUST SOLVE OUR SIMPLE PUZZLES AND YOU MAY BE ON YOUR WAY.

FIRST PRIZE	$16,000.00
Second Prize	$ 5,000.00
Third Prize	$ 3,000.00
Fourth Prize	$ 1,500.00
Fifth Prize	$ 700.00

Plus 95 other GIGANTIC CASH AWARDS! Just name this popular breed of dog and you're off and running!

Official Entry Blank

Aquarius $31,000.00 "MAN'S BEST FRIEND" CONTEST!

RULES & DIRECTIONS

Fill in the blank squares to complete the name of the breed of dog pictured above. (We've filled in the first letter to get you started). The clue words or pictures will help you fill in the rest.

GENTLEMEN:

I would like to enter your $31,000.00 cash award "MAN'S BEST FRIEND" puzzle contest. Here is my completed entry puzzle with 25c for postage and handling. If my answer is correct, please RUSH me all contest details, and let me know how to get started towards that gigantic $16,000.00 first prize!

Stealing is a_____	C	RIME
Opposite of Close		PEN
Young Sheep		AMB
		ADDER
Opposite of Out		N
		AR

OFFICIAL ENTRY PUZZLE
$31,000.00 CASH AWARD
"MAN'S BEST FRIEND" SERIES

Name (Please PRINT Carefully) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

AQUARIUS CONTESTS 7551 MELROSE AVE. Dept. 8619 LOS ANGELES, CALIF. 90046

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SQUAWS — VERSATILE AND VALIANT

(Continued from page 31)

frays and was aware of Indian tricks.

"As the Indians all too often got the best of the various early engagements, the whites were forced to face up to the fact that the success of their adversaries was in all probability due to their use of their Indian squaws as lookouts," Nellie Hart Streit, daughter of a pioneer family, confirmed in a 1960 interview which appeared in the Grants Pass *Oregon Courier.*

"The white defenders frequently were aware of the Indian women boldly parading around, right out in the open, apparently confident that the whites would be reluctant to shoot a woman, even an Indian.

"Often the harsh, gutteral shouts of these women, stalking along close to the white settlements, at which point they would have good observation advantage, were easily relayed to their braves, secreted at a distance in trees or bushes.

"Finally, after too many successful ambushes by the Indians... it was decided such decoys would have to be warred on also," Mrs. Streit continued.

"It was only after three of the bolder squaw informants had been shot and killed, as they shouted out their observations, that the backbone of the Indians' success was broken," the interview concluded.

Yet another role fulfilled by ancient tribal crones was that of chief mourner at funerals.

Describing a Digger Indian burial in his DIARY OF A FORTY NINER, Canfield mentioned that the main attraction was an "ugly old Squaw."

"She went into a frenzy, howling, screeching, contorting and spinning around and around until she fell on the ground exhausted," Canfield wrote.

When the squaw had worn herself out, she crawled to the fire and taking out a piece of wood sizzling with pitch, she daubed the sticky ooze over her face and head "until her hair was saturated with tar."

"They say she never washes herself or tries to get the pitch off and the buck's wife can't take another man until it wears away," Canfield explained.

If they were versatile in ways that very often shocked the more inhibited white women who ventured courageously into the wild unknown to be with their men, it cannot be denied that more than a few Indian squaws were outstandingly valiant, matching and in some instances, surpassing their braves when it came to displays of fearlessness and courage.

The most hazardous and significant journey ever made on the western continent was piloted by an Indian woman.

The only woman in the Lewis and Clark expedition, the now famed Sacajawea, was only sixteen when she started the trip west with her husband, the interpretor Charbonneau, her young child and forty soldiers, voyaguers and frontiersmen. She was brave and intelligent.

Some authorities claim that it was only after the explorers learned Charbonneau's wife was not a Mandan but a Shoshone who could help them that they asked him to join the party.

Sacajawea's mother had died when the girl was a child and she had later been taken prisoner by a roving band of Minnetarees. Her Indian captor was a gambler who soon lost her to Charbonneau.

Although Charbonneau had lived with the Indians for some time, he knew little of their languages. On the other hand, Sacajawea could converse in a number of Indian tongues. Furthermore, she had a good recollection of the far-off mountains of her childhood that the Shoshones had left behind during a time of famine to hunt in a territory forbidden to them by other tribes.

There is no record to show that Sacajawea ever received compensation or even a special recognition for her services as a guide. The only clues to her usefulness appear in the Lewis and Clark Journals. A late entry notes that "This man (Charbonneau) has been very serviceable to us and his wife particularly useful among the Shoshones. Indeed, she has borne with a patience truly admirable the fatigues of so long a route encumbered with the charge of an infant who is even now 19 months old.

"She was very observant," the entry continues. "She had a good memory, remembering locations not seen since her childhood.

"In trouble, she was full of resources, plucky and determined. With her helpless infant, she rode with the men, guiding us unerringly through mountain passes and lonely places. Intelligent, cheerful, resourceful, tireless, faithful, she inspired us all," the journal concludes.

In a letter written by Clark in 1806, he stated: "Charbono: You have been for a long time with me and have conducted yourself in such a manner as to gain my friendship. Your woman who accompanied you that long, dangerous and fatiguing route to the Pacific Ocean deserved a greater reward for her attention and services on the route than we had the power to give her..."

Sacajawea had returned to the East with Lewis and Clark by the time a second valiant Indian woman passed through her tribal territory bent on a similar journey. This second adventurous redwoman whose name was Madame Marie Dorion was a member of the Sioux Ayauway tribe.

Unwed wife of Pierre Dorion, a trapper and hunter who was recruited by Wilson Price Hunt and Donald McKenzie for the Astor Overland Party which would eventually eclipse the Northwest Company, Madame Dorion is described in the party's journals as being "intensely emotional, though outwardly imperturbable."

Long after her husband died, Madame Dorion became the wife of an interpretor named John Toupin who was stationed at Fort Walla Walla. Two children were born of this union, Francois Toupin, in 1825 and Marianne, in 1827

In 1838, Jason Lee reported having seen Madame Dorion, then Madame Toupin, at Fort Walla Walla.

In 1840, the Toupins settled on a land claim in Oregon's Willamette Valley, three miles east of Salem and in 1841, Father F. N. Blanchet legitimized their two children as well as the three youngsters born of Madame Dorion's previous common-law marriages by giving nuptial benediction to the couple's union.

Madame Dorion's Oregon friends referred to her as Madame Iowa because of her tribe and birthplace.

All that is known of this unusual Indian woman's death is contained in the registry of the St. Louis, Oregon Catholic Church which reads: "We the undersigned parish priest of St. Louis have buried in the church of this parish Marie Iowa, wife of John Toupin, died yesterday evening aged about 100 years. Witnesses Luke Gagnon; Jos. Delaig; B. Delorme, priest."

Other brave squaws whose deeds of valor have been recorded for posterity include the Modoc woman chief, Winema, who was sent into Captain Jack's lava-beds stronghold by the white man's Peace Commission to negotiate for a truce during the famed Indian War.

Winema had been accused by her own people of warning members of the Peace Commission that Captain Jack intended to kill them. She bravely confessed to the charges, flinging open her coat and shouting defiance to the Chief of the renegade Modocs, who was her cousin: "I am not afraid. I have tried to do all I can to make peace. I will not stop now. Shoot me, you cowards. Shoot me if you dare."

Winema was eventually granted a government pension "In appreciation of her services during the Modoc War."

When pretty, dusky-skinned maidens today make their debut into Indian society by showing that they can measure up physically to the ages-old endurance demands, an Apache chanter tells them they should "live peaceably, bring up their children properly and obey laws."

But it is no longer the redman's law that must be obeyed. Whatever versatility and valor has been instilled in these maidens by birth and the learning of the ancient rites, once the ceremony is finished, it is the white man's society that lays claim to their allegiance. ●

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A GREAT PHOTOGRAPHER

(Continued from page 21)

graphic work, which helped.)

It was while staying at the Maverick Hotel in Eagle Pass that he created something of a sensation among the populace. The hotel manager learned that Rose had a Victor "talking machine" stored in his trunk, together with some fifty or more records. The manager prevailed upon Rose to set the machine in a front window and turn on the music.

Rose pointed the big horn out the window and waited until it was after supper and getting dark. When the phonograph belted out one of those old songs the people came running from every direction. Such a thing had never been heard in the old border town before.

After leaving Del Rio the young photographer started roaming again, and in his wanderings he visited such places as Menard, Brady, Mason, Stockdale, and was in and out of San Antonio, working such country places as Sabinal and the Frio Canyon.

Finally he settled down permanently in San Antonio. His fame as a photographer and as a collector of photographs of outlaws, famous Texas Rangers and peace officers attracted national attention. His collection consisted of such noted characters as Cattle Annie, Little Britches, Rose of the Cimarron, Pearl Hart, Billy the Kid, Butch Cassidy, the Daltons. Also such noted peace officers as Bill Tilghman, Heck Thomas, and Chris Madsen, Wild Bill Hickok and hundreds of Texas Rangers.

He corresponded with Emmett Dalton, who was the only one of the raiders on the Coffeyville, Kansas, bank in 1892 who did not die. Dalton's first order was for a dozen photographs, then he asked Rose to make copies of photographs of the four dead Dalton brothers.

The famous author, Zane Grey, once sent him a check for $110. The San Diego Club in California ordered several hundred photographs, which were enlarged and used to completely cover the walls of one room.

In his later years quite a few unscrupulous people would try to bamboozle him out of his famous collection, which had grown to over 3000. One fellow with some minor connection with one of the major schools in Texas hopefully suggested that Noah Rose should will his collection to the institution. Another fellow got hold of some of his photographs, and quite mysteriously copies were found to be in the possession of a big concern which dealt largely with saloons, and enlargements were used by the concern in an advertising promotion. Still another party argued and haggled with him, trying to get Rose to let him have the photographs for 33 cents each!

Chris Madsen was only one of the famous men photographed by Rose.

He once wrote this author: "Really, I don't hope for anything that will benefit me after all my work and interest in pictorial history. No doubt, I will get a letter asking me to will my collection to some institution after I have starved to death. It hurts me to think of parting with my negatives..." He had plowed a good part of his life into that film.

In his final years he was constantly dogged by misfortune. A flash flood in San Antonio destroyed some of his most treasured plates. Then he had a spell of serious illness that confined him in a hospital for a long time, following a major surgery.

But the worst was yet to come. He was almost killed by an automobile. Stepping from the curb in the 200 block of Fredricksburg Road in San Antonio, he was focusing his camera on a street scene when he was struck from behind by a car driven by a woman. He was knocked down and the wheels passed over his head and body. His skull was fractured and his life hung by a thread for many days before it was known whether he would live.

He had been married twice. The first marriage did not last, but he found lasting happiness with his second wife until she passed away. The sands of life were running out for the old frontier cameraman. He was living in a little cottage at 4014 Houston Street in San Antonio when he died on Friday, January 25, 1951. He was 77 years old.

He left a prized collection of over 3000 photographs. Besides the hundreds he had taken himself, he had constantly made purchases of many hundreds of others. He further added to his collection by acquiring the rights and titles to all photographs taken by A.A. Brack of San Antonio. After changing hands a time or two the famed collection was purchased by the University of Oklahoma, which now owns them.

Posterity and history will be forever indebted to this humble man who did so much to preserve the colorful history of the Southwest. He garnered priceless scenes of noted characters and events of three-quarters of a century ago. ●

LUCKY NUMBER

FORECAST. MAIL $1.00 FOR LUCKY NUMBERS. SEND NAME, ADDRESS, BIRTHDATE, AND STAMPED ENVELOPE TO:

S.S.S. COMPANY
POST OFFICE BOX 4307
MOUNTAIN VIEW, CA. 94040

BILLS PRESSING ?
"WE CAN HELP YOU NOW!"

Write Nearest Office for FREE Application

- Bad Credit No Problem
- Not a Loan Company
- Applications Accepted up to $10,000

INTERNATIONAL ACCEPTANCE, dept. M-53
3003 N. Central Ave., Phoenix, Ariz. 85012
1550 Post Road, Warwick, R.I. 02888
325 2nd Ave. N., Great Falls, Mont. 59403
423 Carondelet St., New Orleans, La. 70130

"POWER AUTOMATIC"
Pellet Firing Target Pistol
and SILENCER
FREE 50 Reusable 22 Cal. Pellets only $1.25

Rapid firing 22 cal. fully 9 inches long with the look and feel of an "undercover" automatic. Snap the "silencer" on or remove it for fast combat-type target practice. FREE 50 reusable 22 cal. pellets and supply of targets. Money back guarantee if not satisfied. Just send $1.25 plus 35c for postage and handling. Not sold in NYC

HONOR-HOUSE PROD. Dept. 580PA01
Lynbrook, N.Y. 11563
NY State residents add state and local sales tax.

MASCU-SLIM!

- NO ROLL
- DOUBLE CONTROL PANELS
- DETACHABLE POUCH

Unconditional 10 day money back guarantee

#924 Take inches off your waist with Power Knit two-way STRETCH nylon. Featherweight lightness gives powerful stomach control that flattens you to masculine trimness. Fabulously comfortable and completely undetectable. Sizes Small (28-32) Med. (33-36) Lg (37-40) XL (41-44). $6.99

#924P Extra pouches each $2.49

REGENCY SQUARE Dept. 8619
6311 Yucca, Hollywood, Ca 90028
Waist size_____ #924_____ #924P_____.
Add 50c postage and handling. For C.O.D enclose $2.00 deposit. Calif. residents add 5% tax.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE HEX OF HARRY STIMLER

(Continued from page 25)

turn to the mines to start it all over again.

Harry Stimler became an expert promoter, too. He actually lived a life of ease and wealth, but affected mannerisms to indicate opposite. He called himself "The Indian Prospector", wore heavy boots and work clothes most of the time, and made the most of his reputation of having clairvoyant powers.

He would tell his clients that the mine for which this particular stock was issued was not really much good, that he didn't have much faith in it, but that he still couldn't get over a hunch—the same nameless force that had led him to the Sandstorm. Invariably, people begged for a chance to buy his stock. He was influential in developing mines all over Nevada and Southern California, and places such as Rhyolite, Bullfrog, Silver Peak, Manhattan and many others were helped into existence through his efforts.

Only those who knew Harry Stimler well realized that he was always haunted by Lottie's prediction that he would die by gunshot through a window. He just quietly kept his back to the wall whenever he entered a room. Since his reputation for eccentricity was already well established, no one paid further attention. By the time Harry was twenty-five years old he was a wealthy man.

Eastern investors were pouring into the desert, buying city lots in Goldfield for as much as $45,000. The town developed in a social life, the elegance of which outdistanced even the Comstock at its height. Parties were lavish and frequent. The streets blazed with lights from a score of saloons and gambling halls, and music blended with the roar of blasting from mines, both of which operated on a twenty-four hour basis.

The elegant Goldfield Hotel was built in 1906, and the Esmeralda County Courthouse was completed the same year. The night the hotel opened champagne flowed so freely it ran across the lobby and down the wide stone steps before the night was over. A new theater was built and when it opened Nat Goodwin and Edna Goodrich, most popular comedy team of the day, were the entertainers.

Tex Rickard's Northern Saloon sometimes had as many as 80 bartenders working twenty-four hours a day. There was a sound basis for the excitement. By 1907 Al Meyers and his partner had shipped $1,250,000 worth of gold from the Jumbo. The mines reached an all-time high in 1910, producing $11 million in that one year.

During these years Harry and Queenie Stimler had a fabulous life. They travelled and lived in the most luxurious hotels, but when they were at home Harry once again became "The Indian Prospector." He would invite the elite of the community to his home and on arrival they would find that he had personally cooked a huge pot of beans, made a batch of sour dough biscuits and brewed coffee in a gallon can.

The meal would be served on tin plates, the beans being dipped from the pot with a tomato can while the guests sat on powder boxes or on the floor.

Sometimes he entertained in the basement, which was completely papered with stock certificates, thousands of them, and every one a different issue.

By 1912, when Harry was still a handsome, darkhaired 32-years-old, production began to drop in the mines at both Goldfield and Tonopah. By 1915 less than $150,000 had come from the mills. He continued to spend lavishly, drink decorously, and gamble in style. Wherever he went he was surrounded by millionaires, miners, beautiful women and fortune hunters—the mixed population from all over the world, attracted by the fabulous stories of the boom camps.

The balloon did not burst in one great explosion. The decline was hardly perceptible at first. It was a little harder to sell stock, since the capitalists were the first to pull out. They did not give the Indian Prospector quite the lavish welcome in their big city offices as they had in the past. Queenie divorced Harry, and in 1916 he closed his office in Tonopah. He spent some time in Belmont, where only Billy Marsh and two other families remained.

The courthouse was deserted, since the Nye County seat had been moved to Tonopah, and the saloons and stores were boarded up. One of the remaining residents was Rose Walters, and she and Harry were married that year.

During World War One there was a mining boom in Nevada, so Harry began looking over the many properties he owned. He and Frank Brock teamed up to open a mine near Silver Peak which Harry had located some years before. Harry hired a crew and went to work while Mr. Brock went to New York, where he incorporated and sold stock. Harry actually uncovered a rich vein of silver and with this showing Brock was able to sell over $50,000 worth of stock. He had brochures printed showing the town of Stimler on one page, with a reproduction of an assay report on the other.

Brock was addicted to high living so very little of the money filtered back to the Stimlers in Nevada. Even so, Harry continued to work the mine and make one shipment of fairly good silver ore. Shortly afterwards, the sheriff from Tonopah arrived with a notice that the mine was ordered closed by a court order, pending the outcome of a lawsuit. It seems the stockholders had begun to question Frank Brock a little too closely about his activities with their money, so he boarded a boat for Europe, hoping the affair would blow over before his return.

Harry was exonerated but when Brock returned to the United States he was sent to prison for swindling. The mine was sold by the stock holders. Harry and Rose went back to Belmont for a visit, and when Harry left he was alone. Rose had had enough.

Harry Stimler was becoming convinced that a jinx was dogging him. He was increasingly superstitious, saying that everyone was out to get him in trouble. More and more he talked of the prediction of his death. He moved around from one mining camp to another, trying to find a way to change his luck. At times he took unreasonable precautions and other times flouted the ordinary safety measures for survival in the desert.

It was because of such uncharacteristic carelessness that he almost lost his life in Death Valley by agreeing to look over the LeMoigne Mine, which was traditionally known as a "jinxed outfit" on a certain Friday the 13th.

Bill Corcoran owned the mine, located in the Panamint Mountains west of Death Valley. Bill had been trying for some time to get Harry interested, and when he found Harry in Independence, California, with nothing else to do, he presuaded him to have a look.

Before leaving Independence they made arrangements to have horses brought over a trail across the Inyo Mountains, while Bill, Harry and Gerald, Harry's fifteen-year-old son, rode in a car. They were to do rendezvous with the horse wrangler at Emigrant Springs, eight miles below the mine. They waited until evening, but the man with the horses failed to arrive.

Bill was so excited about having the great Indian Prospector this close to his diggings that he finally persuaded Harry they should walk the eight miles to the mine, even though the August heat of Death Valley warned them of the danger. It was arranged that Gerald was to stay with the car and get some sleep, then when the prospectors returned in the morning he could drive the car back to Independence.

After walking about half way they sat down to rest for awhile. but fell asleep. and when they awoke it was daylight and the canteen had tipped over, leaving them without water.

After talking the situation over they decided they could make it to the mine, since they weren't suffering any for water, and it was comparatively cool in the foothills. They worked at the mine until late afternoon, cutting about 100 pounds of samples. Harry was as excited as Bill, as there was high grade lead showing everywhere.

As they walked down the canyon in the sun it grew hotter and hotter, and they

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

had been without water for about 18 hours. Bill was in good shape, since he had been working every day, but Harry had just come in from a trip to the coast and was too soft for this kind of thing. Even so, it was Bill who finally had to rest, insisting that Harry go on to the car and send Gerald back with water. It was the next day before Harry reached the car and then it was just luck that he found it. He had been wandering around, delirious from heat and dehydration. All that night Gerald held his father down while he twisted and turned with a raging fever. Gerald didn't want to leave Bill to die up there in the canyon but he couldn't leave his father to wander off and die, either.

He didn't even know where Bill was until Monday morning when Harry was rational enough to talk. Then Gerald took a canteen of water and went looking for Bill. He found him about four miles from the car, unconscious.

The boy forced a little water into the man's mouth and poured more over his head, finally managing to get him on his feet. As Gerald half dragged and half carried Bill back down the hill, he found his father's checkbook lying under a bush with an almost illegibly written will on the back of a check.

Farther on he found a fountain pen, and a pair of gloves with one hundred thirty dollars stuffed into them. Harry was so close to gone that he didn't remember discarding these possessions or writing the will, in which he left everything he had to Gerald.

Bill Corcoran was successful in selling the mine later on, and in December, 1930, he went back to get a few of his possessions. He was found dead a few days later in a cave near Emigrant Springs.

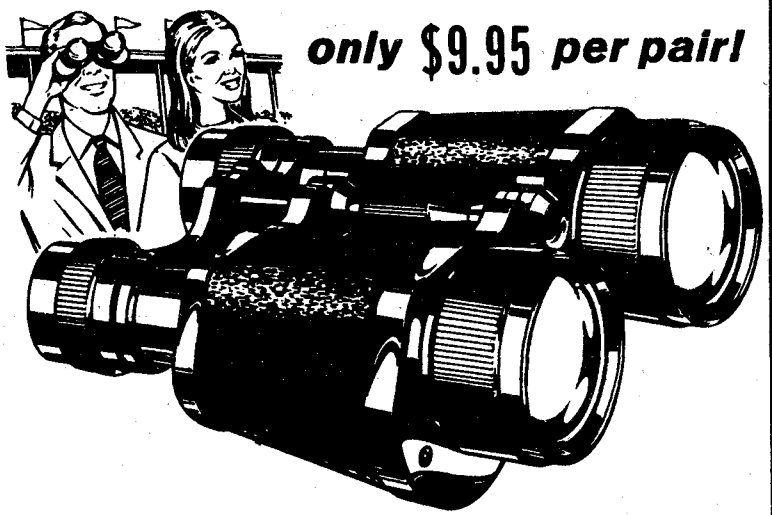
In the early 1920's Harry Stimler left Tonopah and moved to Los Angeles, where he opened a brokerage office. He continued to be a big name in Nevada mining even though the big-money days seemed to be gone forever. He was sought by promoters, since his reputation as one of the discoverers of Goldfield lent authenticity to stock deals whether or not the mine had a potential future.

Harry was living in Los Angeles when Frank Brock came on the scene again. Frank brought in some gold samples he had taken from an old diggings near Tecopa, California, a mining camp in the lower end of the Amargossa Valley.

The samples looked good and Harry was at loose ends at the moment, so he and his secretary, Mildred Aumiller, went out to have a look at the mine. Frank had a cabin at China Ranch, a cool, shady oasis a few miles from the mine. Most of the miners in the community were old friends who renewed their acquaintance with the Indian Prospector under the shade of the old Cottonwoods, or in Tecopa's one bar, the Snake Room.

(Continued on page 56)

Binocular Closeout



only $9.95 per pair!

Built to professional standards for those who demand uncompromising precision craftsmanship and optical superiority. You'll feel the difference as the sculptured curve of the body balances effortlessly in your hands. You'll see the difference in the brilliant true color images sharply defined throughout the field of view . . . distant objects and action seem so close you'll swear they are only inches away! Yet these famous make Sport Glasses are offered below factory list price in Europe! Order today — limit two pairs to each buyer. When present supplies are exhausted prices will be much higher. No CODs, please. Money back in ten days if not fully satisfied.

Check these Custom Features:

★ Electronically computed optical systems of unexcelled tru-color brilliance, balanced and aligned to super critical standards to prevent eye strain.

★ All air-to-glass optical surfaces amber hard coated to prevent internal light loss.

★ "Squint-Pruf" front lenses block reflected glare from water, snow, sand and haze.

★ Shock-resistant construction — extra strength hinge and bridge guard against misalignment; high index prisms are permanently locked in.

MAIL ORDER MART DEPT. 12
2701 Sterlington Rd., Suite 237
Monroe, Louisiana 71201

Please send me the quantity of Sport Glasses checked below (limit two). If not fully satisfied I will return the merchandise within ten days for a full refund.

☐ Send ONE only. I enclose $9.95.

☐ Send TWO at the bargain price of $14.95

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PELLET FIRING
LUGER® AUTOMATIC
● MAGAZINE LOADING CLIP
● OVER 15 MOVING PARTS
● FULLY AUTOMATIC
ONLY $1.98
Not Sold In New York City
Automatic full size model of a Luger Automatic pistol —contains over 15 moving parts. Loads 8 complete rounds which snap into the hard butt simulating a Luger. Fires 8 bullet shaped pellets. Has automatic slide action. **Made of heavy, high-impact styrene with amazing attention to detail.**
MOST AUTHENTIC MODEL GUN WE'VE EVER SEEN
Comes to you with working parts disassembled with cleverly engineered springs, full instructions, supply of pellets and targets. **Full Money Back Guarantee.** Simply send $1.98 plus 50c shipping charge
HONOR HOUSE CORP., Dept. 580LG01 Lynbrook, N.Y.
® T.M. Used by consent of Stoeger Arms Corp.
NY State residents add state and local sales tax.

VIB-A-WAY
TUMMY TONER!

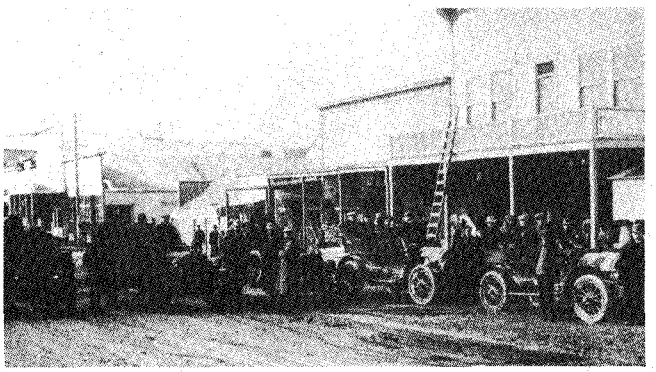
#36 Nothing to inflate! No buckles! No fuss! Just slip it on and WOW! Your midsection gets treated to mini-waves of vibrating-massage and toning. No strenuous exercises! No dangerous drugs! No harsh diets! Wear it around the house or office — anywhere, anytime. And watch for the results! Apron back adjusts to any waist size. $8.99 ea.

Add 50¢ postage & handling. Cal. residents add 5% sales tax. For C.O.D. Enclose $3.00 deposit & pay postman bal. on delivery. FREE! Coupons to use just like money PLUS year's subscription to fabulous style catalogue of unusual, hard to get items! Or send 25¢ for single issue.

R. S. SALES, SUITE V8619
6311 Yucca, Hollywood, Cal. 90028
PRINT NAME & ADDRESS CLEARLY ON ORDER

COLT "45"
22 CAL. PELLET FIRING
Only $1.00
"STINGER AUTOMATIC"
50-22 Cal. Pellets Free.
Looks and feels like a real Colt "45" automatic fully 6 inches long — 4 inches high. Fires 22 cal. pellets as fast as you can pull the trigger. Great for fast action, combat type target practice. **FREE** supply of targets and 50 reusable 22 cal. pellets. Money back if not satisfied. Just send $1.00 plus 35c for postage and handling. Not sold in NY City.
HONOR HOUSE Dept. 580AT01 Lynbrook, N.Y. 11563
NY State residents add state and local sales tax.

THE HEX OF HARRY STIMLER *(Continued from page 55)*



Goldfield, Nevada was still going strong when the automobile began replacing the stagecoaches.

After studying the set-up for a few days Harry and Frank decided to incorporate. Harry was the company's President and his secretary was made the Treasurer. Frank Brock's name was prudently kept off the papers, since his last involvement with the law had left his reputation a bit unsavory. This was not true of Harry, however, and he found several people willing to go along with his judgement. One of these was his secretary, Mildred Aumiller, who reportedly financed the incorporation proceedings.

Another was Frank Hall, the storekeeper and postmaster of Tecopa. Mr. Hall furnished the grubstake for Frank Brock for over a year and from time to time gave the company cash to buy machinery and supplies for the mine.

Hall was a 60-year-old bachelor who had worked in the mines in the area for many years. His thrifty living habits had finally netted him enough savings to buy the little store in Tecopa, where he intended to live out his life in comfort. It is understandable that he finally began to question the activities of the mining company, since it seemed that Frank Brock spent his time under the cottonwood trees at China Ranch, while Harry Stimler lived on the coast, coming to Tecopa once in a while in his fine big car.

When he spoke to Frank and Harry about getting some returns on his investment they laughed at him. Frank Brock said, "What do you need money for? You live off the old stuff you can't sell in the store, anyway."

But it seems that Mr. Hall had not only put all of his own money into the mine but funds that rightly belonged to the Post Office had gone into it, too. He told the partners of this and demanded they give him enough to make up a shortage before the postal inspector was due to arrive. Frank Brock laughed in his face, telling him what a fool he had been. Mr. Hall, in rage and panic, threatened to kill them both if the money was not forthcoming in an hour, when the train would arrive carrying the postal inspector.

Harry Stimler was terrified. He and Brock left the store and went to their car, which was parked between the store and the depot, and where Miss Aumiller was waiting for them. They did not have the money for Mr. Hall, and knew they would not get it within the short space of time they had left. They decided to go back to the ranch to talk things over, and Harry got into the car on the driver's side, waiting for Frank to get in on the other. He had just leaned over to start the motor when Mr. Hall appeared at the car's window with a pistol in his hand. He fired two shots, both striking Harry Stimler in the abdomen.

Frank Brock ran for a nearby clump of mesquite trees and Hall, screaming with rage, ran after him.

The station agent, the section hands and several people who were waiting for the train ran to the scene. They got Harry out of the car, unconscious and badly wounded, but still alive. Frank Brock got away and Mr. Hall walked back slowly to the group around the wounded man. He looked at his victim for a long moment, then fired a bullet into his own heart, killing himself instantly. Frank, who had been watching from his hiding place in the trees, strolled casually back to his friends.

It took two hours for the Deputy Sheriff to finish his investigation and for an ambulance to arrive from Death Valley Junction, 30 miles away. Harry had regained consciousness and was resting comfortably. He grinned and said that the old jinx had almost got him, but he knew for sure now that Lottie's prediction of his death was a lot of hooey. "I'll probably even live to see the day when Belmont will boom again," he said as he drifted off to sleep. Mildred was riding beside Harry in the ambulance, and when she looked at him a few minutes later, he was dead.

Harry Stimler's funeral was held fn Tonopah. The near-deserted old town came to life for that day, as his many friends came to bid him goodbye and stay for a drink at the Mizpah or the Tonopah Club. Afterwards his immediate family took his body to Belmont, where he was buried not far from the graves of the Maguire boys. His sister surveyed the ghost town, tears in her eyes. She looked at the grass-grown streets and listened to the sound of the wind moaning through the empty courthouse. ●

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BUFFALO BILL

(Continued from page 37)

structure at the time of Cody's interment. The design was a neo-Greek structure with a large dome. Fortunately, the plans for the pretentious memorial building were never finished. Had the plan been followed through, the memorial would undoubtedly have adversely altered the natural beauty of the summit of Mt. Lookout and the surrounding countryside.

Four years after Cody's burial on Mt. Lookout, Pahaska Tepee was built and opened near the gravesite. Pahaska is an Indian word meaning long hair. Many of Cody's souvenirs and memorabilia are on permanent display in this museum along with the traditional tourist gift shop.

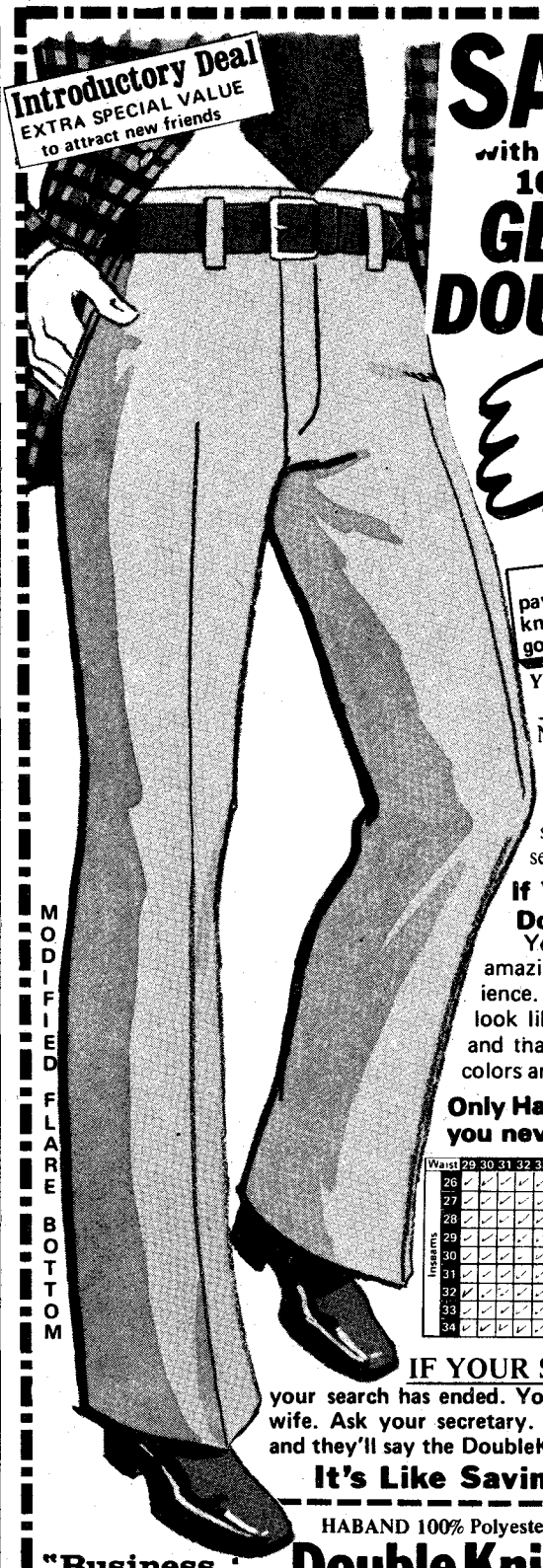
The little house at 2932 Lafayette Street, where Buffalo Bill died, is still standing. It passed out of the Decker family many years ago, but the decay of time has been kind to the small dwelling. The building was divided into four small apartments a number of years ago and the property has been well maintained.

In the regal splendor of the majestic Colorado Rockies overlooking the endless majesty of the Great Plains, Buffalo Bill reposes in the everlasting sleep.

Thousands of tourists journey up the mountain every summer in their fast, air-conditioned automobiles to visit his grave. The little mountain railroad has been gone for years, but the road up the mountain is excellent and the drive is not difficult. The endless stream of summer visitors browse through the museum, buy a post card or two in the gift shop, and then follow the pine tree path up to Cody's gravesite where they stand for a moment or two in silence. They stroll along Wildcat Point, snap a few photographs, stand in quiet wonder, and view the breathtaking sight of Denver, Golden, and the flat plains extending to the east before hurrying on their way. A traveler's schedule is always busy.

Possibly the old-timers who journeyed up the mountain that June day years ago to pay their last respects to Buffalo Bill realized that the old frontier days were gone forever, and that in offering one last final tribute to Col. Cody, the legend, they were also extending their tribute to their western heritage and bidding the old West a final, nostalgic good by. ●

Introductory Deal
EXTRA SPECIAL VALUE
to attract new friends



SAVE BIG
with Haband's
100% POLYESTER
GENUINE DOUBLEKNITS

2 pair for 19.95

You know, some men are actually paying $20 for only one pair of double knits and getting no more comfort or good looks for their money!

You've seen DoubleKnits for Over $20 a pair
NOW It's Like Getting One FREE!

No Iron, 100% Polyester Knit. Handsome Modified Flare Bottoms. Slash Pockets. Wide Belt Loops for today's wide belts. And, the smartest, most sensible price around. Try Haband and see for yourself!

If You Are Already Wearing Double Knits, we Salute You!

You know about their good looks, amazing comfort, and easy care convenience. But oh, that price. Now, Haband's look like $25 a pair – cost only $19.95, and that's for TWO PAIR! The handsome colors and perfect fit will please you, too.

Only Haband carries all these sizes you never thought existed in Knits

Inseams \ Waist	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52
26	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
27	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
28	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
29	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
30	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
31	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
32	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
33	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓
34	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓

IF YOUR SIZE IS ON THIS CHART –
your search has ended. You've waited long enough. Ask your wife. Ask your secretary. Ask the finest men's shop in town, and they'll say the DoubleKnits are for you. Try it!

It's Like Saving $5 on Every Pair!

HABAND 100% Polyester **Double Knits** 2 pairs for only 19.95 WE PAY POSTAGE

"Business Slacks are Haband's Business"

HABAND COMPANY
265 North 9th St.
Paterson, N.J.

ORDER HERE

Operating by U.S. Mail since 1925

HABAND COMPANY
265 North 9th Street
Paterson, New Jersey 07508

Gentlemen: I can't wait to try these new Knits! Please rush ..... pair for which I enclose $.....

GUARANTEE: *If I am not 100% delighted after inspecting them, every penny I paid you will be refunded promptly.*

825-05

COLOR	WAIST	INSEAM
BLUE		
Lt. BROWN		
OLIVE		
GREY		

3 for 29.70 4 for 39.20

Name ..... please print ..... Apt. # .....
Street .....
City .....
State ..... ZIP CODE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WEST'S GREATEST LIAR *(Continued from page 39)*

various Signal Service directives and policies, O'Keefe did not hesistate to venture his opinion that from the beginning his superiors grew increasingly displeased as his fame as a teller of tall tales grew. Not that it put any sort of a damper on his irrepressible Irish spirits!

There was one facet of the O'Keefe rat story which received no attention whatsoever at the time. This was the fact that the sergeant wasn't yet married, much less the father of an infant named Erin. After the widespread publicity about his family, however, O'Keefe thoughtfully provided a suitable grave at the very top of Pike's Peak for the deceased baby Erin. Sometime afterward — the records do not indicate whether months or years — the boulder-strewn mound was properly marked with a wooden slab which bore this inscription: "Erected by John and Norah O'Keefe to the memory of their infant daughter Erin O'Keefe, who was destroyed by mountain rats May 25, A.D. 1876." For years afterward it was one of Colorado Springs top tourist attractions.

Who was this Sgt. O'Keefe, anyway? For one thing, his name was spelled variously O'Keef, O'Keeffe and O'Keefe, even on official reports.

For someone so exposed to the public view, only the scantiest of backgrounds was known. Born in New York City, O'Keefe lived there to age 15 when he passed the exams for a naval cadetship at the United States Naval Academy. He was admitted in 1872. Although exceptionally bright, young John Thomas was "of a waggish disposition and greatly given to practical joking." The meager physical descriptions extant mention earlier his tall, slender figure and later describe him as "an ordinarily healthy appearing person weighing fully 220 lbs." "A powerful man in the prime of his life," said his last newspaper description.

O'Keefe completed two years at the Naval Academy, after which charges were brought against the young cadet for hazing a black fellow cadet. Court martialed, tried and convicted, he was dismissed from the Academy. Following this separation he joined the U.S. Signal Service and was stationed in Michigan.

In 1874, when still only 18, he was made assistant to General Hazen, then in charge of the newly-established Signal Service station on Pike's Peak in Colorado. Three signal service officers alternated in staying there during the year. Observations were made five times a day by means of a barometer, hygrometer, self-registering thermometers, anemometer and anemoscope. A heliograph and flag signals were employed to communicate with the base station. Men and supplies were transported to and from the summit by government mule.

When the Philadelphia Exposition closed, Sgt. O'Keefe returned to his post on Pike's Peak, where the high altitude continued to work its yeasty effect on his abundant natural ebullience.

On Feb. 14, 1880, the Colorado Springs Gazette noted his return with a folksy item in its personal column:

"Sgt. O'Keefe, the hero of the Pike's Peak rat story, returned to the city yesterday. He will take his old position as Chief of the Signal Corps on the Peak. We hope that he will escape all future annoyance from the rats."

Hardly anyone was surprised when the Gazette carried in its weekly edition of Oct. 16, 1880 a brand new account of the difficulties which had begun to plague the intrepid sergeant as he strove to carry out his routine duties.

This time the story detailed his only unsuccessful attempt to ascend to the top, halted as he was by an immense herd of 700 black-tailed deer which took an hour and 40 minutes to pass a point on the trail. O'Keefe killed 17 of the animals, tied their tails together, and slung them over his faithful government mule, Balaam.

They continued on to timberline where they encountered a fierce storm which had blown snowdrifts 100 feet high. Balaam fell into a deep ravine, scattering the 17 deer with which he had been draped, and when O'Keefe rescued the animal he was attacked by six ravenous mountain lions. He was forced to feed them the deer carcasses and even then barely escaped with his life.

The newspaper printed a correction, November 20, 1880.

"Sergeant O'Keefe is very much worried over the story of his adventures which appeared in the Gazette recently. This story has been copied by almost every paper of prominence in the East and O'Keefe says he couldn't care so much about the matter but for one or two inaccuracies which crept in. He does not want Peter Cooper, George Washington Childs, Whitelaw Reid, James Gordon Bennett, Pres. Hayes and Dr. Tanner, all of whom he holds in the highest esteem, to think that he would exaggerate. He says there were only 126 black-tailed deer and that the 127th had a white tail. We are now sure that the story is quite accurate."

At this point it was hard to tell who was having more fun — Sgt. O'Keefe, the newspapers, or the delighted readers.

The methods O'Keefe used to send his dispatches to the newspapers never were verified. It can only be assumed that government regulations precluded use of the official Signal Service means of communications. It would seem highly probable that Sgt. O'Keefe worked in collaboration with someone on a newspaper, perhaps with Judge Eliphalet Price, on more than the original rat story, and certainly at times with a reporter named Stanley Wood who was employed by the old Denver Republican. The O'Keefe tall tales which found their way into print always carried someone else's by-line.

Beautiful Pike's Peak in Colorado was the scene for most of the stories concocted by O'Keefe, the West's greatest liar.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Story followed story, whatever the means.

One took into account the eruption of a fearsome volcano in a crater on the crest of Pike's Peak. When the intrepid Sergeant went forth to investigate the mysterious earth rumblings and flashes of light, he found a yawning crater belching smoke and bubbling lava. Snow had melted from a distance of a half-mile circling the eruption, which he portrayed as equalling that of Vesuvius.

"It is evident that the eruption has but just begun," reported the Colorado Springs Gazette, "and should it continue any length of time there is no doubt but that Colorado Springs will meet the same fate that destroyed the flourishing cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum . . . . The reporter who was sent to investigate has not yet returned and fears are entertained for his safety."

The story was illustrated with a drawing of Balaam leaping nimbly from crag to crag to cross the lava flow. Despite the dire predictions of impending destruction, a mass exodus of Colorado Springs failed to materialize.

Sometimes for variety's sake, Sgt. O'Keefe would turn to the faithful government mule, Balaam, for a fresh source of adventure.

On one occasion, while in the city for a load of provisions, a small knot of people gathered around the sergeant and Balaam and heard the Irishman say, "Gentlemen, you can laugh at that mule as much as you please, but he is endowed with better instincts and has got more of a history to back him than any one of you." Whereupon the mule brayed in confirmation.

Then O'Keefe enumerated Balaam's virtues. During his seven years of mountain assignment, O'Keefe figured that Balaam had made 1,924 trips between Colorado Springs and Pike's Peak, equivalent to 40,000 miles. He had worn out 560 sets of shoes, equal to about a ton of iron. Counting forage, shoeing and other day-to-day expenses, the government easily had invested over $4,000 in his up-keep, a mere fraction of his true worth, said O'Keefe.

Not long afterward, a story of Balaam's amazing adventures with mountain lions and wild horses found its way into print. Sgt. O'Keefe admitted that the intelligent mule apparently yearned for the freedom of the wilds, so he escaped from custody one day and craftily evaded all attempts at recapture.

He finally was sighted in company with a band of wild horses whose manes and tails dragged the ground. This wild band subsequently engaged in a fierce battle with several mountain lions, and Balaam saved the day by singly killing two of the beasts with well aimed kicks of his sharp hooves.

Undoubtedly the very real presence of mountain lions along the trail leading to the Pike's Peak signal station was one reason why encounters with the wild beasts featured so prominently in many of O'Keefe's tall tales.

"Balaam and meself were descending the Peak one day," O'Keefe related, "when all at once we were attacked by a ravenous mountain lion. I drew a bead on him; me intention was to shoot him in the eye. This intention failed and I missed him altogether. He leaped upon me and dragged me from the mule, and we struggled together on the ground. I drew me revolver, but the pistol missed fire. When Balaam saw I was getting the worst of the struggle, he opened his capacious mouth and with one snap bit the lion's head clean off and swallowed it. Of course, after that it didn't matter about me intention to shoot the beast in the eye!"

Soon Balaam's alpine adventures began to rival those of Paul Bunyan's great blue ox. In fact, on May 21, 1881, the Gazette announced that a well-known local artist, Mr. Charles Craig, had just finished a work of art entitled, "Balaam the Beautiful." (The picture currently may be seen in the Pioneer's Museum in Colorado Springs.)

An unknown local bard was inspired to write Balaam's adventures in poetic form, which was made into a booklet for distribution by enterprising Colorado Springs merchants to tourists and customers alike. And for years the so-called grave of "Erin O'Keefe" was a top tourist attraction, after a highway had been graded to the top of Pike's Peak.

Quite often it was Sgt. O'Keefe's turn to go down to Colorado Springs for supplies. He always found a ready audience for his stories, many of which never found their way into print, but came as a result of frontier camraderie while bending elbows as a bar.

(Continued on page 60)

STILL IN PRINT . . .

A collection of true western stories.

The Best of THE WEST

1971 ANNUAL

100 Pages, — Hundreds of Grand Photos

FOR THOSE FRIENDS who have been asking for reprints from the early issues of The West, this 100-page volume is truly a treasure of wonderful articles, plus rare photos of the Old West. If you missed it at the newsstand, you may order your copy by mail — now. Just enclose $1.00 — (75¢ plus 25¢ for mailing and handling) and address your request to:

Stagecoach Publishing Corp.
Box 58, Rockville Centre, N.Y. 11571

Order your copy of the Collector's Edition now.

FROM A FINE HISTORY AND CULTURE SERIES:

Meals By Fred Harvey $3.50
My Blood's Country $3.50
Jesus Gonzales Ortega And National Politics $3.50
A Part of Space: Ten Texas Writers $5.00

Texas Christian University Press
Fort Worth, Texas 76129

Herbs for Health!

Korean Ginseng, Fo-ti-teng or Chapparel, 60 capsules, $4.50. Gota Kola, Comfrey, Hawthorn Berries or Sarsparilla, 60 capsules, $3.00. Bulk Korean Ginseng powder, $4.00 oz. Postpaid. Free brochure on other herbs.

GOLDEN GATE HERBS
Box 77212-GW San Francisco 94107

Hollywood Needs POEMS
for Music & Records

WE GUARANTEE PUBLISHING CONTRACT on selected material

MONTHLY AWARDS

Your New Poems set to music and recorded. 40 styles including - C & W, Soul, R & B, and New Orleans Funk. Send your Poems NOW for Free examination, and our BEST OFFER TO:

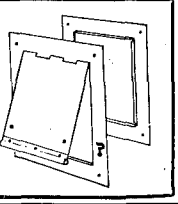
TALENT SEARCHERS OF HOLLYWOOD
Dept. 4-S 6311 Yucca Ave., Hollywood, Cal. 90028

G. & H. PET SUPPLY

- All Metal Dog Doors
- G. & H. Grooming Sling
- Blower Dryers, Clippers
- Automatic Feeder & Drinker

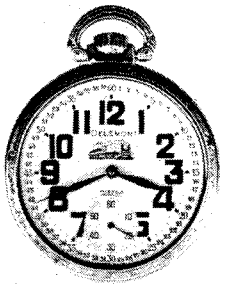
Send for FREE literature & price list. You will be glad you did.

P. O. Box 4474,
Panorama City, Calif. 91412



COUNTRY RECORDS AND TAPE CARTRIDGES
HOE DOWN FIDDLE TUNES - BLUE GRASS
LEGENDARY J. E. MAINER - MAC WISEMAN
RAYMOND FAIRCHILD - HYLO BROWN, - ETC.
FREE CIRCULAR - UNCLE JIM O'NEAL
BOX A T W — ARCADIA, CALIF. 91006

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



(Actual Size 1¾")

SALE!
DELEMONT
POCKET WATCH
17J SWISS
MADE

BUY DIRECT
AND SAVE!

No. RRW...DELEMONT Railroad Pocket Watch 17 Jewel SWISS MADE. Incabloc shock protected movement in heavy duty engraved case with special screw on covers. Has railroad engine on dial and engraved on back cover! Black numerals and hands. Unbreakable mainspring. antimagnetic. 1 year guarantee! Retail: $44.00.

LIMITED OFFER: $19.95 postpaid. (With FREE Watch Strap) Free Folder—Dealer Inquiries Invited—Order direct from:

DELEMONT WATCH Company— Box W
W. Farmington, Ohio 44491

High School at Home

Write today for free brochure—
if 17 or over and did not finish high school.
Low tuition includes texts. Diploma awarded. Prepares for college entrance exams. Approved for Veteran Training.

Our 76th Year

AMERICAN SCHOOL
Dept. H327 Drexel Ave. & 58th St., Chicago, Ill. 60637

name_____
address_____
city_____
state_____ zip_____

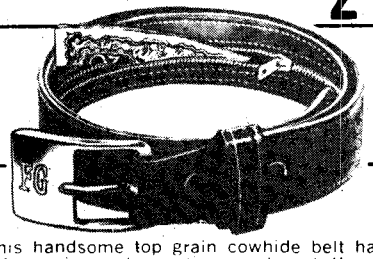
Accredited Member
National Home Study Council

Birth Certificates $1 for 2

DIPLOMAS — WILLS —

Marriage Certificates, High School and College Diplomas, Last Will & Testament (Blank Forms). Any 2 for $1. All 5 for $2. Prompt Confidential Service. Available only to persons 21 or over from ARTEK FORMS, 7471 Melrose Ave., Dept. 8619, Los Angeles, Calif. 90046.

SAFEGUARD YOUR VALUABLES
SECRET POCKET MONOGRAMMED
MONEY BELT Only $2.98



This handsome top grain cowhide belt has a large zippered secret compartment. Keeps cash, papers, jewels or anything valuable away from prying eyes and grasping hands. Protects—lies flat against the body. Comes complete with a fine rugged buckle monogrammed with your initials. Available in black or brown. Sizes 28 to 46. Only $2.98 plus 50c shipping charges. Please specify size, color and initials.

Honor House Dept. 580MB01 Lynbrook, N. Y.

NY State residents add state and local sales tax

SONGWRITERS
FREE PUBLISHING ON SELECTED MATERIAL

We offer **CASH AWARDS** + a new & different way for you to pursue your song writing ambitions. Send your best songs or poems today!

HOLLYWOOD MUSIC PRODUCTIONS
Dept. P68 6425 Hollywood Blvd. Hollywood, Calif. 90028

THE WEST'S GREATEST LIAR

(Continued from page 59)

On one of these occasions he related his version of how he came to be stationed in such a remote place:

"When I first heard of Pike's Peak everyone though it was somewhere in the vicinity of Puget Sound. Then came the Colorado gold rush and the excitement of Pike's Peak or Bust! So many were ruining their fortunes by coming out to Colorado that I decided me slogan would be, "Bust Pike's Peak!" That's just what I set out to do!"

According to O'Keefe, life at the top of the Peak had its romantic moments. He claimed that once a wedding ceremony was performed on the crest of the mountain. Or, as one newspaper headlined the story, "Two hearts made One at an Altitude of Fourteen Thousand Feet."

The reporter's account of the nuptials did sound a trifle tongue in cheek, beginning with the fact that all members of the wedding party were from "back east in Boston."

They desired to shroud the affair in the utmost secrecy. The party rode the branch train as far as Manitou Springs, then engaged "six bronchos" for the ascent to Pike's Peak. However, the minister was seated upon a very capricious horse which proceeded to buck him off and pitch him into a creek. This blow to his dignity caused him to refuse to accompany them further, so they made arrangements for the minister to go into Colorado Springs and perform the ceremony by telegraph.

When the wedding party arrived at the Peak, Sgt. O'Keefe received his visitors with great cordiality, reporting that the Rev. Dr. Smith was ready and waiting at the telegraph station in the Springs. The bride and groom arranged themselves, there was heard a rapid clicking, then Sgt. O'Keefe in a solemn voice repeated the age-old vows which he had just deciphered:

"Charles Adolphus Dutton, do you take Nellie Jane Throckmorton to be your lawful and wedded wife?" The sergeant then tapped out the appropriate "I do's" on his instrument. "As soon as the ceremony had concluded," said the newspaper, "beautiful strains of music were heard and the notes of a wedding march came pouring down apparently from the air above.

"Oh! What is that?" exclaimed the bride, half terrified at the sound.

"Oh, that's nothing unusual," answered Sgt. O'Keefe with his usual readiness. "That's the angels. We're so near heaven here that I often hear 'em sing. I expect that Gabriel —"

But what audacious hope O'Keefe was about to express concerning Gabriel will never be known, for the bride ran out of the door and, looking upon the signal station roof, saw an orchestra snugly ensconced there.

"What does this mean?" she exclaimed.

"Oh, that's only a little surprise your father and I planned for you," replied her husband with a smile.

The newspaper account concluded, "Thus ended the only wedd-

Erin O'Keefe, infant daughter of Norah and John O'Keefe, supposedly eaten by mountain rats, lies under this marker at the summit of Pike's Peak. The rocky grave is allegedly the "highest grave in the world."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ing ever to take place on the Peak — one so private that few people here know of it yet, but that it occurred will be testified to by Sgt. O'Keefe and your correspondent."

Undoubtedly, Sgt. O'Keefe's adventures upped newpaper circulation. Editors were adept at planting random "O'Keefe-isms" sufficient to whet reader appetite, such as that in the Gazette on May 8, 1881:

"Sgt. O'Keefe sustains his reputation for truth and veracity by claiming that he smoked 10 pounds of gunpowder tea during his last sojourn on the Peak, the usual monthly supply of tobacco having failed to put in its appearance from Washington."

Thus his announced plans for leaving the Signal Service station and moving to Denver were met with expressions of dismay. Differing reasons were offered for his retirement; one that he became tired of the snow and loneliness, another that the Signal Corps had taken a dim view of his burgeoning reputation as a story teller.

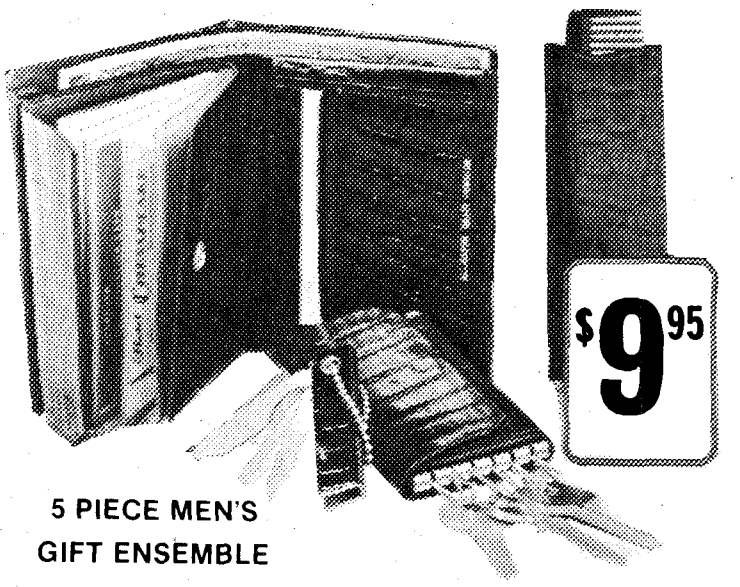
Just before his departure the newspaper feted him at a lavish going away banquet, at which time the following toast was offered: "O'Keefe, one of the greatest prevaricators, equalled by few, excelled by none. True to his record, may his life be a romance and in his final resting place may he lie easy."

However, such was not to be. O'Keefe and his wife moved to Denver, where for the next 10 years he lived a prosiac life as he worked as a mail clerk on the run between Denver and Ogden, Utah.

In 1894 he changed jobs and became a stoker for one of the Denver City Fire Dept. companies. Although he was only 37 years old at this time, apparently the spark of his former prank playing no longer even smouldered.

All of this made his untimely end the more ironic. Ex-Sgt. John Thomas O'Keefe unexpectedly choked to death on a sip of tea at his 1174 Champa St. residence in Denver on the night of February 2, 1895. He was survived by his widow, a grown son and a baby, as well as a host of unknown admirers who still could remember the heyday of a puckish, irrepressible Irishman and fabulous tales he spun.

But the "Great Pike's Peak Spoof" topped them all. ●



5 PIECE MEN'S
GIFT ENSEMBLE

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

the President

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

The smart new set for the man-about-town. Stunning black Morocco or Alligator Grained Cowhide for the elegant look.

★ **THE WALLET:** Tailored along slim lines, features a 12 view instant card selector. Silk lined large currency compartment as well as stamp or card pocket.

★ **KEY CASE:** 6 keys on individual swivel-about snap holders plus hidden card pocket.

★ **COMB CASE:** Matching comb case with long wearing nylon comb. So easy to carry about.

★ **3-PC. VEST POCKET KNIFE SET:** High carbon steel blades, nail file and bottle opener, key chain. Leather covered for that look of excellence.

INTERNATIONAL MERCHANDISE MART, INC.
P. O. BOX 1621
SHREVEPORT, LOUISIANA 71164

Please send me the quantity of 5-piece men's gift ensembles checked below (limit two). If not fully satisfied I will return the merchandise within 10 days for a full refund.

☐ **Send ONE only. I enclose $9.95.**

☐ **Send TWO at the bargain price of $16.95.**

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NO-KISSIN' KIN

(Continued from page 27)

regiments of infantry, and one light battery—a complement of about seven thousand men. They were assembled in San Antonio and marched to Fort Bliss at El Paso, Texas, arriving there on December 14th.

Early in January 1862 Sibley set forth for Fort Craig, his men proceeding along the west bank of the Rio Grande. Enroute, Sibley stopped his march long enough to attack and take Fort Fillmore, a small lightly garrisoned Union post, lying roughly thirty-five miles northwest of El Paso and seven miles southwest of Las Cruces, New Mexico. With the elimination of this fort there was little to hinder his advance up the river but Apaches. Sibley was not too concerned about the Indians, because he knew they would not attack an army of this size.

Fort Craig under the command of Colonel E.R.S. Canby—later to become a general officer—was a beehive of activity. Acting upon information supplied by his scouts, Canby was preparing to give Sibley a royal welcome, a sort of *Bienvenidos* from New Mexico. He threw up extensive earthworks around the entire fort and mounted a six-gun bastion outside the wall with the muzzles pointed toward the Rio Grande River.

By actual count, Colonel Canby had but three thousand eight hundred men, and they were a mixed crew. Three regiments of regular infantry, two regiments of regular cavalry and a mixture of Colorado Volunteers and New Mexico Militia. Most of the men making up the New Mexico Militia, had never been under fire, and when exposed to it they would be found wanting. Two batteries commanded by cavalry officers rounded out the fort's fighting force.

February 16, 1862, found General Sibley within two miles of Fort Craig, where he was immediately set upon by Colonel Canby's cavalry in an attack so fierce and unexpected that Sibley was forced to withdraw downriver to regroup his troops. Scouts reported that the fort was too strong to be taken by ordinary methods. The Confederates' light field pieces would have little effect against the fort's thick adobe walls and heavily protected store rooms.

Sibley bided his time for three days, giving his men a much needed rest, while he and his staff planned their next course of action.

The first phase of these plans went into operation on February 20th. He crossed to the eastern bank of the Rio Grande, hoping that Colonel Canby would cross over and fight on open ground. Canby took the bait. He sent a detachment of cavalry and artillery across the river, and made an attack upon Sibley's camp. This was exactly what Sibley wanted. He drove Canby's men back easily, and at the same time he got a fairly good idea of Canby's attack potential.

Now, in the early dawn of February 21st, Sibley was moving his infantry toward Valverde, where he planned to make a crossing. Alert sentinels spotted his movements, however, and Lieutenant-Colonel B.S. Roberts rushed to cut off the attack with infantry, cavalry and artillery, but he was too late. Sibley had already crossed to the fort side of the river, and the two armies met head on. Major Thomas Duncan dismounted his cavalry, waded into the river, and drove the confederates back. Sibley counter-attacked, but ran into blistering hail of grape and canister from the battery Roberts had placed on the west bank.

Back and forth the battle raged. Now one side had the advantage; now the other. Blue and gray clad bodies clogged the river, and the muddy brown waters began to take on a dirty red hue.

Colonel Roberts now took the initiative. He crossed to the eastern side of the river, and after some extremely savage fighting managed to drive the rebels from their occupied positions. The Confederates regrouped at their main camp, making ready for another assault on the Union positions. Meanwhile, Roberts, reinforced by Captain Selden's regulars and Colonel Carson's New Mexico volunteers, did not intend to give Sibley's men any rest. He attacked again, and after a fierce struggle managed to silence the Confederates' cannon. The Union batteries were then brought forward and placed into position so the Confederate soldiers would be caught in a cross fire. Encouraged by the success of his men, Colonel Canby left the protection of the fort walls, bringing a detachment of regulars with him to reinforce Colonel Roberts' position.

Back of a high sand dune, out of sight of the Union soldiers, the rebels were reforming their ranks and preparing a cavalry charge against the Union positions. General Sibley had taken to his sick bed, and Colonel Green of the Texas Fifth Cavalry was now in command. His Texas Fourth Cavalry made a savage attack on the battery commanded by Colonel A.S. Hall on the Union right flank. He was met by a murderous barrage of cannon balls from Hall's battery and stopped cold a hundred yards short of his objective. Confused and frightened, Green's men fled in disorder after having sustained a heavy loss of life.

Undaunted, Colonel Green reformed his troops and immediately fell upon the Union left flank battery commanded by Captain McRae. Green threw most of his ground strength into this encounter. Armed with shotguns, squirrel rifles, revolvers and swords, they charged forward through a hail of cannon and musket fire, but did not falter. Amid shot and shell they overran the Union battery positions, killed Lieutenant Mishler, Captain McRae and the gunners, then turned the guns on their former owners. The green New Mexican volunteers were so demoralized by this turn of events that they broke ranks and fled. The regulars and Colorado volunteers retreated in good order. (Colonel Canby narrowly escaped being captured when his horse was shot from under him and he had to retreat with his men.)

Meanwhile, fierce fighting was still raging on the banks and in the waters of the Rio Grande. The men were locked in hand-to-hand combat while bodies piled up in the river, its blood-tinted waters turning now to a deeper crimson. A river that ran red for a hundred miles.

Having sustained heavy losses, General Sibley, being a practical man, could see no percentage in continuing the battle, so he withdrew his men. He knew now that he could not take Fort Craig, so he hoisted a flag of truce, buried his dead, picked up his wounded, and pointed his column toward Albuquerque, where supplies awaited him. Then, once again rearmed and provisioned, he would attempt to cut off supply lines to Fort Craig, which action, he hoped, would starve the garrison into submission.

While the blue and the gray were busy hacking each other into small pieces the Indians were having a field day. With no army to hold them in check, they raided and pillaged the countryside, continuing their pattern of kill, burn, and rape.

General James Carleton, who had been rushed to the aid of Colonel Canby, arrived at Fort Craig too late to be of any help, but he moved into the fort and assumed command. The Indians were to rue the day Carleton came. He moved against them relentlessly and in force, while at the same time keeping one eye on the movements of General Sibley. The Indians were afforded very little time to rest as Carleton kept them continuously on the move. With a complement of several thousand men, he covered the entire southern half of the State of New Mexico. From Albuquerque to the Mexican border, and from the Rio Grande River to the Chiricahua Mountains in Arizona, he scattered the Apache like chaff in the wind.

Chief Mangas Coloradas of the Mimbreno Apaches maintained a stronghold in the Pinos Altos and Mogollon Mountains and launched his attacks from that area. Carleton's men made no attempt to dislodge him, but were content to contain and restrain any move by the Indians to break out for a foray.

Coloradas knew that his one chance for survival was to capture the fort. He also knew that the time was not ripe. Too many *long knives* in the fort. He

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

would have to bide his time and wait.

The time was July 4, 1862, and down along the Rio Grande and Mimbres Rivers the Apaches were again becoming active. Carleton, hoping to nip this uprising in the bud, ordered out his entire command, leaving only a skeleton crew to guard the fort. Up in the hills, Coloradas watched every movement with a great deal of interest. An idea was forming in his head. Perhaps this was the break he had been waiting for. He sent out scouts to probe the fort's remaining strength. The scouts reported that very few men remained in the fort, and the ones that were left behind were drinking whiskey and having a 4th of July party.

Coloradas rubbed his palms with glee. This was made to order for him. Now he would show the *long knives* that Coloradas was a great chief. He figured that the fort could now be easily taken.

This fact deterred Coloradas not at all. Filled with overconfidence he launched the attack, only to be met by a hail of lead that sent his warriors reeling.

The encounter between the blue and the gray at Valverde was, in one sense, a victory for the South. Yet it was a shallow victory, for the Union forces still occupied Fort Craig, and it would remain in Union hands during the Civil War and until abandoned. Fully manned and heavily armed, Fort Craig would have been a hard nut to crack for any army, and General Sibley, realizing this, made no more attempts to subdue it.

The fort's task of keeping the Indians under control was alleviated somewhat by the establishment of Fort Cummings in 1863, and of Fort Bayard in 1866. These forts were responsible for patrolling the southern part of New Mexico, where Apache Chiefs Cochise and Victorio were active.

During the 1870's, the military personnel of Fort Craig was reduced to a skeleton crew. However, it remained a supply depot for southern New Mexico forts, and for military installations as far south as Fort Bliss, Texas.

When the fort was finally abandoned in 1876, Captain John Crawford was appointed guardian. He installed a post office and general store and, aided by his wife and young daughter, he catered to the needs of nearby ranchers, travelers, and settlers. He maintained his home at the fort for twenty years, being Fort Craig's last resident.

The battle at Valverde on the Rio Grande has one ironic note. It could be called, "The Battle Of The No Kissin' Kin," for *General Sibley and Colonel Canby were brothers-in-law by marriage.* Both graduated from the West Point Military Academy, and they married sisters. When war was declared between the states, each went his own way—Colonel E.R.S. Canby to the North, and General A.A. Sibley to the South. ●

OLD TIMER'S CORNER

(Continued from page 8)

Mr. H had other business in Boulder, Colorado, a feed store and flour mill and elevator and generally he had someone else on the ranch.

This particular year his tenant had walked off leaving the ranch vacated. So Mr. H sent his three sons to the ranch to look after things and get things ready for cutting and stacking the hay, of which they had quite a lot.

He wrote to Dad asking him if he would look in on the boys now and then to see if everything was all right. So dad said to me, "Son, go down to the H place and check on the boys."

Well I was rather thrilled as it would be a chance for a little get together with some boys of around my own age.

Seeing as how we were a long time in getting the letter I found Mr. H already there himself. He was out in the field near the house running the mower.

I walked up and set one foot up on the porch, the other on the ground. Two of the boys came out as they, I suppose, were preparing a meal.

Anyway, Mr. H saw this so he came roaring over and said to me, "One boy is only a boy, two boys are half a boy and three boys is no boy at all. Now you run along and don't keep my boys from work."

I was really flattened but did not say a word. I just turned and walked away.

When I arrived home I told Dad only that Mr. H was there so I guessed everything was okay.

Next morning Mr. H came riding over the hill as Dad and I were working on the corral.

He said, "Charley, I'd like for you and your boys to come down and help me with the hay."

Dad said, "Be glad to, C.A."

Then I spoke up and said, "Not me, I'm not working for that man now or ever."

Dad said, "You will do what I tell you as long as you hang around here. Now get a halter and go round up the horses so we can get started."

Well I got the halter and took off across the pasture, over a rise out of sight of where the horses happened to be. I hung the halter on a fencepost and kept going.

I didn't see anymore of my folks for about a year and a half. I finally came home as I knew my mother worried a lot. I told her what happened. She said, "Yes I understand, but I don't believe your father will ever accept that."

I said, "Well, I've found I can make it on my own so I will be gone most of the time. Please don't worry as this is a thing I have to do. I don't want to be beholden to no one. I want to be on my own so no one can again push me around like that and then ask me to come back and lick their hand." ●

THE MAIL POUCH

(Continued from page 6)

nished his own horses and equipment until July 1864.

Prisoner of war records show him captured near Fort Smith, Arkansas, while regiment was in action at Mazzard Prairie. He was captured on July 27, 1864. (Mazzard Prairie is located five miles east of Fort Smith, Arkansas).

He was confined in a rebel prison camp at Camp Ford, Texas, near Tyler, Texas from August 22, 1864 to May 15, 1865 — eight months, 23 days.

He was exchanged as a prisoner of war at Red River Landing, Louisiana on May 27, 1865, exactly 10 months after he was captured.

—Muster Out Roll —

William Henry Wall, private, Company H., 6th Regiment, Kansas Cavalry, age 20 years, appears on a muster out roll dated June 22, 1865 at De Valls Bluff, Arkansas. Last paid to June 30, 1864. Mustered out by telegram from war department, Adjutant General's office, Washington, D.C. on May 30, 1865. Has three months extra pay due him under above orders. Rejoined his company June 14, 1865. Recruit of original Company H., 6th Regiment, until that company mustered for discharge. Then temporarily assigned to Company G., 6th Cavalry awaiting their muster out in Department of Arkansas. Muster out date June 22, 1865 at De Valls Bluff, Arkansas.

In service three years, two months and 15 days.

This information came from Civil War records.

Yours truly,
Cora Wall Burness
Anderson, California ●

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

It's so easy to place your own advertisement in this sure fire classified section—and it costs so little. Here's all you have to do:

Type or print what you want to advertise. Then count each word in your ad, including your address, and multiply the number of words by two (the rate is only 20 cents per word). For example: If your ad contains 20 words, the cost to you would be only $4.00 (20x20¢). Send your ad, together with a check or money order for the full amount, to:

Harry E. Chrisman
10245 W. 14th Ave.
Denver, Colorado 80215

(While you may use a post office box address in your ad, you must provide us with your home address and telephone number when submitting your ad for publication.)

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

SURVIVAL BOOKS! Guerrilla warfare, wilderness living, hunting, fishing, guns, self defense. Books—vital, fascinating, extraordinary, fast! Catalog free. Adobe Hacienda, Route 3, Box 517-E, Glendale, AZ 85301.

BOOK HUNTING IS OUR BUSINESS. Customer satisfaction guaranteed. No charge for worldwide search. D-J Books, Box 3352, San Bernardino, CA 92404.

THE LADDER OF RIVERS—the true story of I.P. (Print) Olive, by Harry E. Chrisman, 425 pages. 100 original photos of Olive ranches, family, cowboys, etc. The true facts of this controversial cowman: roundups, gun-play, lynchings! Send $7.25 cash, check or M.O. for your copy (Autographed by the Author) to: Harry E. Chrisman, 10245 W. 14th Avenue, Denver, CO 80215.

SIOUX INDIAN DICTIONARY. Pronunciation-At-A-Glance. 4,560 words, two dialects. $3.50. WarCloud Products, Box 153, Sisseton, SD 57262.

HIDDEN RICHES, brand new treasure hunting book, $2. Send stamp for Northwest Treasure News. Christensen, Box 5075, Spokane, WA 99205.

BIOGRAPHIES OF BADMEN. "Billy The Kid," "Sam Bass," "John Wesley Hardin," "Bill Doolin." All Hardback. $2.95 Each Postpaid. Free booklist. WESTERN LORE, Box 9831-D, Fort Worth, TX 76107.

BOOKS LOCATED. SEND WANTS. No obligation. Bazaar Books, Box 496, Chico, California. 95926

INDIAN VOICE MAGAZINE is the latest word in the thinking of modern Indians, and the best account available of Indian history. Religion, art, poetry, fiction—all by Indians. 52 pages each issue. Illustrated. $7.50 per year from P.O. Box 2033, Santa Clara, CA 95051. (Write for sample copy today, or subscribe directly.)

U.S.M.C. "Hand To Hand Combat" $1.50. Books/Manuals Catalog 25¢. Hillcrest Publications (Y-10), McDonald, OH 44437.

"LIFE, ADVENTURES, CALAMITY JANE," by Herself, $1.00. "James Bridger," Authoritative biography Greatest Frontiersman, $1.50. Rogers, Box 8, West Point, Nebr., 68788.

FIFTY YEARS ON THE OWL HOOT TRAIL, by Harry E. Chrisman. The fantastic, romantic and adventurous life of Jim Herron, first Sheriff of No Man's Land; Cattleman, cowboy, outlaw in Arizona and Mexico. In paperback, Ppd. $4.00. Hardback, $10.50 ppd. 355 pages, maps, many photos. All true. Western Library, 10245 W. 14th Ave., Denver, Colo., 90215. (No books sold in Colorado).

"YES! MOUNTAINS!" by Billie Sea, Story about ice ages, dinosaur's extinction, why the earth, how the moon, resurrection, UFOs, earthquakes, and prophecy! How Omniscience works in and around us. $5.00. Spark & Click Electric Service, Route 2, Sedro-Woolley, WA 98284.

BURGLER-PROOF YOUR HOME. Do-it-yourself and save. "HOME SECURITY MANUAL" shows how. Guaranteed. $2.50 Postpaid. Information free. ERIC JOHNSON CO., 67 Bonanza Rd., Dept. TGW, Palm Springs, CA 92262.

BUSINESS & EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

IF $10.00 PER HOUR interests you. Send $1.50 for sample of guaranteed product and full details to Dissolva-A-Way, Santa Anna, TX 76878.

MAKE $1.00 PER SALE selling engraved metal Social Security plates. Free Sales Kit. Engravaplates, Box 10460-164, Jacksonville, FL 32207.

$100.00 WEEKLY POSSIBLE mailing for firms. Information 25¢ (Refundable) and self-addressed, stamped envelope. Gar Enterprises, 38 Manhan Street, Waterbury, CT 06710.

$650.00 WEEK MAILING CATALOGS. Details $1.00 (refundable). HAROLD, P.O. Box 22313-G, Cleveland, Ohio 44122.

OUTSTANDING PROFITS for addressers—mailers—homeworkers! Numerous opportunities! Surprise BONUS!! Send 35¢. RON-R, Box 24433, L.A., CA 90024.

HOW TO MAKE $100.00 weekly stuffing envelopes. Send $1.00 (refundable)—EVE's-TG, 4163 Riucon, Campbell, CA 95008.

REAL ESTATE

GOVERNMENT LANDS—Low as $1.25 Acre! Buy, lease or homestead . . . Free Details! LANDS DIGEST, Box 1555-GW, Tacoma, WA 98401.

GOVERNMENT LANDS . . . LOW AS $1.00 Acre! Vacationing, Homesteading, Investment! Exclusive "Government Land Buyer's Guide" . . . plus "Land Opportunity Review" listing lands throughout U.S. Send $1.00. SURPLUS LANDS, Box 19107-LM Washington, D.C. 20036.

TAKE A TRIP TO YOUR OWN LAND in the primitive areas of Montana, Idaho, Washington. Pull up, camp and relax on a mountain, stream, lake or deep in the timber. Own a piece of recreation land in the great Pacific Northwest. Five to forty acre tracts in America's vanishing wilderness. As little as $1550. Low down payment. Terms at less than bank rates. View sites and waterfront available. Guaranteed road access, warranty deed and title insurance. Irreplaceable natural land for your enjoyment now, for retirement or investment. Plan a vacation to see for yourself or write for lists of sites, maps and complete information! Reforestation, Inc., Dept. C-19, P.O. Box 14006, Opportunity Station, Spokane, WA 99214.

LOOKING FOR A RANCH? For the best, ask Bill Thach. Walsenburg, CO Ph. 738-1080, area 303.

PERSONAL

ESP LABORATORY. This new research/service group can help you. For Free information write Al G. Manning, ESP Laboratory, 7559 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90046.

UNIQUE CERTIFICATES—Witch, Spiritualist, Sorcerer, Astrologist, Voodoo, Evangelist, Palmist, Hovercraft, Nursing, College, Golf, Pilot, Birth, Mayor, Governor's Aide, Ordination, Flat Earth, Stock Certificates. 50 different certificates, suitable for framing. $1.00 each. List 10¢. Brundage Forms, P.O. Box 9966, Atlanta, GA 30319.

PRINTING

BUMPER STICKERS, DECALS, Buttons. Low cost, custom-made advertising for your Business, Special Event, Organization or Political Campaign. Buy direct from manufacturer and Save! Write for Free Brochure, Price List and Samples. Please state intended use. Reflective Advertising, Inc., Dept. W, 8551 Page Blvd., St. Louis, MO 63114. Ph. (314) 423-5495.

COINS & STAMPS

ONE! TWO! THREE! cent stamp approvals, regardless catalog. Klosters, 4164 52nd St., San Diego, CA 92105.

RECORDS

ALBUMS $2.35; List. Country, Box 866, Hot Springs, AR 71901.

WANTED

WANTED: German and Japanese War Souvenirs, Knives, Medals, uniforms, flags, guns. Also Civil War items. Robert Marovets, Monona, IA 52159. (Phone 319/539-2262.)

WANTED: Old time seeds, beans, peppers, others. Old recipes, remedies. Joyce Fetterley, R-3, Delton, MI 49046.

SCHOOLS

EARN COLLEGE DEGREES. Receive your Bachelor, Masters or Doctorate at home Many subjects. Ministerial Studies, High School Equivalency Diploma. Florida State Christian University, Post Office Box 1674, Fort Lauderdale, FL 33302.

BE SAFE. In your car, plane or boat, you're much safer with reliable two-way communications aboard. Complete tape-recorded, no textbook Code and Theory license courses. AMATEUR RADIO LICENSE SCHOOL, 12217 Santa Monica Boulevard, Los Angeles, Calif. 90025.

FOOD & DRINK

DEAR JERKY and deer sausage recipes for the outdoors man. Homemade and kitchen-tested. Delicious and easy to make. Send $1.25 to Garcia Sales, Dept. 102, P.O. Box 18723, Houston, TX 77023.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEVER FAIL PIE CRUST—Never apologize for another pie crust failure; send $1 and self-addressed envelope. Printing Mart, 902 W. 17th St., Costa Mesa, CA 92627.

WINEMAKERS...FREE Illustrated Supply Catalog of yeast, equipment. Recipes. Continental, Box 18223-W, Indianapolis, IN 46218.

BARBED WIRE

ANTIQUE BARBWIRE COLLECTORS illustrated Catalogue, $1.00. **The Barbed Wire Book,** 300 wires illustrated and price guide, $2.95. Wire Sales, Box 6392-K Bakersfield, CA 93306.

INDIAN RELICS

10 BEAUTIFUL INDIAN ARROWHEADS $2.00. Guajardo's, 8713 Shaver, El Paso, TX 79925.

GOOD ARROWHEADS $4.00 doz. Folsom—$5.00, Bone Needle, $3.00. Flint turtles buffaloes and thunderheads, $3.00 each "Identification Guide to Stone Indian Relics," over 290 illustrations, $5.00. Send self-addressed stamped envelope for free list of books, spears, bannerstones, birdstones, etc. C. Secrist, Deerfield, MO 64741.

IROQUOIS masks, rattles, husk dolls. List 25¢. Irocrafts, Ohsweken, Six Nations Reserve, Ontario, Canada.

HOW TO FIND ARROWHEADS: Illustrated book tells how, where, when to look $2.00. Canyon Publishing, Canyonville, OR 97417.

HUNTING & FISHING

SILENCERS FOR PISTOLS AND RIFLES. Complete details for construction and operation, $1.00. Gunsmith, Box 185-A, Fairfield, AL 35064.

ELK, DEER, HUNTING in the Selway River country, Idaho. Spot camps $200.00 per man. For details write Holcombs Packing Service, North Fork, ID 83466. Phone (208) 756-3804.

TREASURE HUNTER

TREASURE, METAL LOCATORS tops in sensitivity and depth penetration. Free 16-page catalog. Geo-Finder Co., Box 37, Lakewood, CA 90714.

FREE 1972 140 Page Catalog of Detectors—Books—Maps. General Electronic Detection Co., 16238 Lakewood Blvd., Bellflower, CA 90706.

POWERFUL METROTECH LOCATORS detect gold, silver, coins, relics. Money back guarantee, terms. Free information. Underground Explorations, Dept. 10, Box 793, Menlo Park, CA 94025.

RECOVER ABANDONED SILVER—$20,000 yearly! Positive...no gadgets! Free information: Method 3F-6, Box 548, Woodville, TX 75979.

GOLD, DIAMONDS, OPALS. Find 500 Feet Away. Literature Free. Simpson, Box 621, Niland, CA 62257.

TREASURE finder locates buried gold, silver, coins, treasures. 5 powerful models. $19.95 up. Instant financing available. Free catalog. Relco-A-59, Box 10839, Houston, TX 77018.

GOLD GRAVEL $1.00 Pk. Placer $2.00 Nuggets $3.00 and Up. Parkers, Box 1974, Oroville, CA 95965.

METAL DETECTORS: Showroom Demonstrators: Reduced prices; new and used. Whites, garretts, bountys, compass. Bill's Detectors, Box 3523, Little Rock, AR 72203.

BURIED TREASURE DETECTORS; four models from $29.95. Free information, with Treasure & Western book listings, including the famous Rascoe texts. Frontier Book Company, Fort Davis, TX 79734.

GOLD DUST, nuggets. High assay specimen to investment quan. Value rising steadily. Satisfaction guaranteed. Prices on request. Grubstake Mine, Box 62, Clear, AK 99704.

MILLIONS IN HIDDEN TREASURE, Gold, Silver and Jewelry "Waiting to see daylight" in many localities, why not join the hunt? Hidden treasure locating system revealed. Exciting details, send stamp. LORIG, 554 South Lake Mitchell Drive, Cadillac, MI 49601.

PENDULUM. Dowsing by Map or in the field for buried treasure, coinshooting, gold, minerals, gemstones, water, etc. Free instructions. $5.50 plus 50 cents for postage. De Los Toole, West Studio, 1722 Craigton, Hacienda Heights, CA 91745.

MISCELLANEOUS

OLD TIMER, do you have a sore back, joints that don't work like they should? $5.00 will bring HONG KONG RUB to your aid. Money-back guarantee if not satisfied. Hong Kong Rub, Box 489, Riverton, WY 82501.

LIFETIME ORDINATION, Doctor of Divinity, Church charters. Details 25¢. Life Science Church, 2207 Cardinal Drive, Rolling Meadows, IL 60008.

OLD RADIO PROGRAMS on cassettes or reels. Thousands of your favorites live again. Low prices, high quality. Catalog 50¢. Remember Radio, Box 2513K, Norman, OK 73069.

HORSE O'COURSE. Helps you bet with assurance. Percentage of winners increases as your powers of observation improve. Know when a horse is fit. Not a system, but facts. Send $4.00 to O.D.A., Post Office Box 527, Redwood City, CA 94063.

"PIONEER FOLK MEDICINE." Folk-cures for acne, arthritis, asthma, falling hair, tired blood, wrinkles, bedwetting, many others. $1.00 Postpaid. Frontier Shop, Box 9832-D, Fort Worth, TX 76107.

CALIFORNIA PICTURE POSTCARDS 12-$2.00. Stamped letters remailed 10¢. San Francisco newspaper $1.00. Crawford, P.O. Box 536, Biggs, Calif. 95917.

FUN CATALOG 10¢. 1,500,399 tricks, jokes, puzzles, novelties. Elbee, 7408-K San Antonio, TX 78207.

CIVIL WAR RAILROAD ENGINE "General" stationery in full color. 10 folders and envelopes $1.00 prepaid or 6 for $5.00. 3,000 to sell. Nice for gifts. Sample 10¢. Donald J. Brundage, P.O. Box 9966, Atlanta, GA 30319.

LEARN TO PLAY GUITAR With My Easy Method On Tape. All Ages Can Learn. Free Details. Edward Pratt Studios, 5720 S.W. 38th Court, Fort Lauderdale, FL 33314.

ART COLLECTOR PRINTS. "The Wells Fargo Coach" and "Four Indian Chiefs." Both limited editions, 17"x22" on parchment-finish paper, numbered and hand signed by the artist. $10.00 Postpaid. Dealer prices on request. Americana Galleries, Limited, 2112 Old Ringgold Rd., Chattanooga, TN 37404.

HELP US TO HELP THEM...

NATIONAL SOCIAL CONDITIONING CAMPS

...for underprivileged pre-teens

send tax-deductible check to:

TWO PENNSYLVANIA PLAZA
NEW YORK, N. Y. 10001

NATIONAL DETECTIVES AND SPECIAL POLICE ASSOCIATION

JOIN OUR TEAM OF CRIMEFIGHTERS!

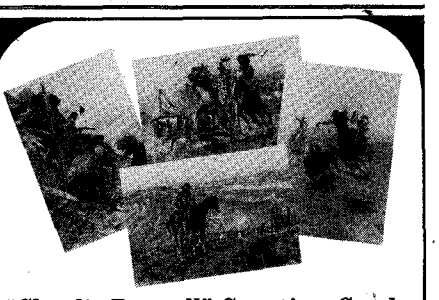
ANNUAL DUES $10

- $5000 Death Benefit
- Special Identification Card
- Star Emblem to display
- Detective Training Material

SEND FOR MEMBERSHIP NOW

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!
SEND CHECK OR MONEY ORDER TO:
1100 N. E. 125th Street, Dept. 35
North Miami, Florida 33161

Name_____ Age_____
Address_____
City_____ State_____ Zip_____



"Charlie Russell" Greeting Cards

Reproductions of ten famous C. M. Russell paintings are now available in an exclusive collection of greeting cards for everyday use. This unique assortment includes 6 birthday cards, 2 get well, 1 friendship and 1 congratulations. You will be proud to send these unusual cards . . . and folks will be thrilled to receive them. Just $3.00 per box of 10 cards—plus 35c postage. Order your "Charlie Russell" assortment today or send for FREE catalog of greeting cards and gifts.

THE LEANIN' TREE RANCH
Box 1500 Boulder, Colorado 80302

RESTORE JUNK FURNITURE

MAKE UP TO $10.00 AN HR. OR MORE!

...and make a week's pay IN A SINGLE DAY!

FURNITURE UPHOLSTERY AND REFINISHING ARE PROFIT-PACKED SKILLS YOU CAN NOW EASILY LEARN AT HOME!

If you can tie a knot and hammer a tack, you can learn how to re-upholster and refinish furniture. And you can learn quickly — the practical MUI Home Study way. Join thousands who have mastered this fascinating craft in their spare time, while keeping regular jobs.

Once you are skilled in Upholstery you'll never be in want of "something to do" — whether for pleasure or profit. You'll find fun and excitement searching for discarded furniture — and restoring it to like-new condition. Upholstery is much more than just a highly profitable occupation . . . it can be a satisfying, creative hobby for both men and women.

GET STARTED NOW... WRITE TODAY for our FREE 32-page book, "BIG PROFITS IN UPHOLSTERY." Free sample lessons and complete details. There's no obligation — and no-one will call. Approved for Veterans and Non-Veterans.

MODERN UPHOLSTERY INSTITUTE, Box 899-JAJ, ORANGE, CA 92669

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

choose from over

1000 PRODUCTS

that bring you spectacular profits!

BUY FOR PENNIES SELL FOR DOLLARS

NEW, BRILLIANT business plan gets you started AT ONCE

No previous experience necessary. We supply everything . . . show you all you have to know to make staggering big profits immediately.

Big & exciting money making plans to bring you orders.

1. **Make fabulous profits in Wagon Jobbing.** Supply retail merchants with fast moving SMC impulse appeal products. Get volume orders & steady repeats. We show you how.
2. **Effortless Orders in Sub-Wholesaler Sales.** Exclusive SMC sub-wholesaler program lets others do your selling for you. We show you how to line up middlemen nationwide.
3. **Mail Order Sales.** *Everything you need* to get orders by mail is included in our program. SMC super low jobber prices lets you earn mail order profits of 5, 7, even 10 times your cost.
4. ***Rack Merchandising.*** *SMC attractive self-service display racks do your selling for you.* SMC rack merchandise is packaged, ready to display. We show you how to get rent free space in retail stores. All you do is refill the racks periodically — and collect a steady high income.
5. **Premium & Fund Raising Sales.** Get volume orders from fund raising affairs, carnivals, business-incentives, party plan sales & flea markets We show you how.

EXTRA DISCOUNTS Prices indicated are for small packing — as low as one each of many items. 5% extra discount for quantity plus 5% extra discount on your first order.

SEND for your Free Book & ordering information.

FREE DROP SHIP SERVICE Just forward your order, together with your label & we'll ship for you. Use our 2½ acre warehouse complex as your own.

Quick delivery — we try to ship all orders within 24 hours. Prices F.O.B. SMC warehouse. Minimum total order $25.00.

EVERYTHING WAREHOUSED FOR IMMEDIATE DELIVERY

SOLID STATE INTERCOM SYSTEM Sug. retail $16.95 **Your cost $5.70**

AUTOMOBILE SPOTLIGHT Sug. retail $1.98 **Your cost 55¢**

GENUINE JADE BRACELET Sug. retail $2.98 **Your cost $1.20**

AUTOMATIC CALCULATOR Sug. retail $5.95 **Your cost $1.95**

ATTACHE CASE Sug. retail $14.95 **Your cost $6.20**

CORDLESS HAND VIBRATOR Sug. retail $1.49 **Your cost 37¢**

ELECTRIC LETTER OPENER Sug. retail $5.95 **Your cost $1.80**

BEADED PURSE *Sug. retail $1.00* **Your cost 19¢**

ALLADIN COPPER FINISH OIL LAMP Sug. retail $1.49 **Your cost 43¢**

TINIEST FLASH-LIGHT KEYCHAIN Sug. retail $1.00 **Your cost 29¢**

TWO CELL FLASHLIGHT Sug. retail $1.00 **Your cost 22¢**

SQUEEZE KEYCHAIN COIN PURSE Sug. retail 25¢ **Your cost 2½¢**

ELECTRIC CANDLE Sug. retail $1.00 **Your cost 35¢**

HOME HAIR TRIMMER Sug. retail $1.00 **Your cost 14¢**

UNBREAKABLE POCKET COMB Sug. retail 10¢ **Your cost 1½¢**

MINIATURE WRENCH WITH KEYCHAIN Sug. retail $1.00 **Your cost 18¢**

BURGLAR & FIRE ALARM Sug. retail $2.98 **Your cost 97¢**

SKINDIVER WATCH BAND Sug. retail $1.00 **Your cost 11¢**

TOYS - TOYS - TOYS *Sug. retail 10¢* **Your cost 2¢ to 3¢** Sug. retail 25¢ **Your cost 4¢ to 2¢** Sug. retail $1.00 **Your cost 4¢ to 8¢ to 35¢**

MIRACLE EGG PUNCHER Sug. retail 49¢ **Your cost 4¢**

ILLUMINATED SCREWDRIVER SET Sug. retail $1.79 **Your cost 40¢**

GRAND-FATHER CLOCK Sug. retail $59.95 **Your cost $19.60**

FULL LENGTH APRON Sug. retail 49¢ **Your cost 4¢**

ORIENTAL JADE COLOGNE Sug. retail $1.98 **Your cost 38¢**

CHAIN DOOR GUARD/BURGLAR ALARM Sug. retail $3.98 **Your cost 95¢**

MIRACLE LINT BRUSH Sug. retail $1.49 **Your cost 45¢**

DOME UMBRELLA Sug. retail $3.98 **Your cost $1.30**

ELECTRIC SCISSORS Sug. retail $2.98 **Your cost 88¢**

LAMINATED PADLOCK Sug. retail 69¢ **Your cost 23¢**

PERMANENT MATCH Sug. retail $1.00 **Your cost 26¢**

ELECTRIC PERCOLATOR Sug. retail $5.00 **Your cost $1.95**

FLASHING ANTENNA EMERGENCY LIGHT Sug. retail $1.59 **Your cost 48¢**

COUNTERFEIT DIAMOND RING Sug. retail $29.95 **Your cost $1.80**

DRINKING BIRD Sug. retail $1.29 **Your cost 30¢**

AUTOMOBILE & BOAT COMPASS Sug. retail $1.98 **Your cost 70¢**

LIGHTED MAGNI-FYING VIEWER Sug. retail $1.00 **Your cost 32¢**

AUTOMOBILE BURGLAR ALARM Sug. retail $4.98 **Your cost $1.15**

CUBE FLASH CAMERA Sug. retail $2.98 **Your cost 78¢**

10 PC. TOOL SET Sug. retail $1.29 **Your cost 32¢**

FULL VIEW MINI MIRROR *Sug. retail $1.00* **Your cost 20¢**

SEXY CLOTHES HANGER Sug. retail $1.00 **Your cost 30¢**

NOT JUST WHOLESALE NOT JUST BELOW WHOLESALE... YOU BUY AT LOWEST ROCK BOTTOM JOBBER PRICES

FLIGHT BAG 21" x 13" x 8". Zippered pockets. Superior quality. Sug. retail $15.95 **Your cost $6.05**

BEAUTY GLO BOUQUET Glorious long stemmed electric roses. The delicate beauty of the most exquisite blossoms light up to create a fairy-land effect. An SMC exclusive product. Sug. retail $3.98 **Your cost $1.22**

A few of hundreds of additional items you'll find in the SMC Catalog.

Appliances
Mens & Ladies Wrist Watches
Musical Decanters
Hair Brushes
Sewing Kit
Rainwear
Cutlery
Handbags
Billfolds
Lanterns
Bookends
Tools
Banks
Nail Clippers
Decorative Statues
Batteries
Strip Tease Pens
Art Model Cards
Panty Hose
Perfumes
Auto Accessories
Keychains
Kitchen Tools
Cigarette Lighters
Picture Frames
Pocket Knives
Radios
Toothbrushes . . . many, many more.

We search the world to bring you fastest selling import & domestic items.

SMC *SPECIALTY MERCHANDISE CORPORATION*
6061 De Soto Avenue, Woodland Hills, California 91364
In Canada Write: Pre-Sell Distributors, 777 Warden Avenue, Scarborough 705, Ontario, Canada

Read what others have to say about their SMC Wholesaling Business.

These testimonials are not intended to represent what an average SMC wholesaler makes. Greater or less earnings are dependent upon time, effort & motivation of each individual.

Le Mar Elliott: "I averaged $3500.00 per month income with Specialty Merchandise Wholesaling during my first six months of operation."

Steve R. Phillips: "I made $200.00 profit the first day of operation, and spent less than an hour with the customer."

Jack B. Reed: "Working part time I make $25.00 to $50.00 *an hour wholesaling* SMC products."*

Joe J. Schacherer: "My first 10 months as an SMC wholesaler netted me over *$1000.00 per month* profit."

WE PROTECT YOU.

This opportunity is open only to men & women who want to operate a spare-time or full-time business. Don't delay. Get in on the ground floor. Send for your FREE book today.

MAIL COUPON for FREE BOOK

HOW TO WHOLESALE FOR PROFIT

M. Priesel, Director
Specialty Merchandise Corp. Dept. S-634
6061 De Soto Ave.
Woodland Hills, Calif. 91364

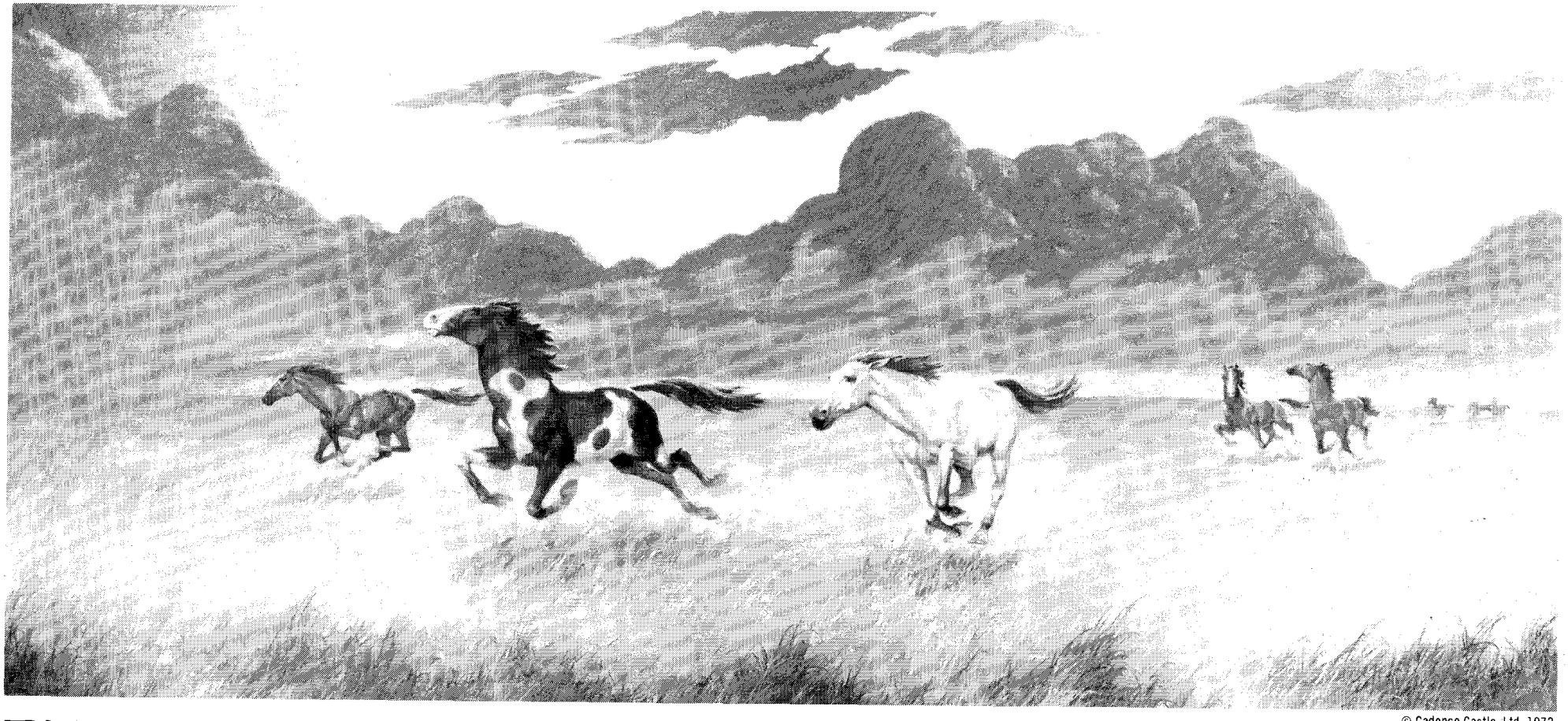
Send me your Free Book, How to Wholesale For Profit, plus information on your full line of over 1,000 products that I can buy at *below wholesale, jobber prices.*

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



© Cadence-Castle, Ltd. 1972

RUNNING FREE by Brendan Lynch

DRAMATIC OIL PAINTING NOW YOURS AS 4-FOOT WIDE FULL COLOR ART MURAL

The full scope and breathtaking sweep of this exciting oil painting by Brendan Lynch is dramatically captured in the magnificent 4-foot wide, mural size full-color lithograph. The change that takes place in your room when you display this masterpiece is truly amazing. Suddenly the entire setting becomes alive with new color, action, drama and beauty.

It's truly impossible to imagine the exhilarating colors and superb details of this outstanding painting by looking at the small illustration shown above. It doesn't begin to convey the dramatic impact of this large 4-foot wide panoramic mural. Only when you see it in your own home will you truly appreciate its sweeping splendor and total beauty.

LIMITED EDITION... MAIL COUPON TODAY

If you would like to be among the first to display the beauty of RUNNING FREE in your home, may we urge you to mail your order today. Although another printing of this beautiful lithograph is already being planned, the supply on hand is truly limited. The cost of this fine, mural size art print is only $3.00. Money back guarantee if you are not absolutely delighted. Mail coupon today.

Cadence-Castle Ltd.
DIVISION OF CADENCE INDUSTRIES CORPORATION

CADENCE-CASTLE, LTD., Art Division RF-9
89 Seventh Ave., New York, N.Y. 10011

Please send me the full-color lithograph RUNNING FREE (24″ x 48″) for only $3.00 on full money back guarantee if I am not delighted.

(Please add 25¢ postage with each order)

Enclosed is $_____

Name_____
(Please PRINT Clearly)

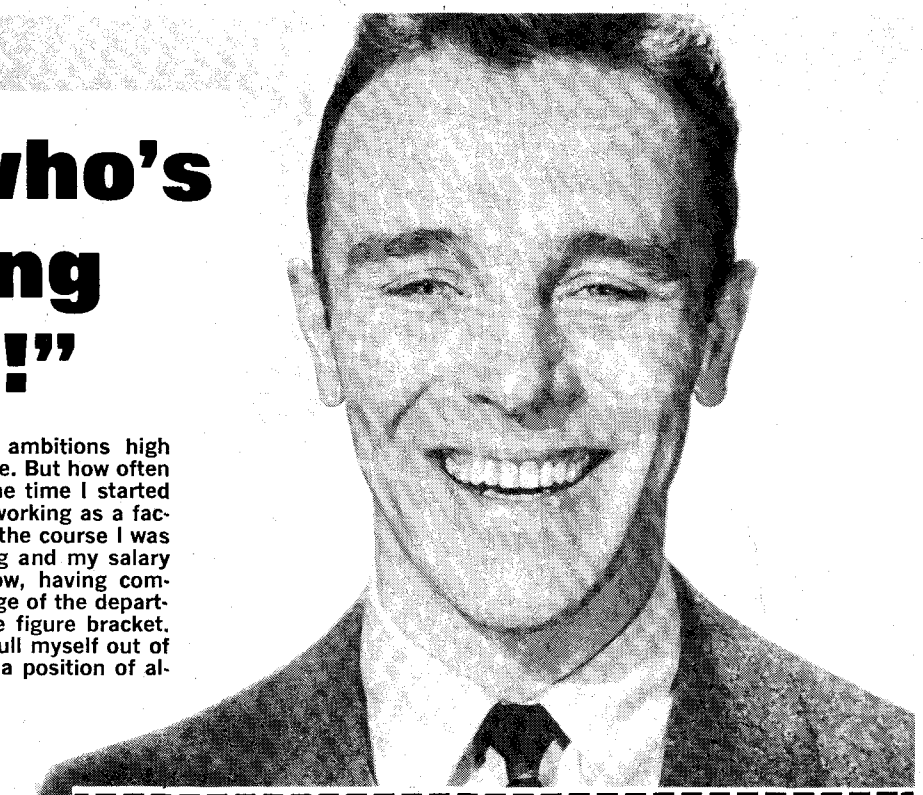
Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

☐ **SAVE MONEY! SPECIAL OFFER.** Order 2 lithographs of RUNNING FREE for only $5.00. Extra print makes fine gift.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Look who's smiling now!"



Sometimes a man sets his ambitions high enough to make skeptics smile. But how often he gets the last laugh! "At the time I started studying with LaSalle, I was working as a factory clerk. Before completing the course I was transferred to cost accounting and my salary was increased by $1800. Now, having completed the course, I'm in charge of the department and headed for the five figure bracket. LaSalle's course helped me pull myself out of a boring and ill-paid job into a position of almost unlimited opportunity."

The words in quotes come directly from one of the pleased reports that are sent to us by LaSalle graduates. LaSalle files contain many letters from men and women who have increased their earnings with the help of LaSalle training. You, too, can prepare for the career opportunity of your choice through LaSalle home study — without interfering with your present work—and by devoting only a little of your spare time.

LaSalle has been a leader in home education for more than sixty years, enrolling over 2,000,000 ambitious men and women in its many courses. You study under the supervision of LaSalle's experienced faculty. Upon satisfactory completion of your study, you receive the LaSalle diploma—a respected credential.

Mailing the LaSalle postage-paid coupon alongside may be the first step toward preparing yourself for a better job, higher pay, and the many good things that go with success. Simply check the program in which you are most interested, to receive a valuable free booklet describing the opportunities in that field. There is no obligation. LaSalle, 417 S. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois 60605.

Mail this postpaid coupon for FREE Booklet. There is no cost or obligation.

MAIL THIS HANDY POSTAGE-PAID COUPON-ENVELOPE

Cut coupon along dotted lines, fill in your name and address . . . fold, seal (tape, paste or staple) and mail. No stamp or envelope is necessary.

Please rush me, without obligation, FREE booklet on the field I have checked:

ACCOUNTING
- ☐ Complete Accounting
- ☐ Income Tax
- ☐ CPA Training
- ☐ Bookkeeping

BUSINESS MANAGEMENT
- ☐ Management Training

REAL ESTATE
- ☐ Complete Real Estate
- ☐ Real Estate Brokerage

TRAFFIC & TRANSPORTATION
- ☐ Complete Training

AUTOMOTIVE MECHANICS
- ☐ Basic Training

COMPUTER PROGRAMMING
- ☐ Complete Training

DRAFTING
- ☐ Complete Training

DIESEL MECHANICS
- ☐ Basic Training

LANGUAGE INSTRUCTION
- ☐ French ☐ Spanish

MUSIC INSTRUCTION
- ☐ Piano ☐ Guitar
- ☐ Other

AIR CONDITIONING & REFRIGERATION
- ☐ Basic Training

INTERIOR DECORATING
- ☐ Complete Training

DENTAL OFFICE ASSISTANT
- ☐ Complete Training

ART TRAINING
- ☐ Complete Training

STENOTYPE
- ☐ Machine Shorthand

SECRETARIAL
- ☐ Complete Training

LAW COURSES
- ☐ Bachelor of Laws Degree
- ☐ Business Law
- ☐ *Claim Adjusting* Law
- ☐ Law for Police Officers

No state accepts any law home study course, including LaSalle's, as sufficient education to qualify for admission to practice law.

MOTEL/HOTEL MANAGEMENT
- ☐ Motel Management
- ☐ Hotel Management

RESTAURANT MANAGEMENT
- ☐ Management Training

WRITING
- ☐ Fiction
- ☐ Non-Fiction

HIGH SCHOOL
- ☐ High School Diploma

Mr.
Mrs. ..... Age .....
Miss *(Circle title and please print)*

Address ..... Apt. No. .....

City & State ..... Zip .....

Dept. 88-033

54D FOLD HERE ↓ (DO NOT CUT) SEAL AND MAIL TODAY — NO STAMP NEEDED. 2

FIRST CLASS
PERMIT NO. 27
CHICAGO, ILL.

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL
No postage stamp required if mailed in the United States

Postage will be paid by

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY
A Correspondence Institution
417 S. DEARBORN STREET
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60605

© 1972 LaSalle Extension University

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED